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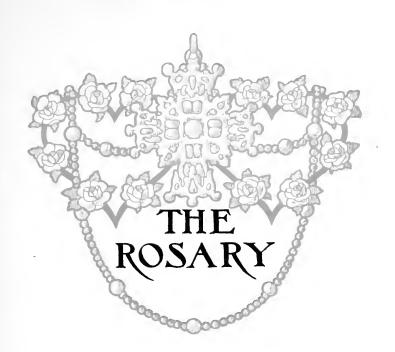




## By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY

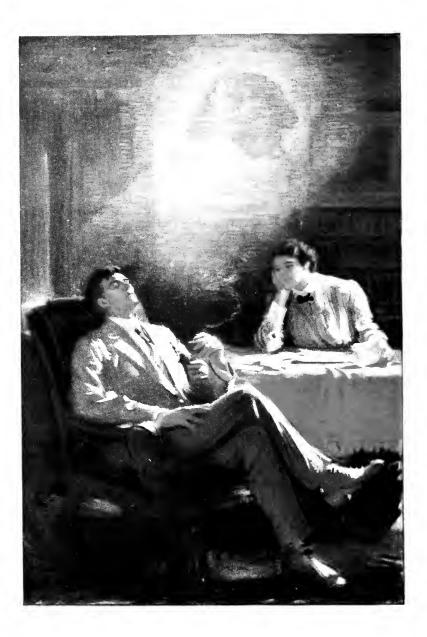
The Rosary

The Mistress of Shenstone











 ${\tt BY}$ 

FLORENCE L. BARCLAY

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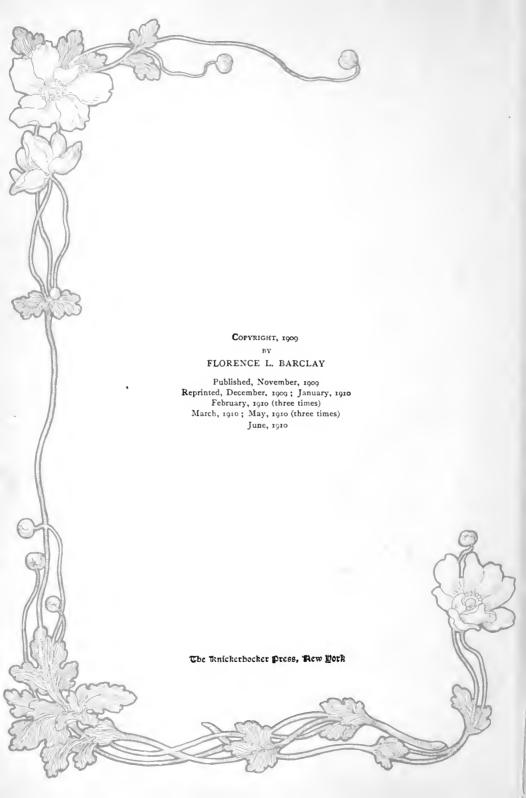
Illustrated by BLENDON CAMPBELL

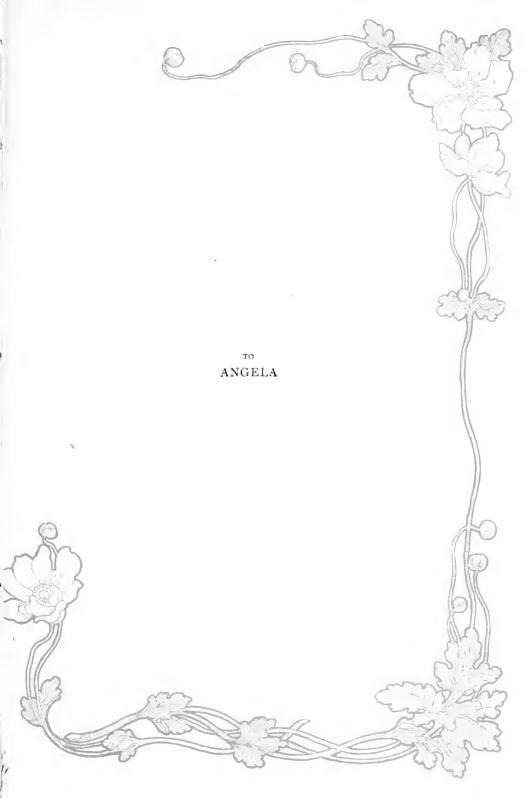
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Decorations by

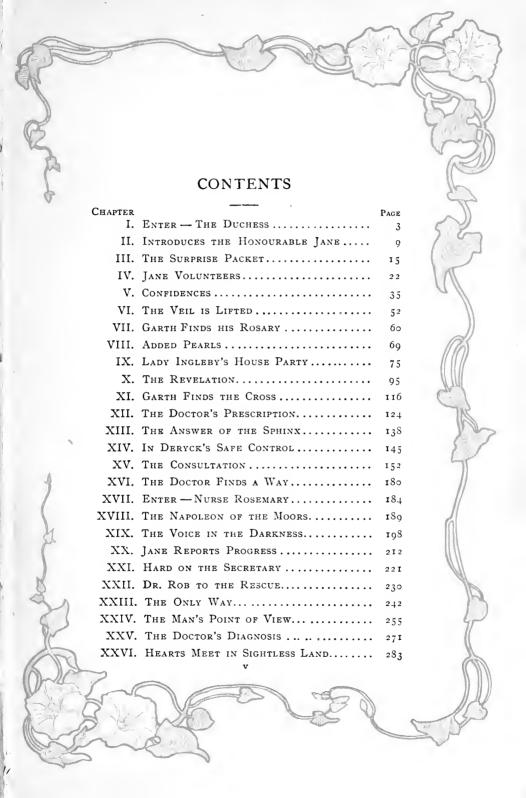
MARGARET ARMSTRONG

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knirkerbacker Press
NEW YORK AND LONDON

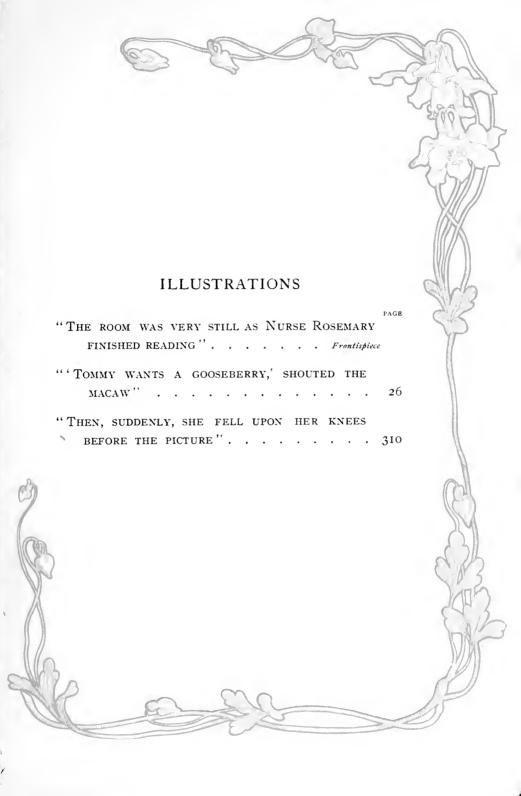


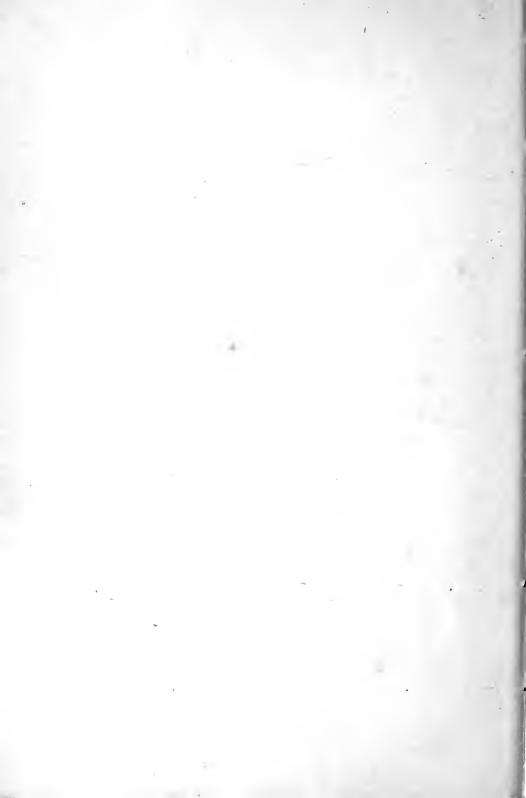


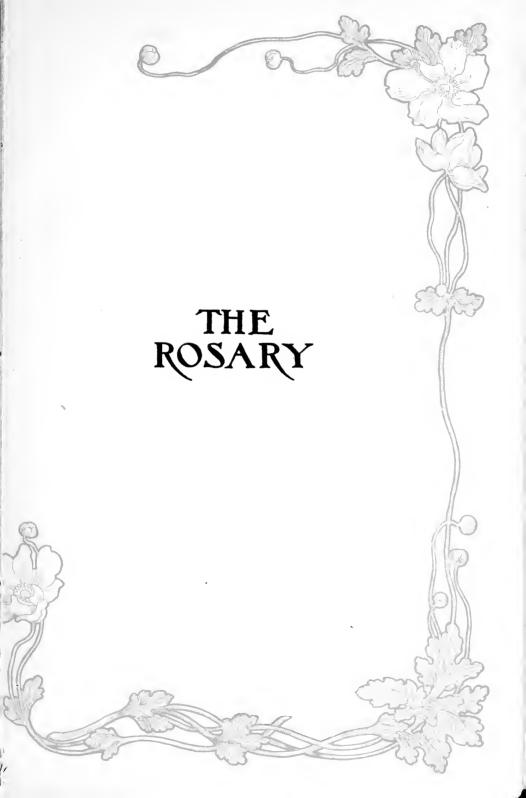




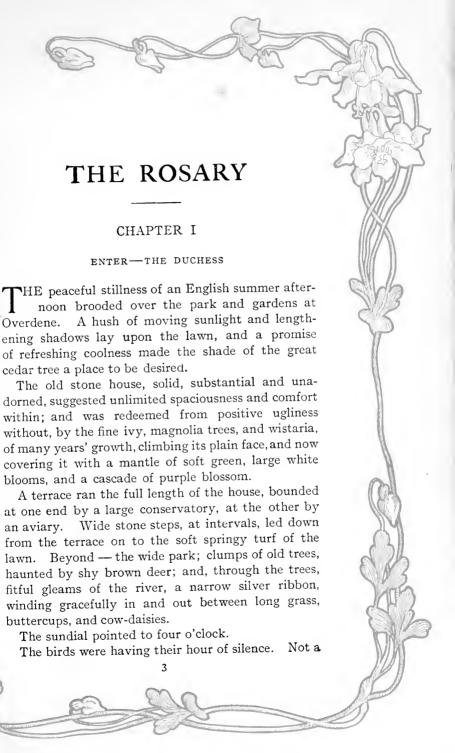
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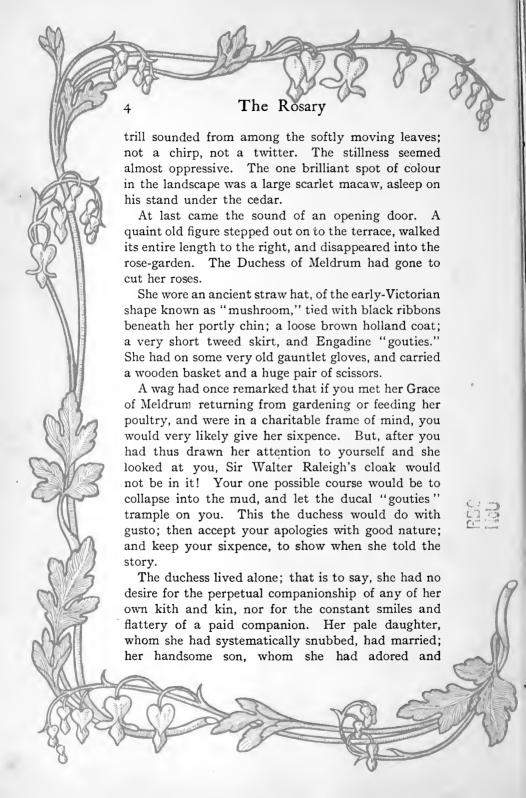


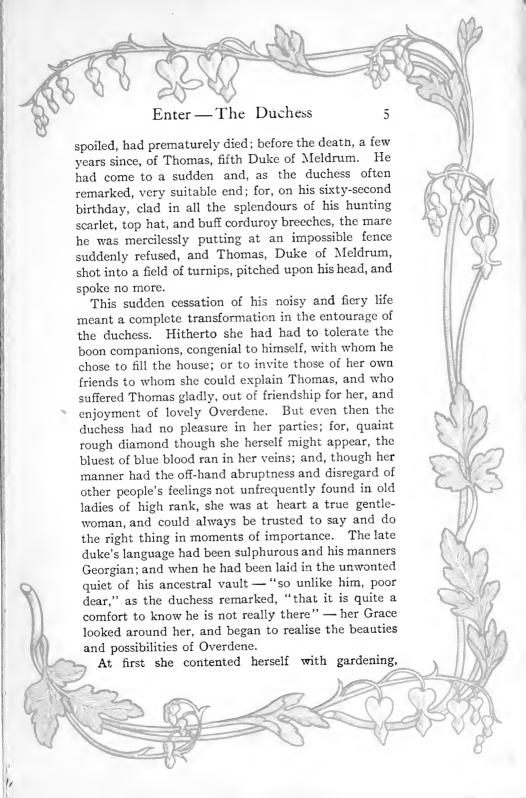


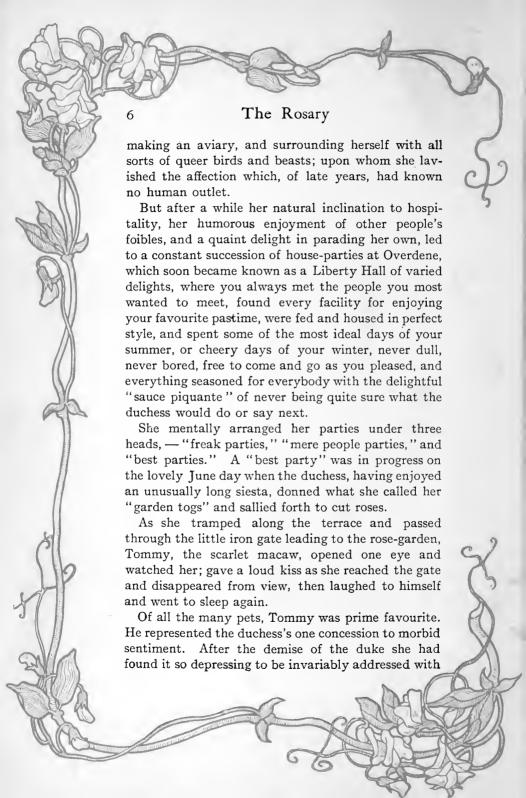


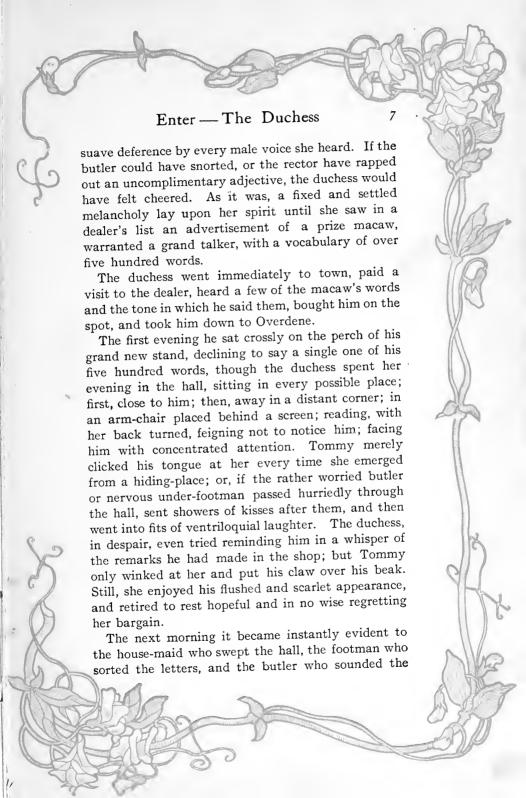


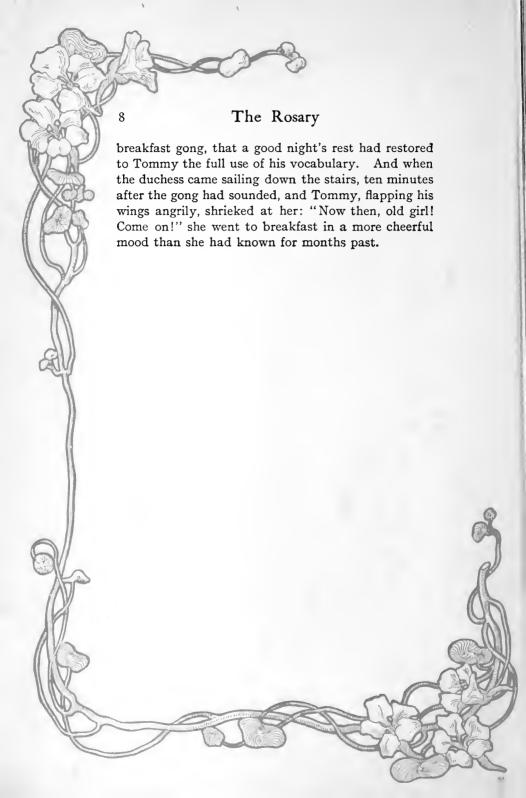


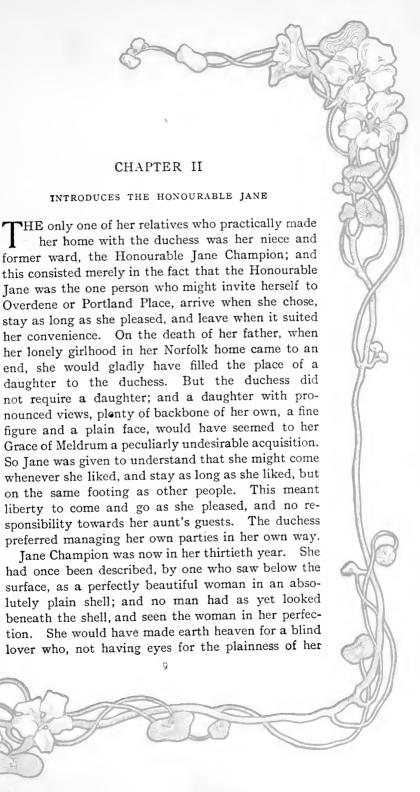


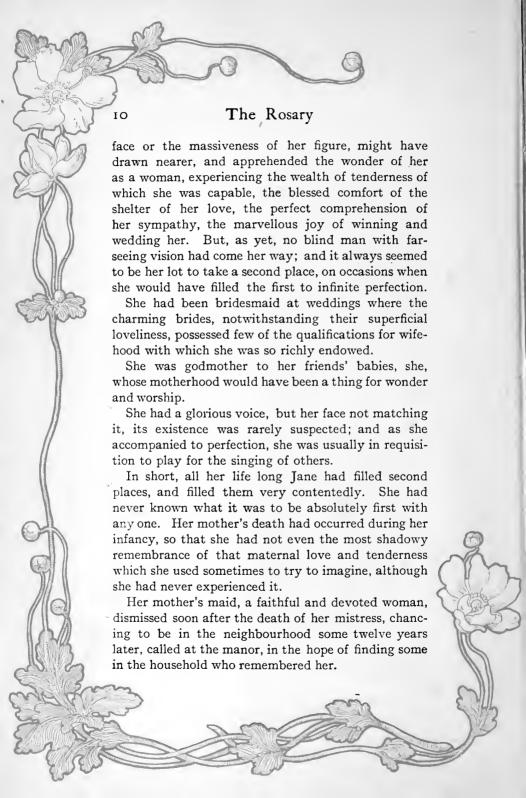














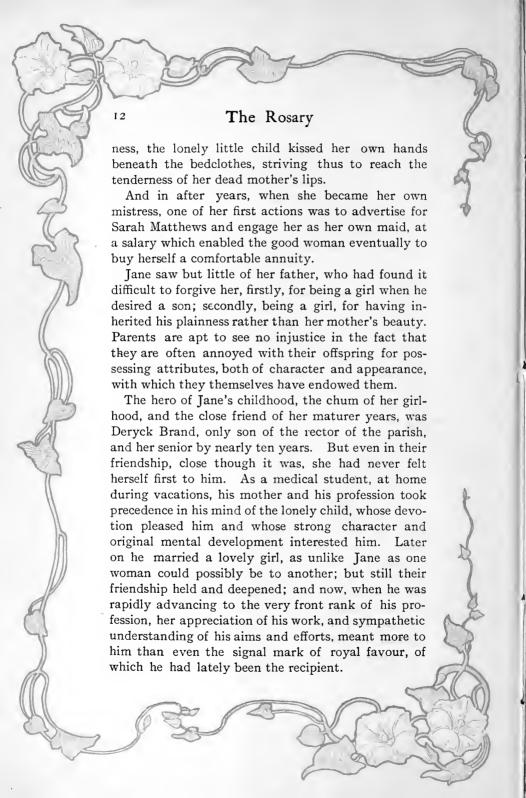
After tea, Fräulein and Miss Jebb being out of the way, she was spirited up into the school-room to see Miss Jane, her heart full of memories of the "sweet babe" upon whom she and her dear lady had lavished

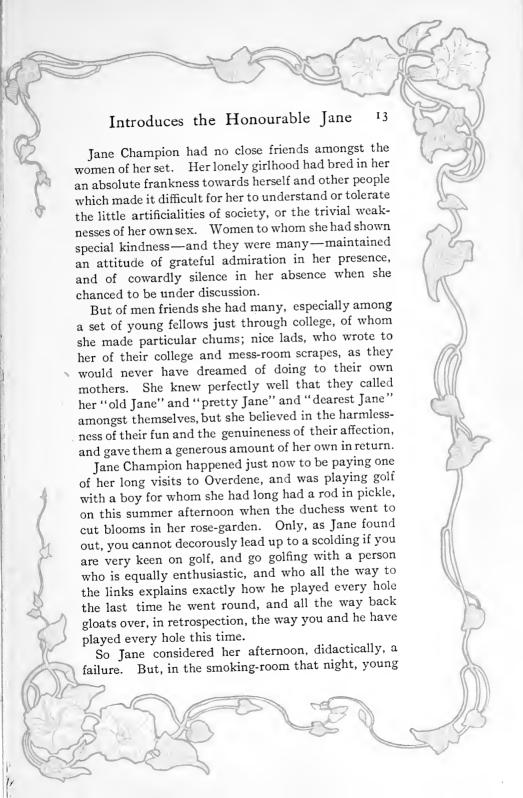
so much love and care.

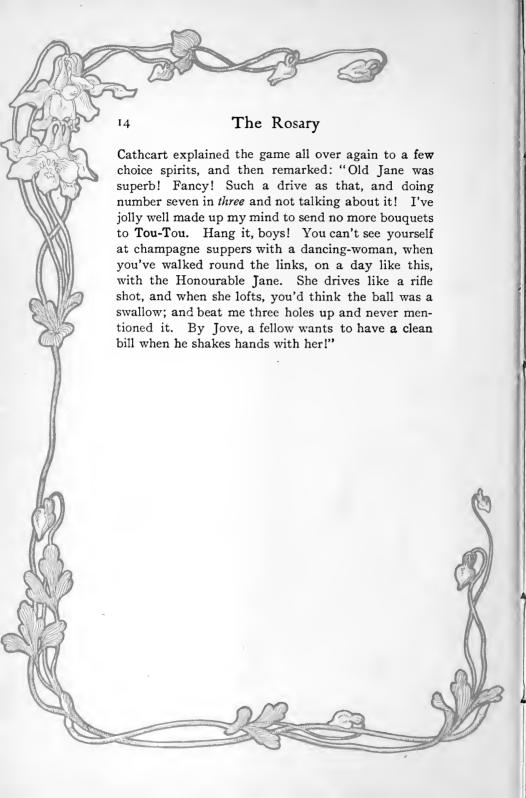
She found awaiting her a tall, plain girl with a frank, boyish manner and a rather disconcerting way, as she afterwards remarked, of "taking stock of a body the while one was a-talking," which at first checked the flow of good Sarah's reminiscences, poured forth so freely in the housekeeper's room below, and reduced her to looking tearfully around the room, remarking that she remembered choosing the blessed wall-paper with her dear lady now gone, whose joy had been so great when the dear babe first took notice and reached up for the roses. "And I can show you, miss, if you care to know it, just which bunch of roses it were."

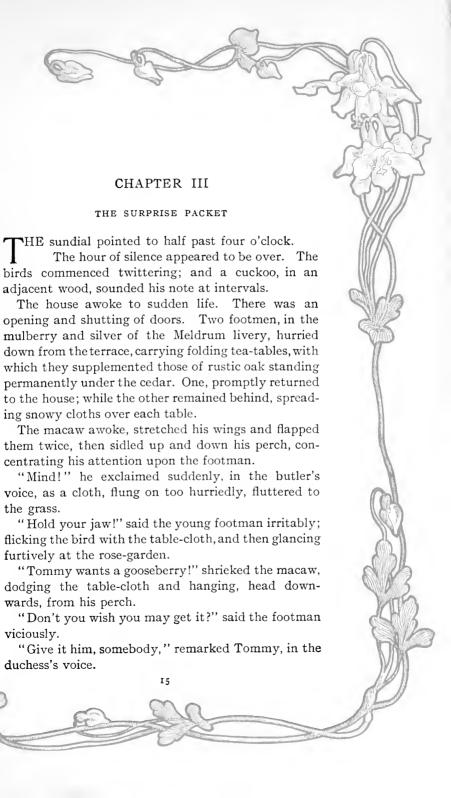
But before Sarah's visit was over, Jane had heard many undreamed-of things; amongst others, that her mother used to kiss her little hands, "ah, many a time she did, miss; called them little rose-petals, and covered them with kisses."

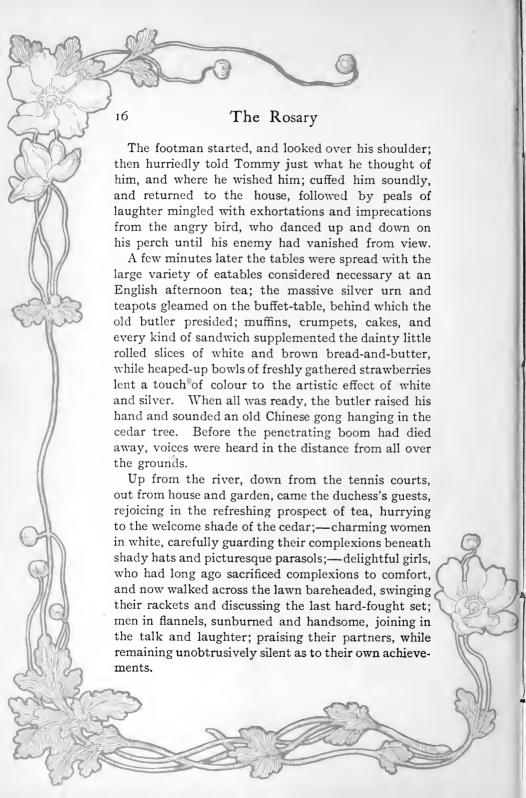
The child, utterly unused to any demonstrations of affection, looked at her rather ungainly brown hands and laughed, simply because she was ashamed of the unwonted tightening at her throat and the queer stinging of tears beneath her eyelids. Thus Sarah departed under the impression that Miss Jane had grown up into rather a heartless young lady. But Fräulein and Jebbie never knew why, from that day onward, the hands, of which they had so often had cause to complain. were kept scrupulously clean; and on her birthday night, unashamed in the quiet dark-

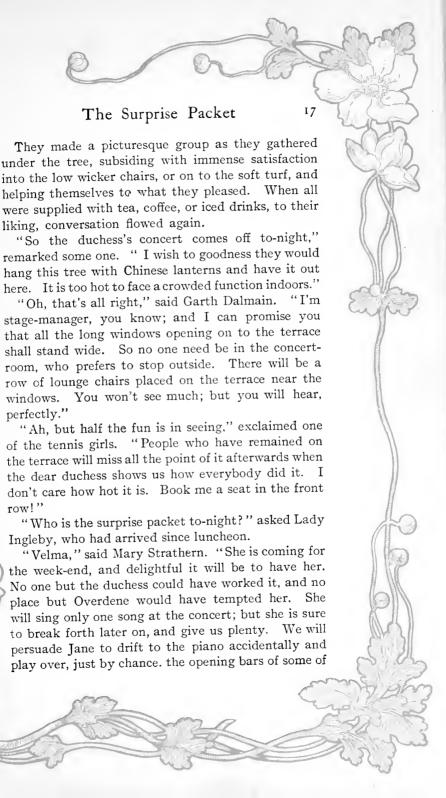


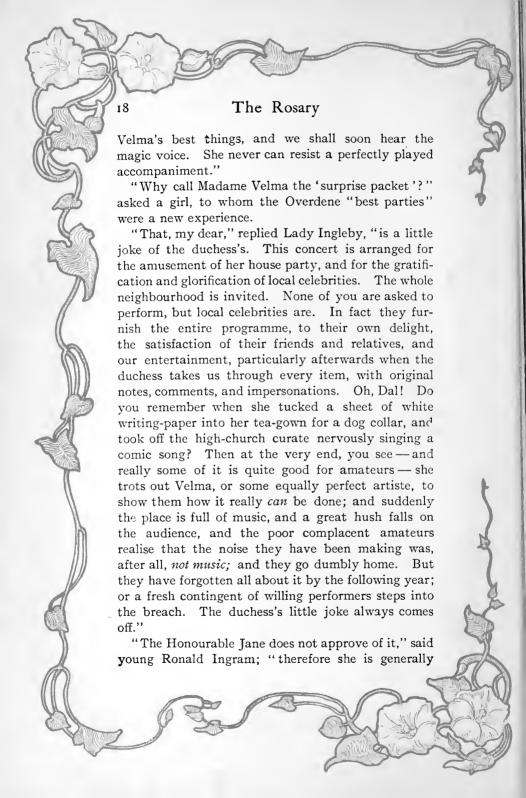


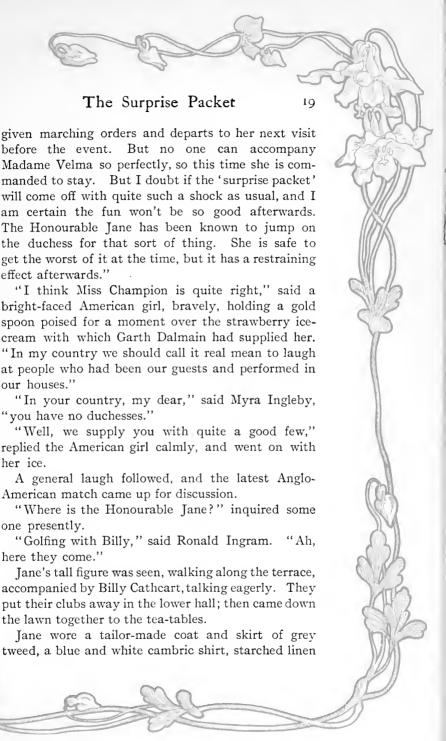


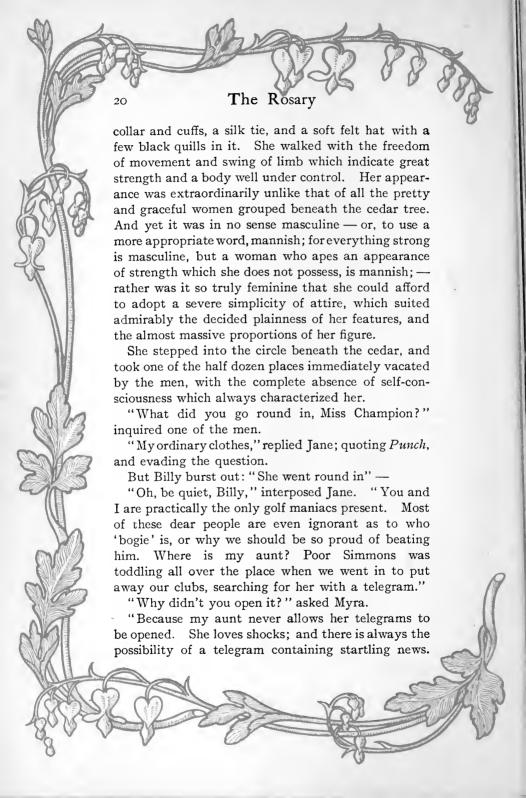


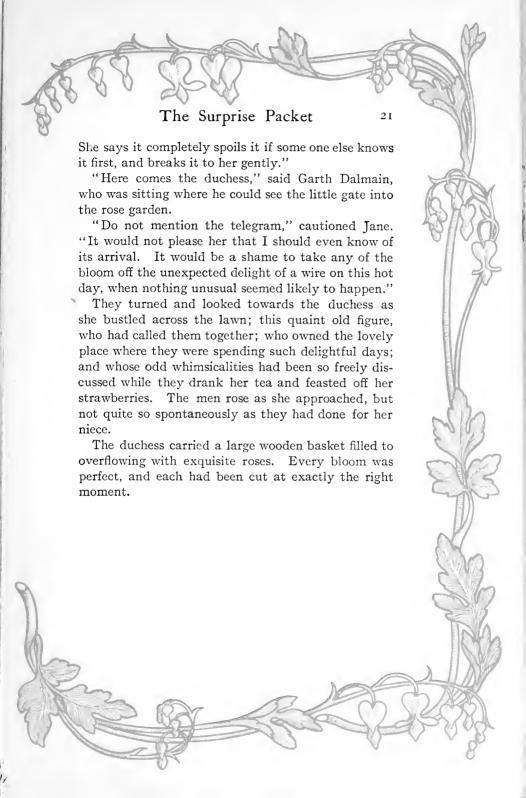


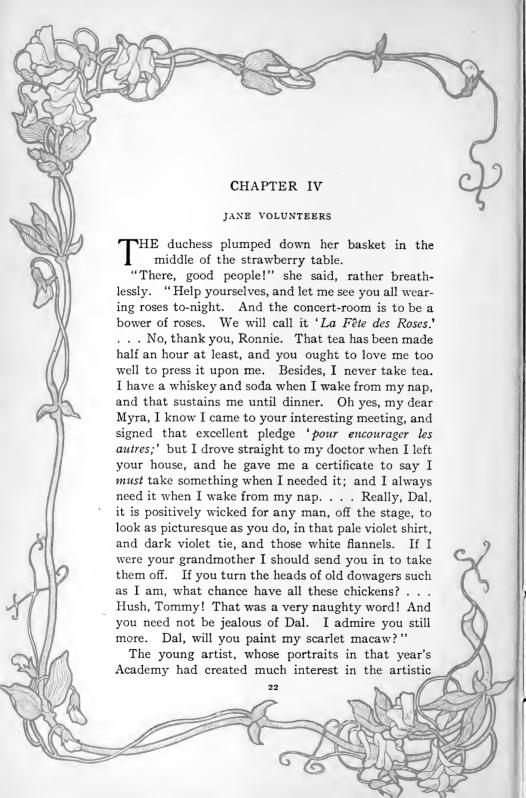


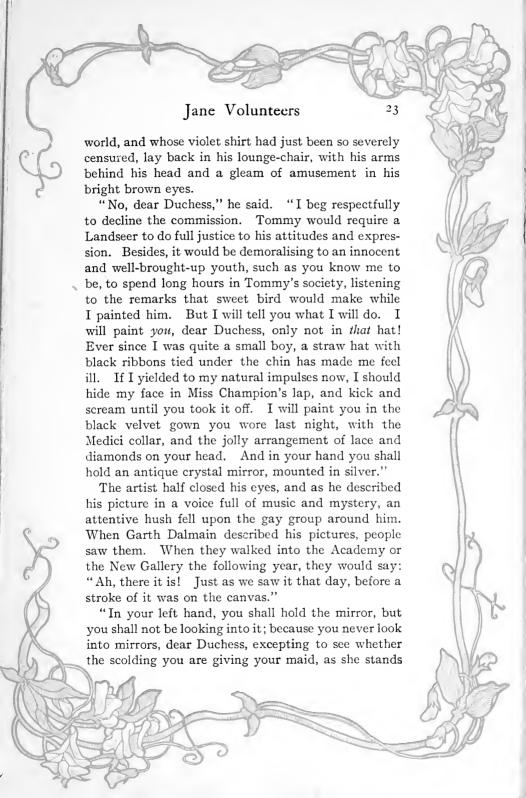


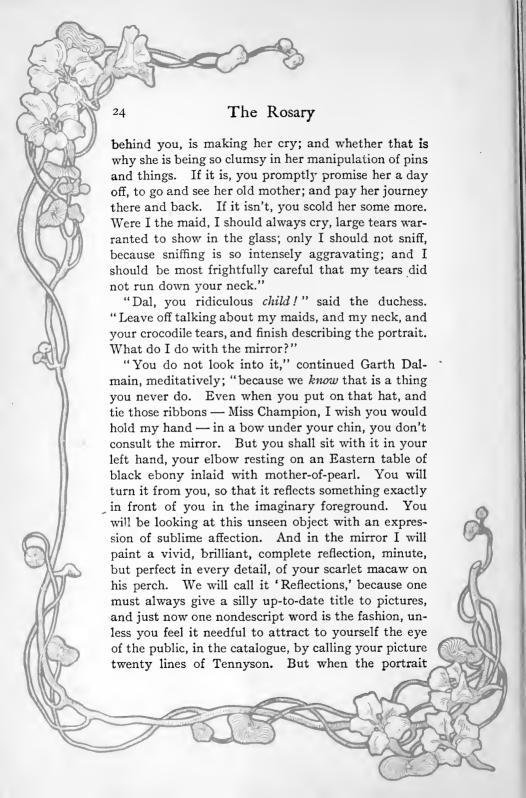


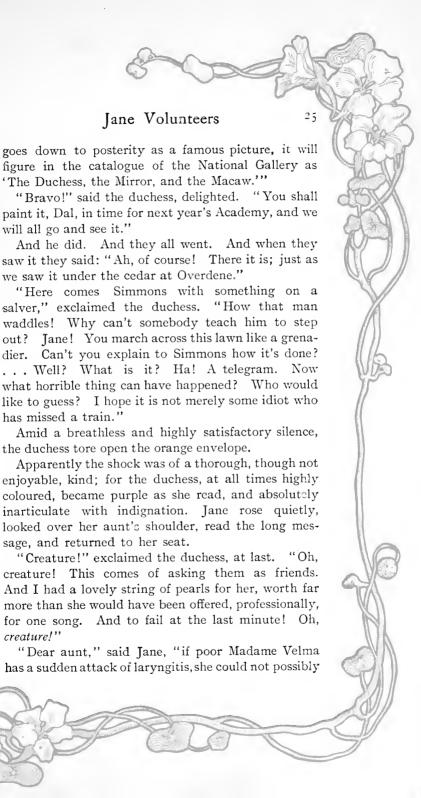




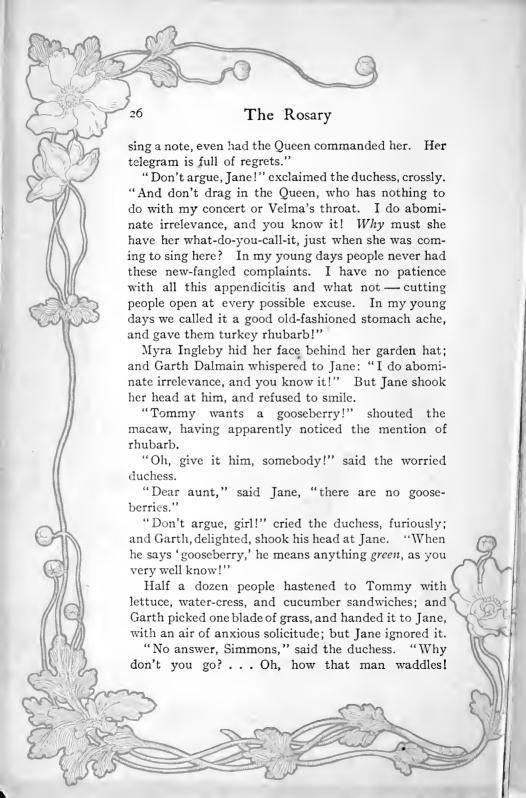




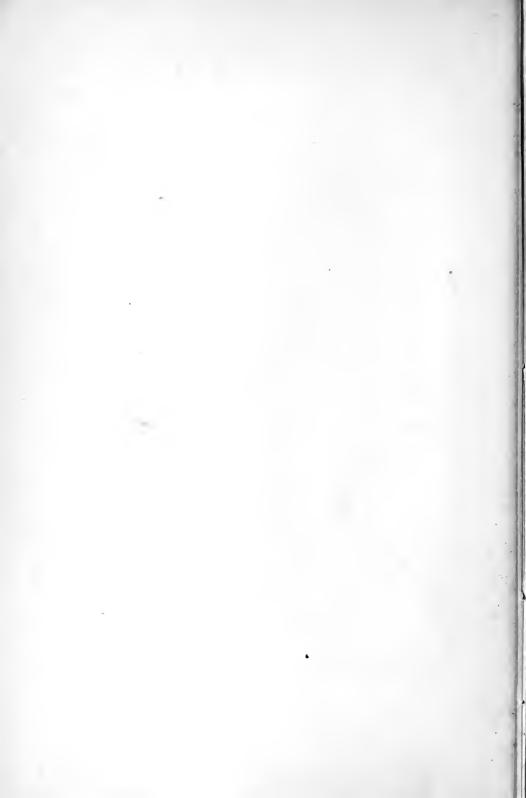


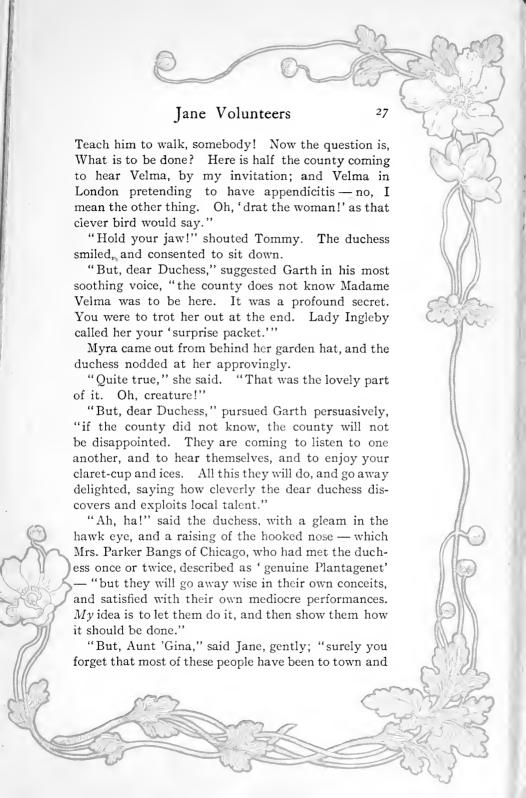


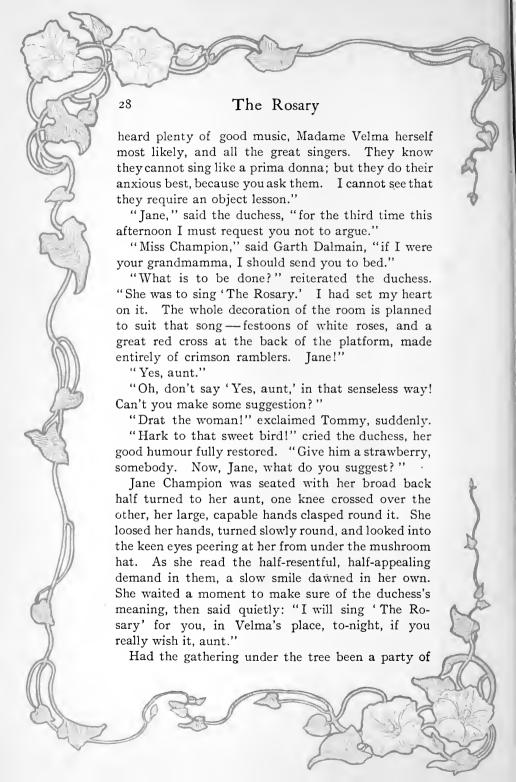
creature!"

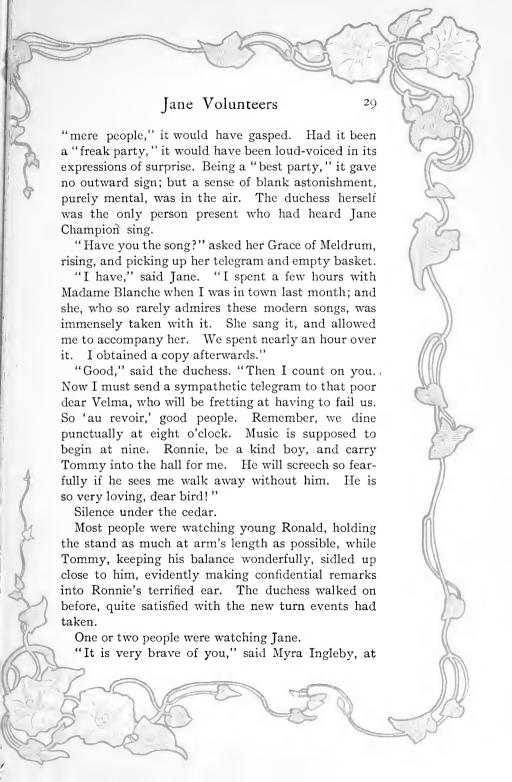


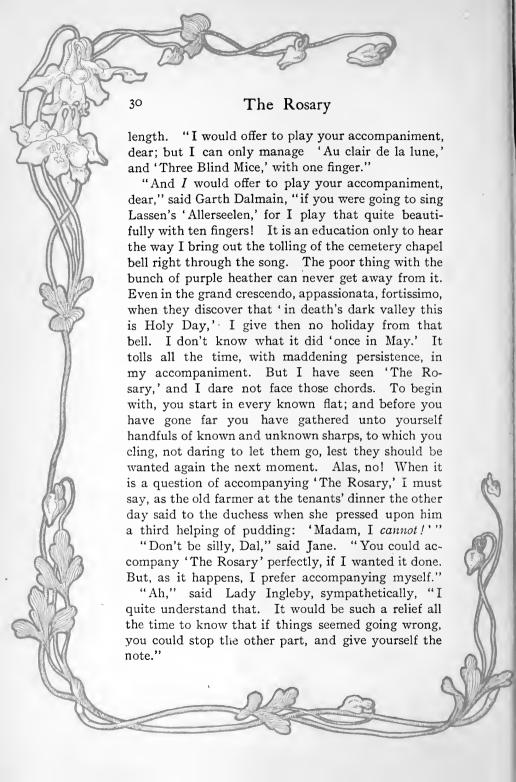


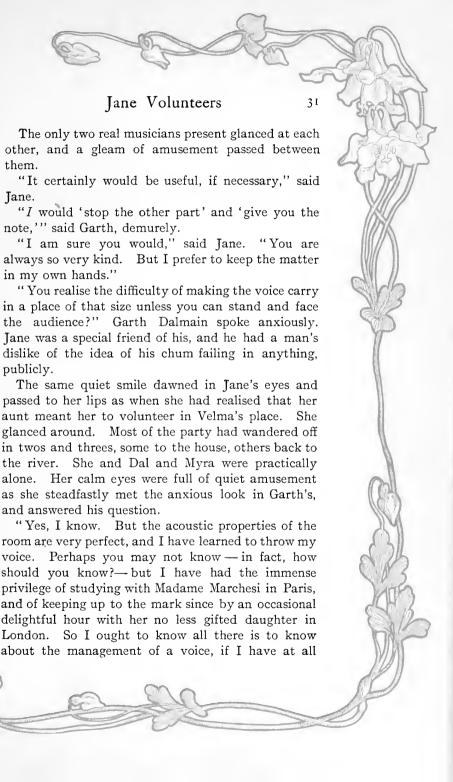


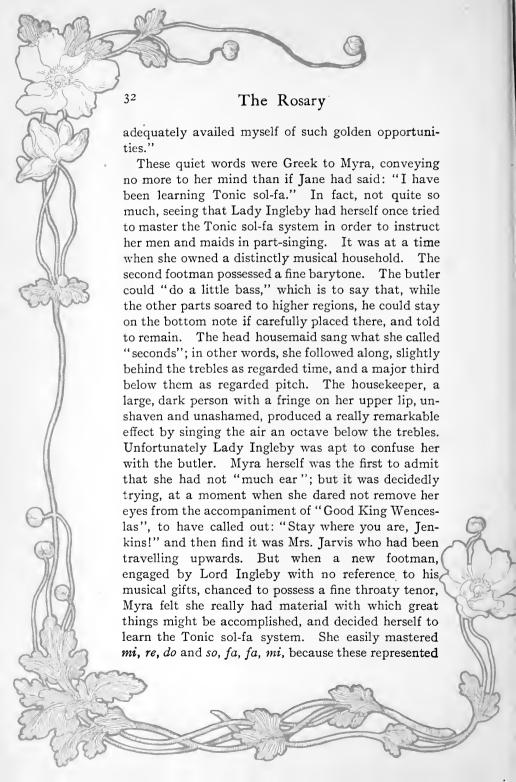


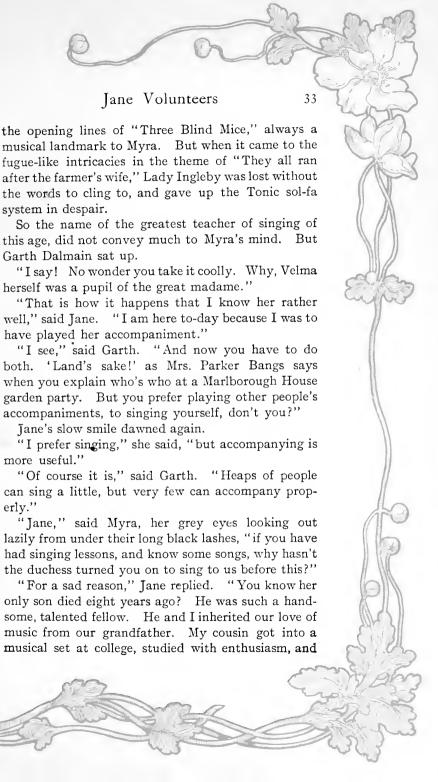


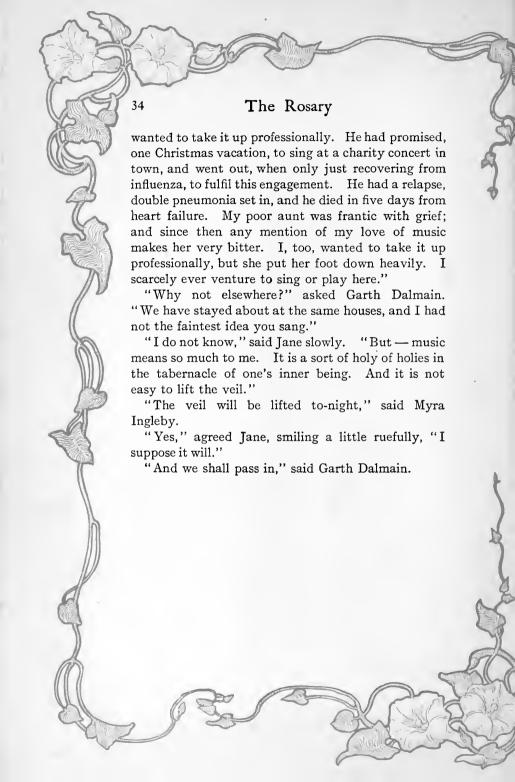


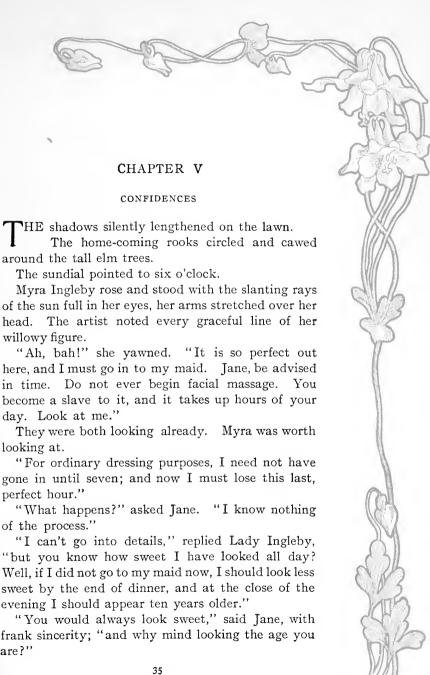




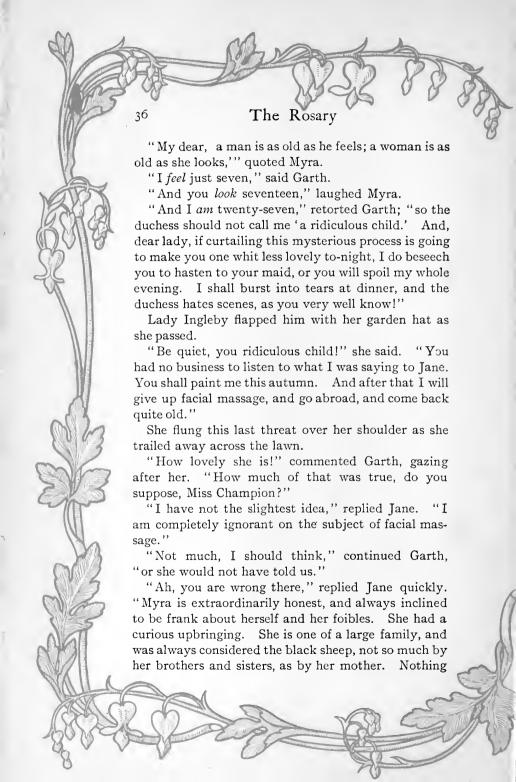


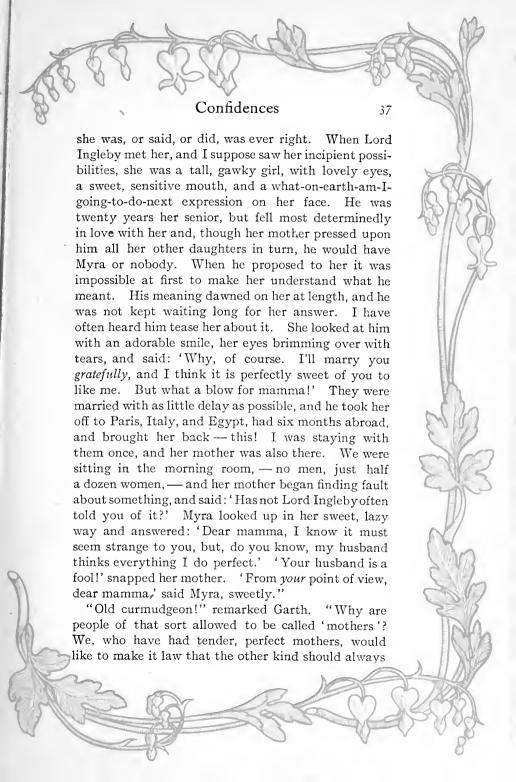


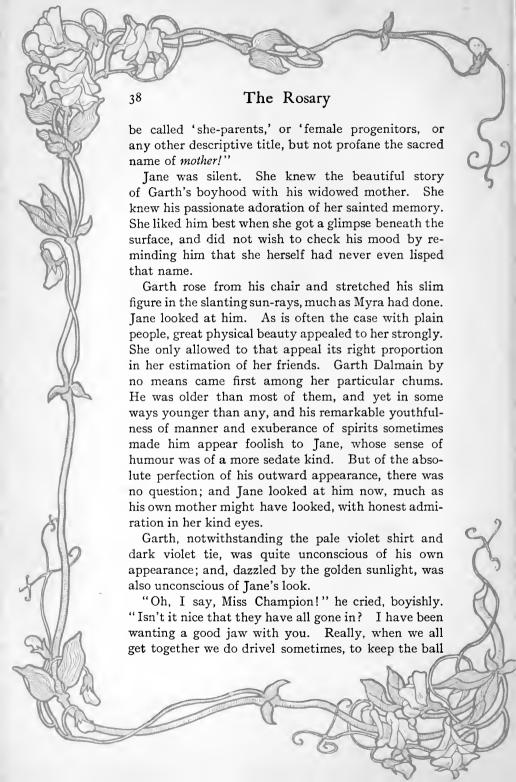


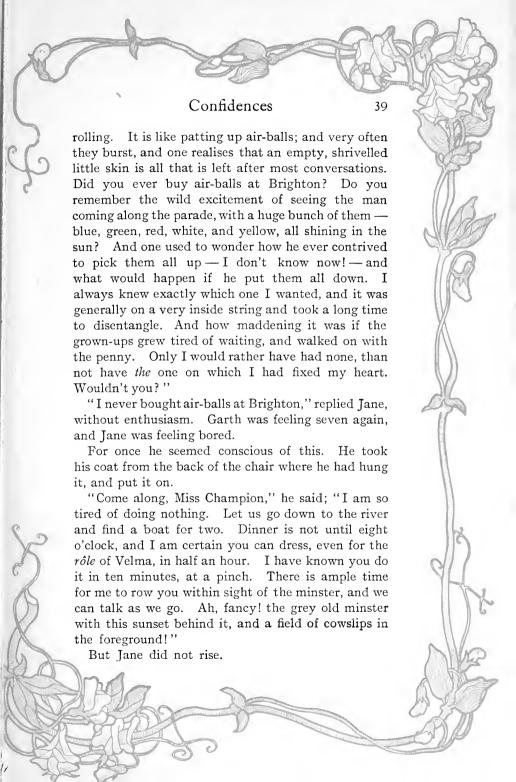


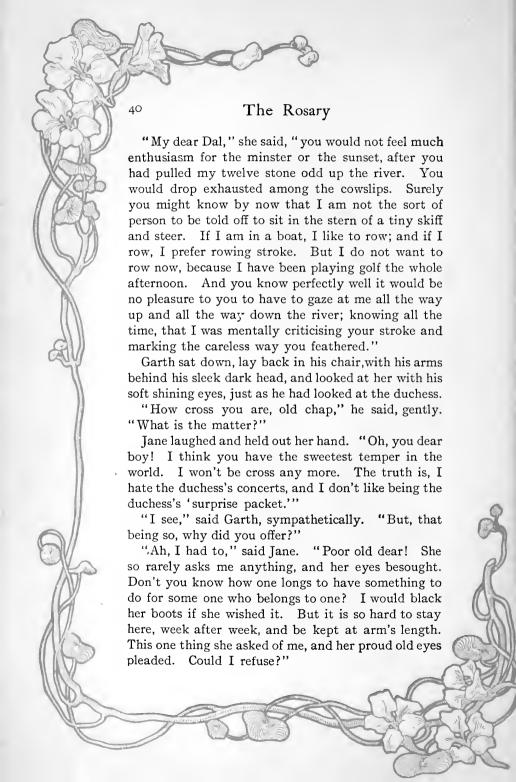
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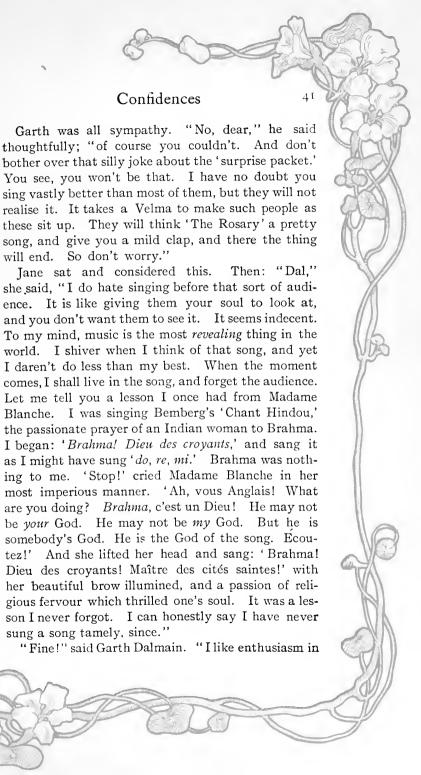


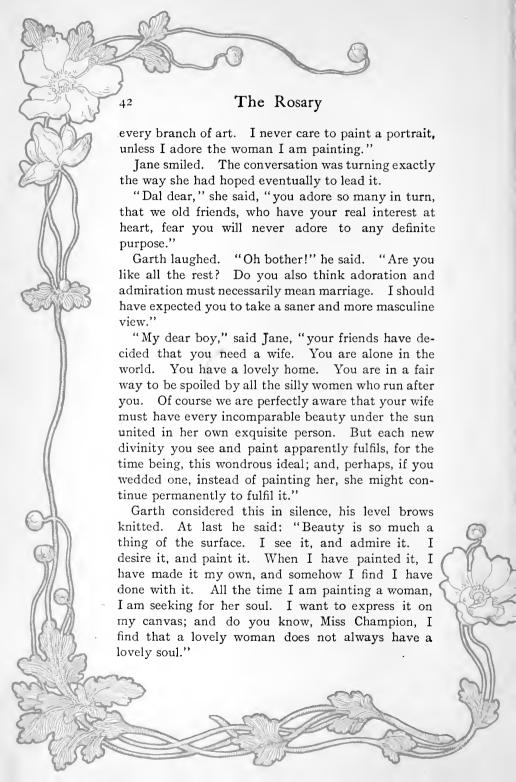


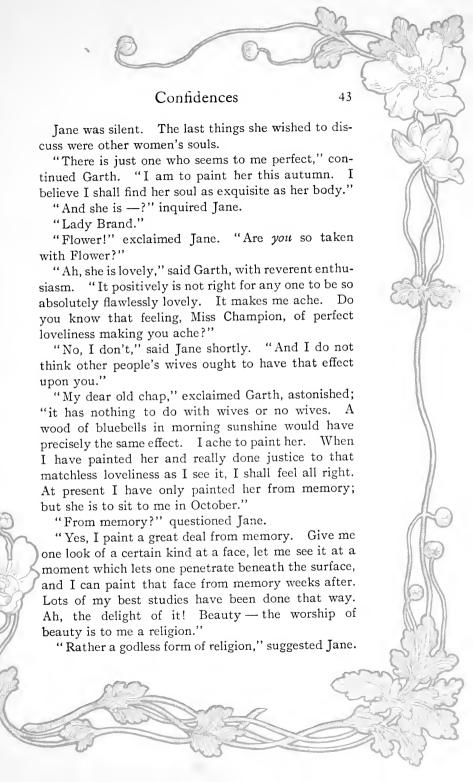


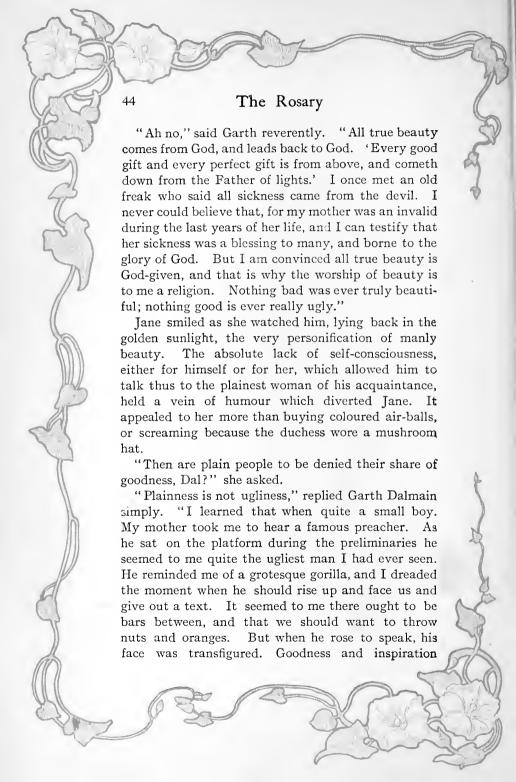


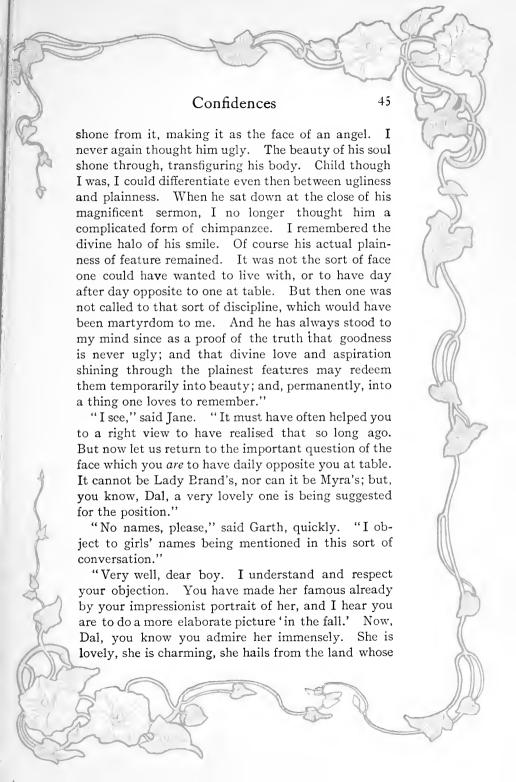


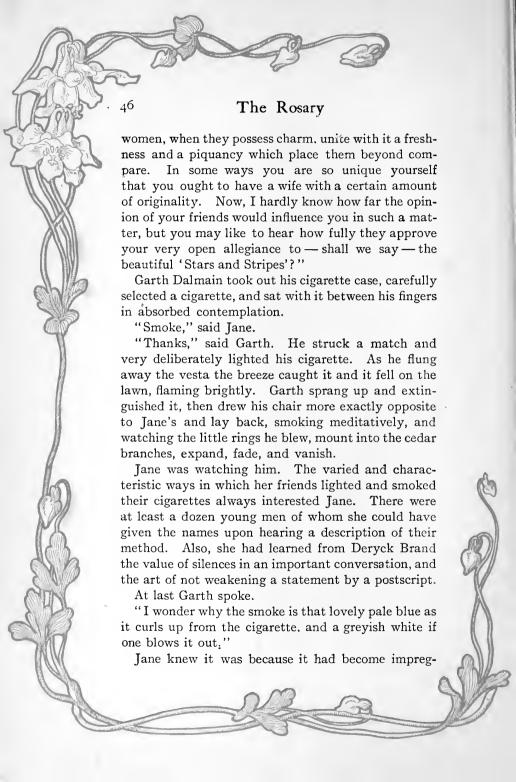


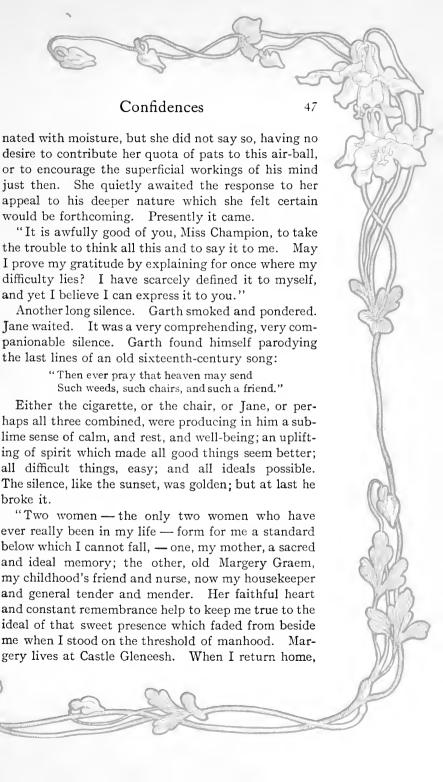


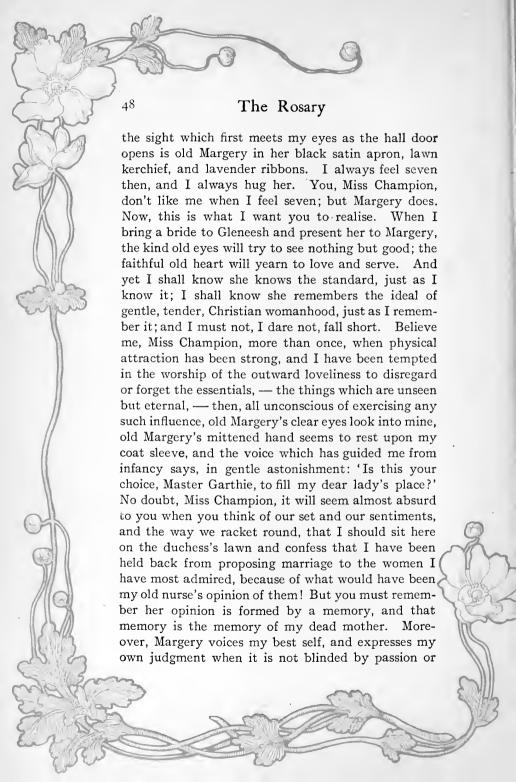


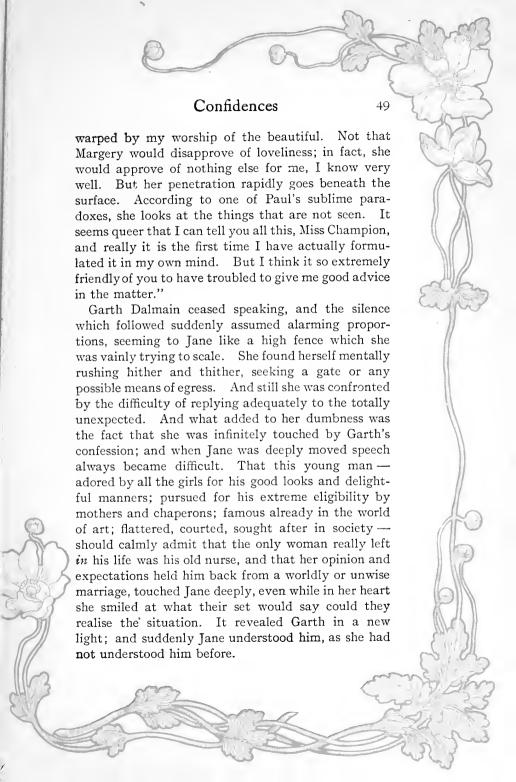


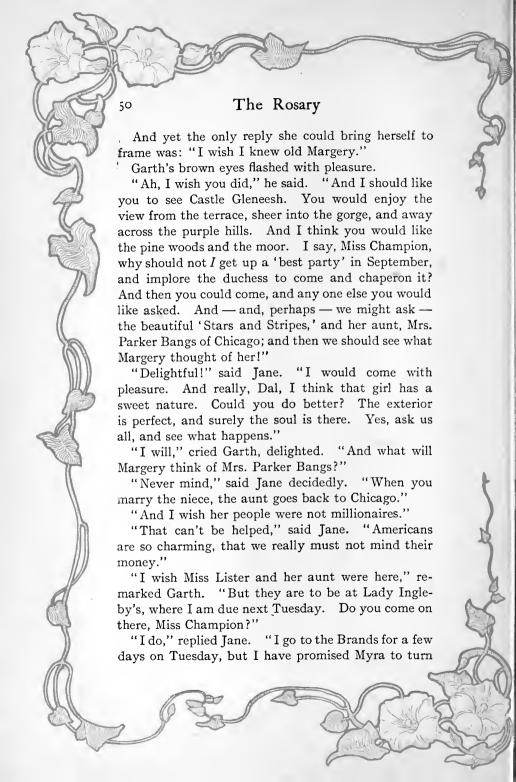


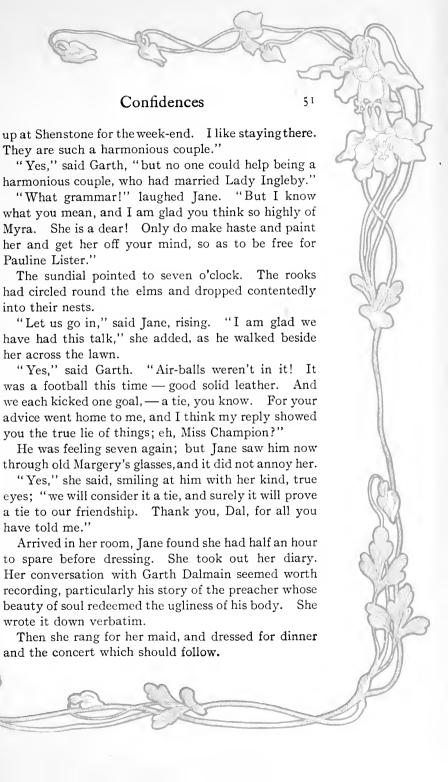


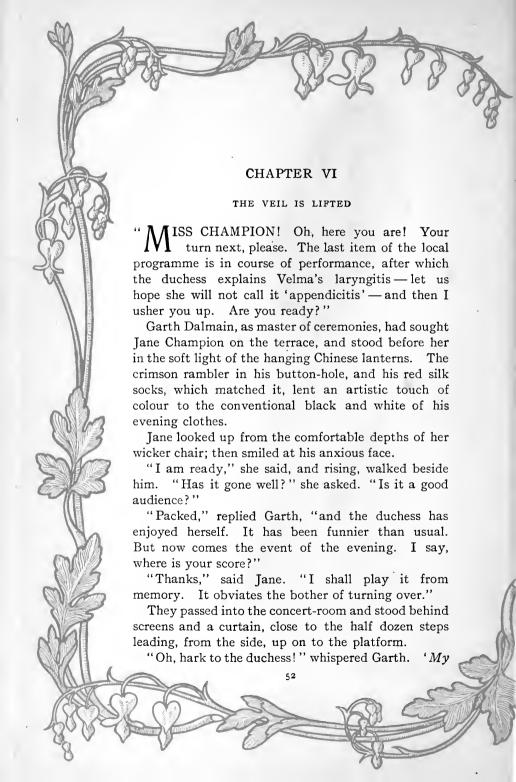


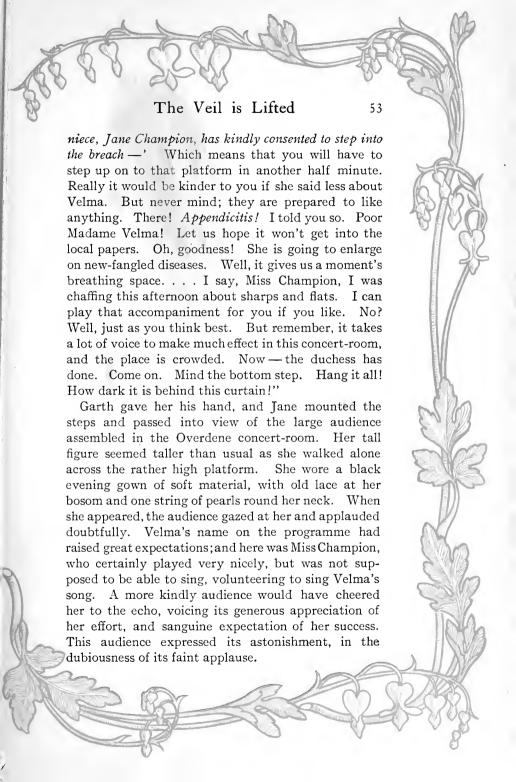


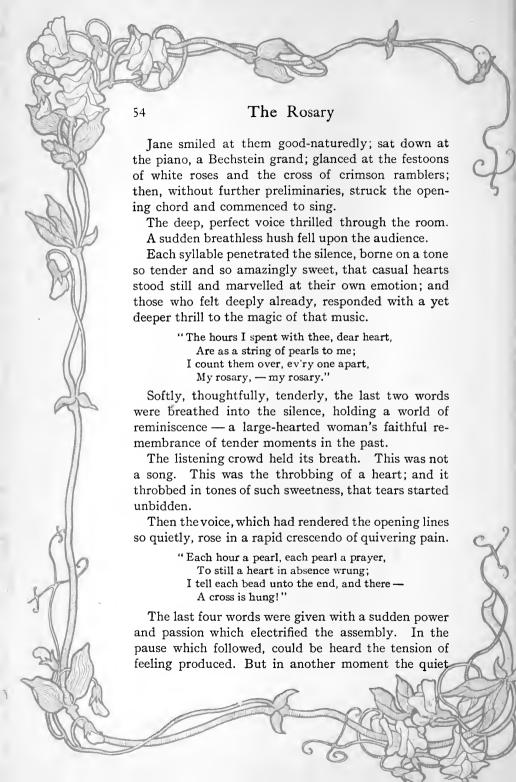


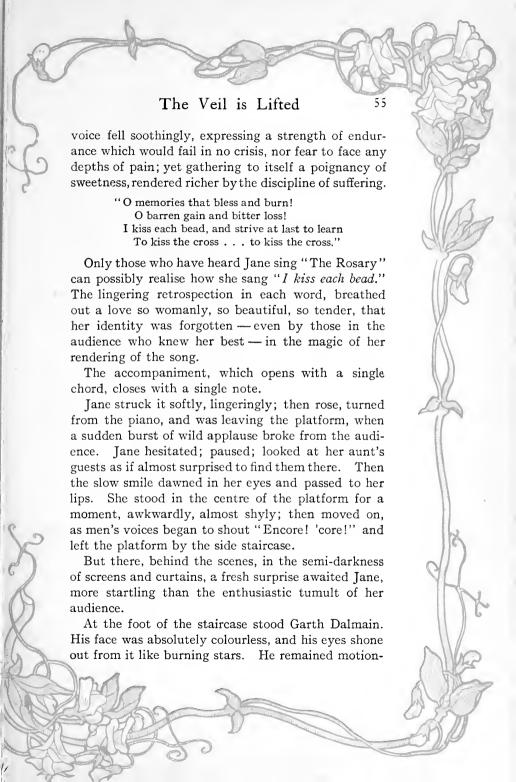


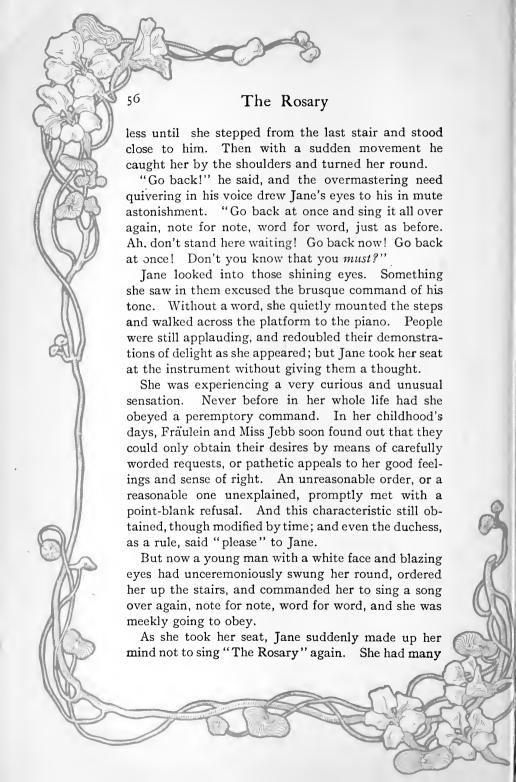


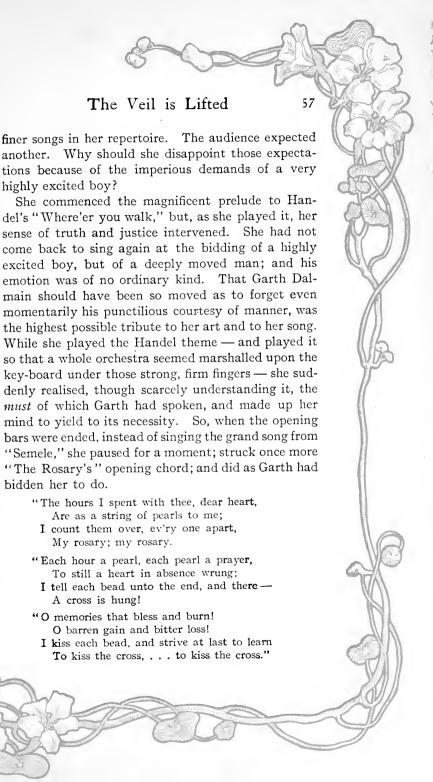


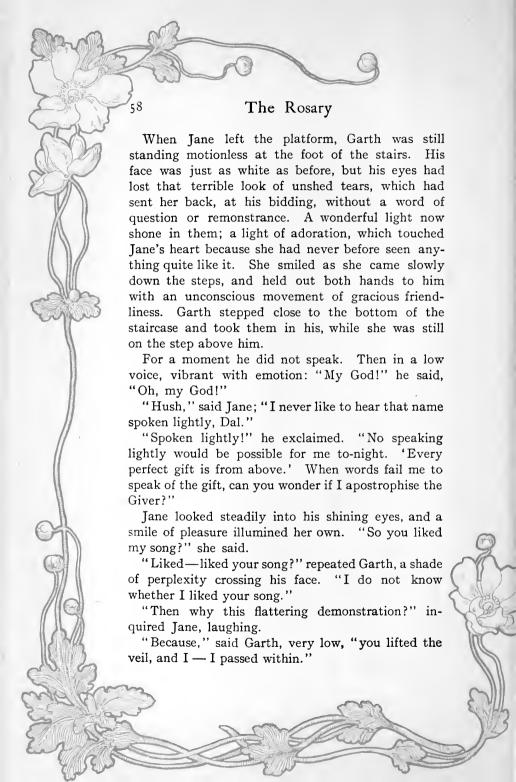


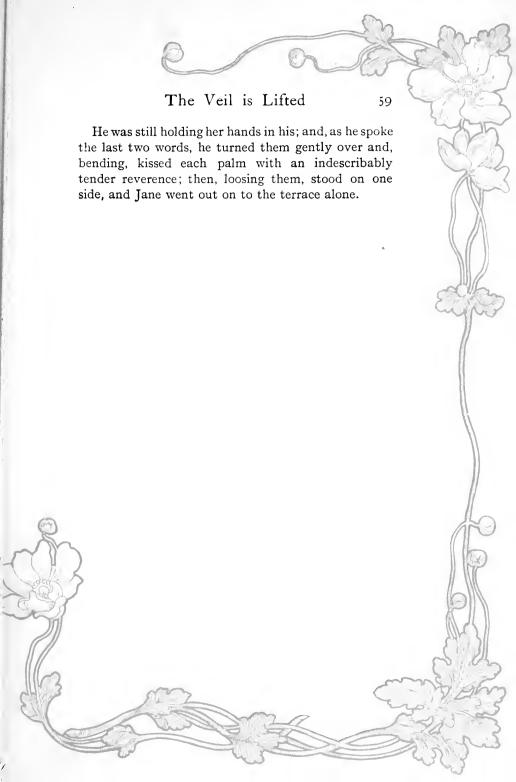


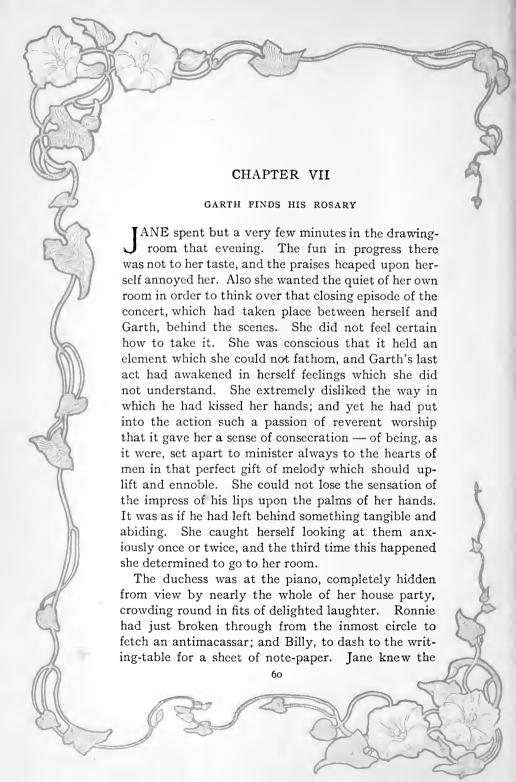


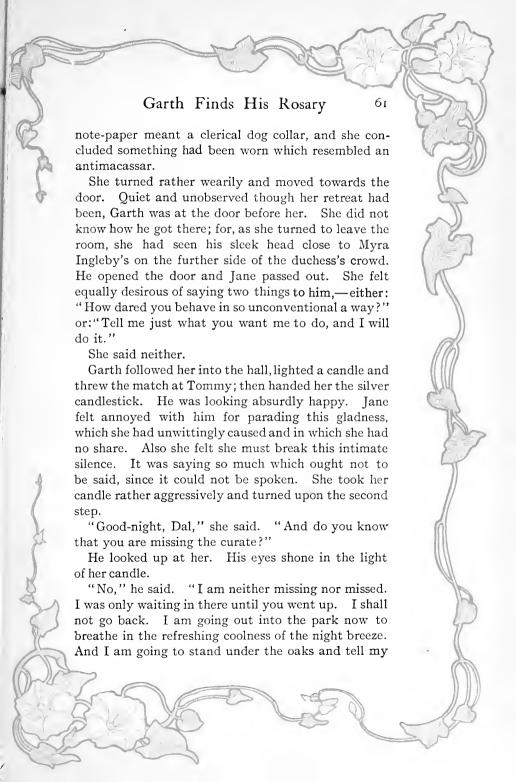


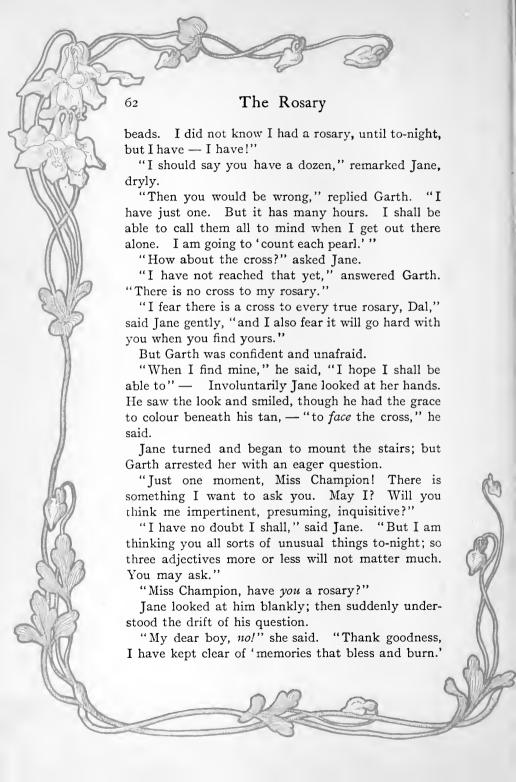


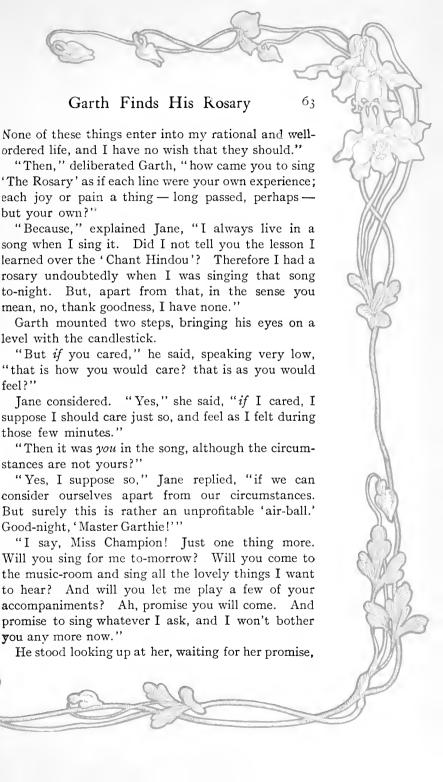


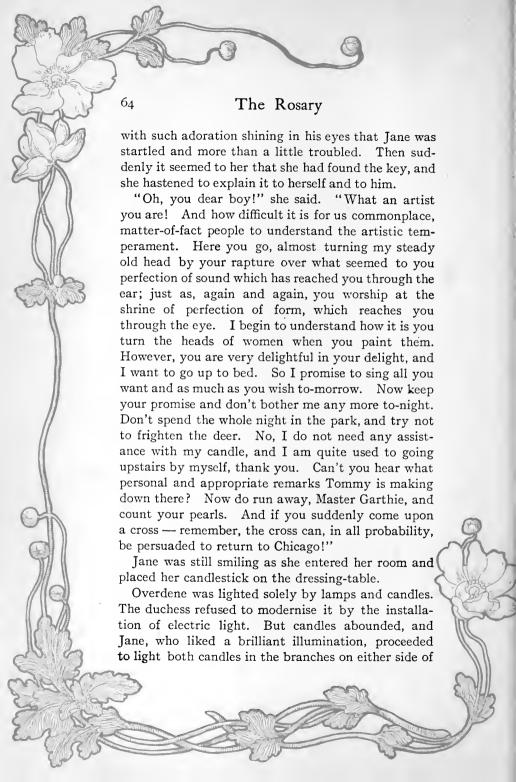


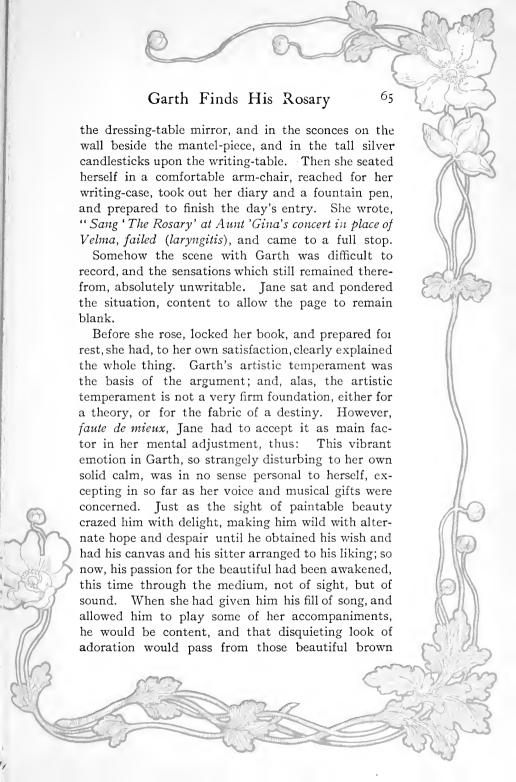


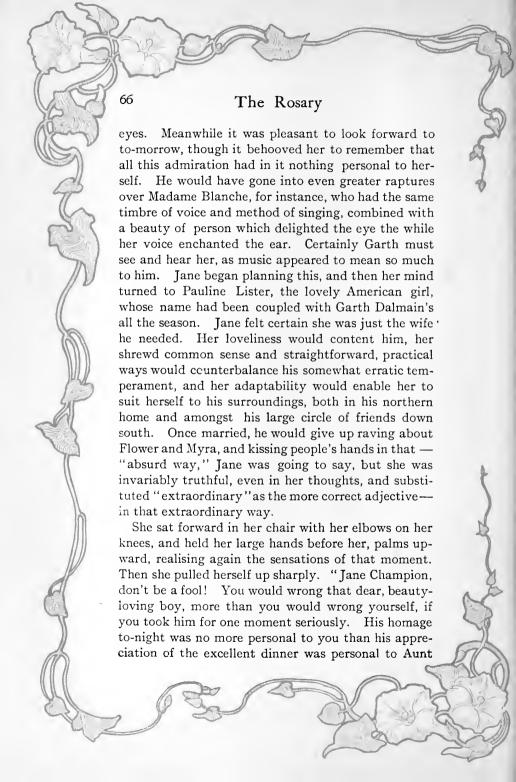


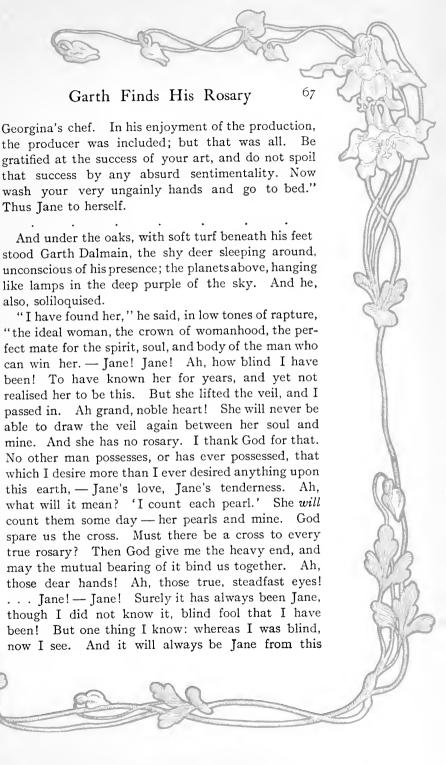


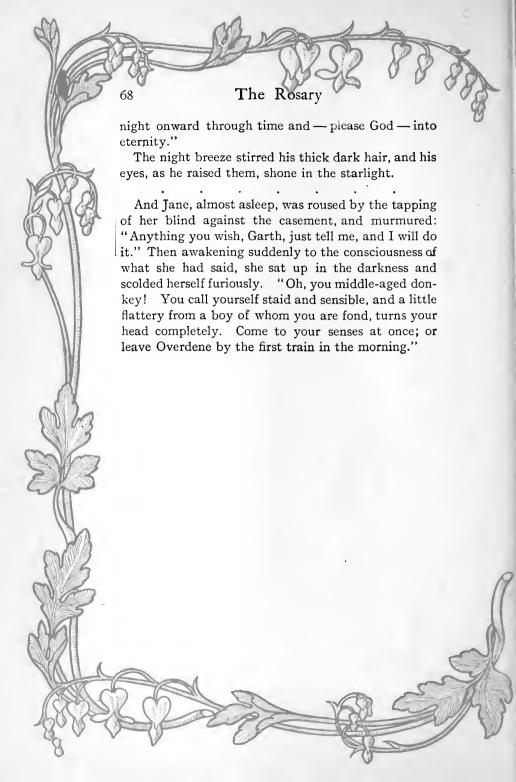


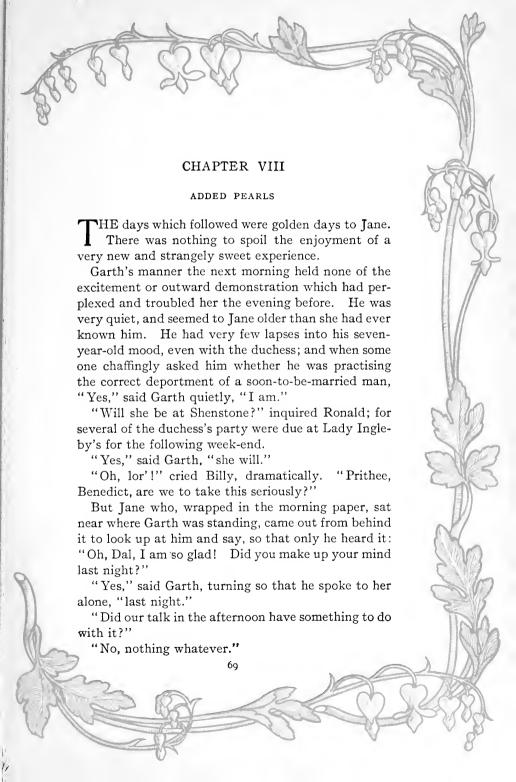


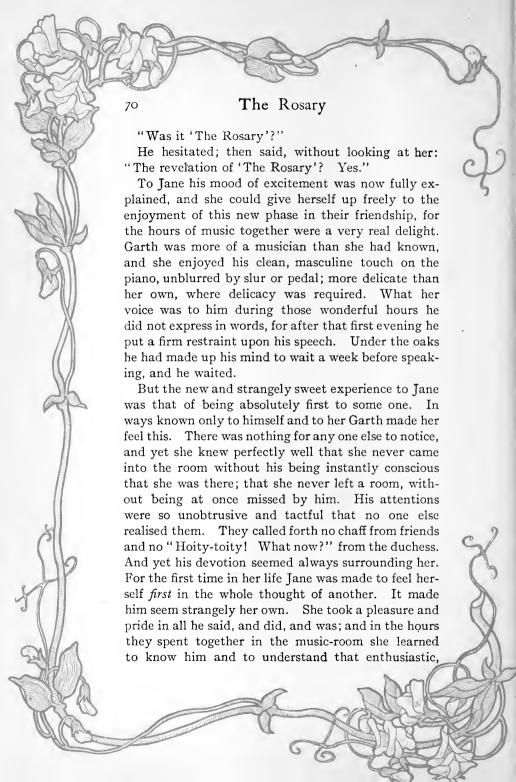


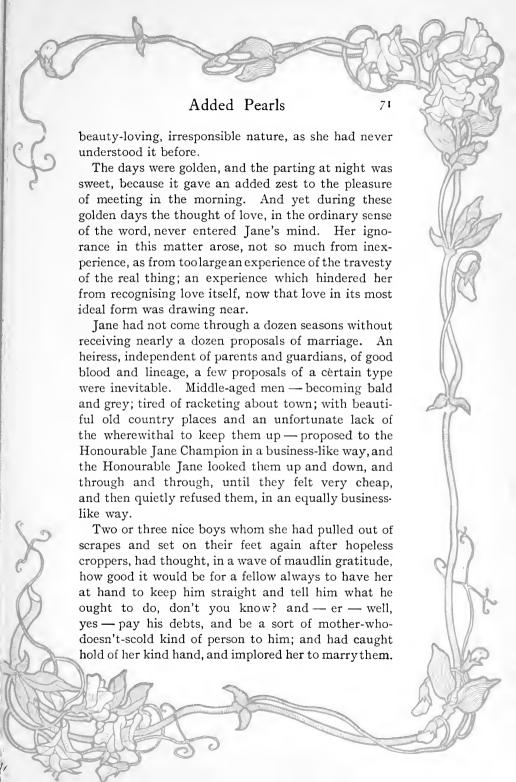


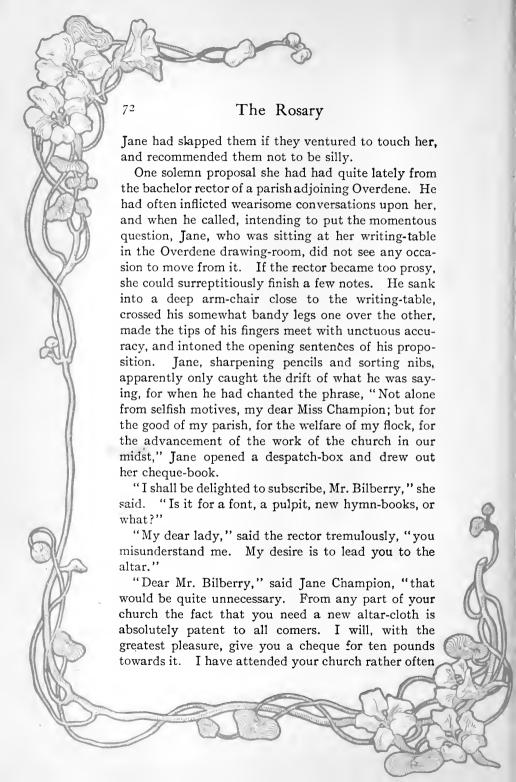


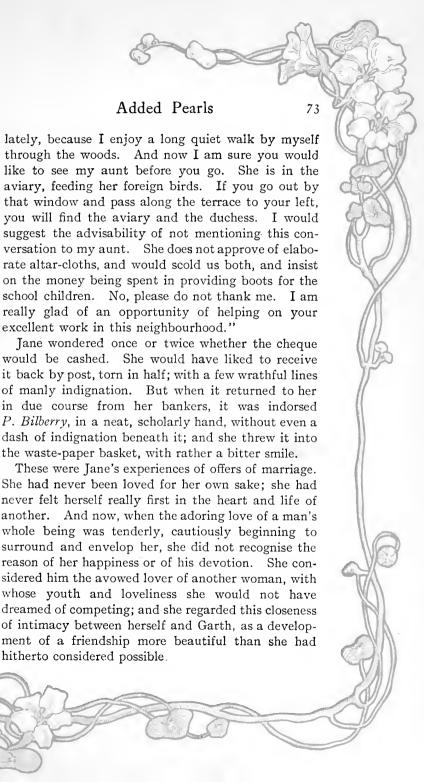


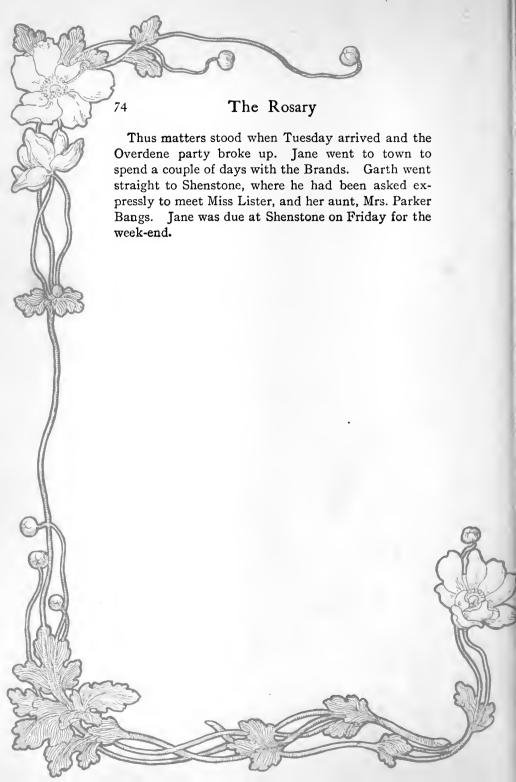


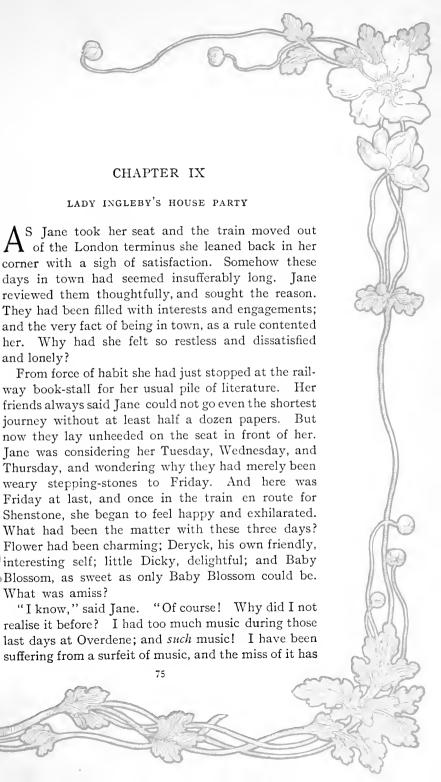


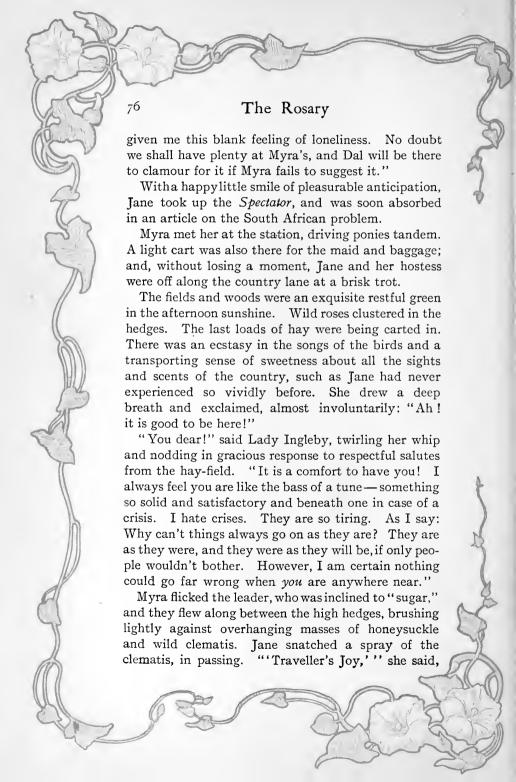


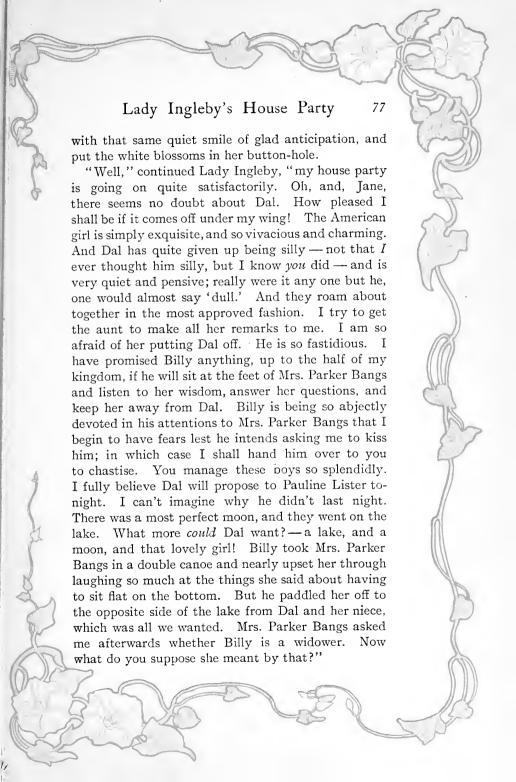


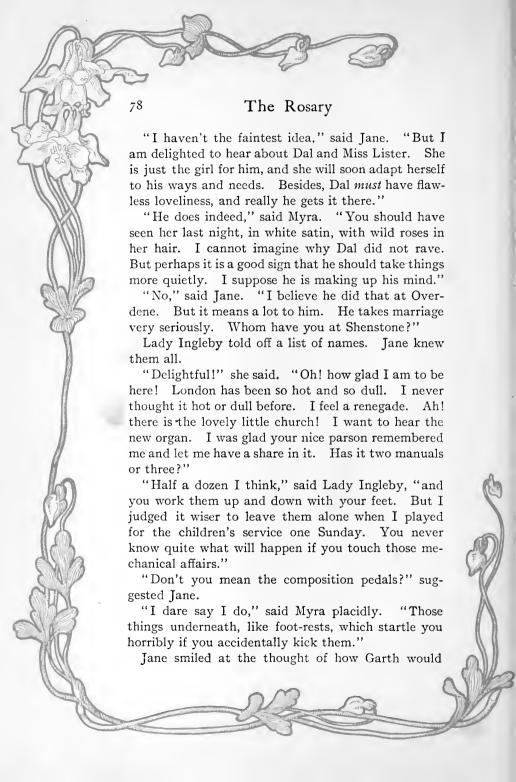


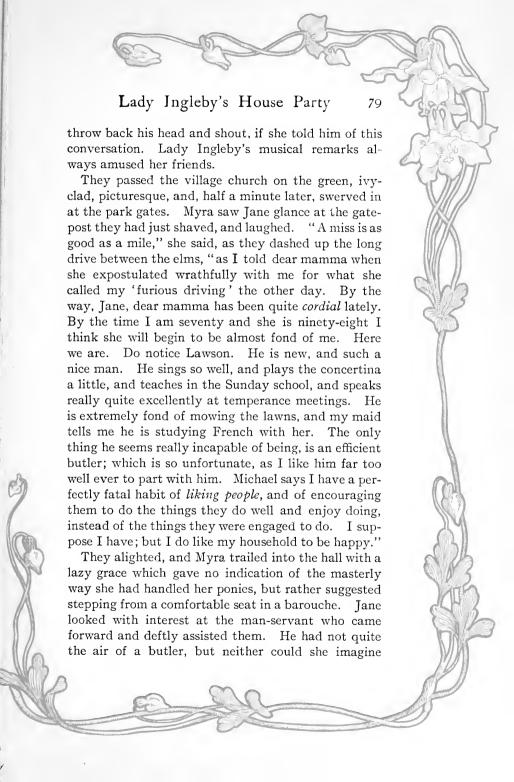


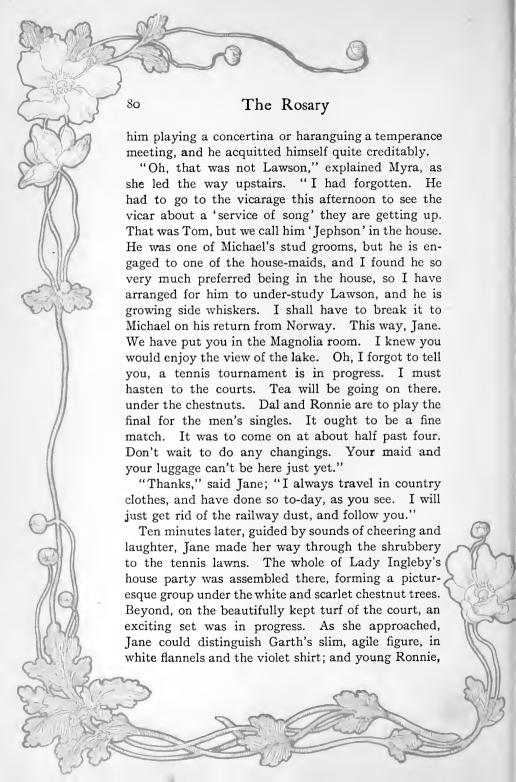


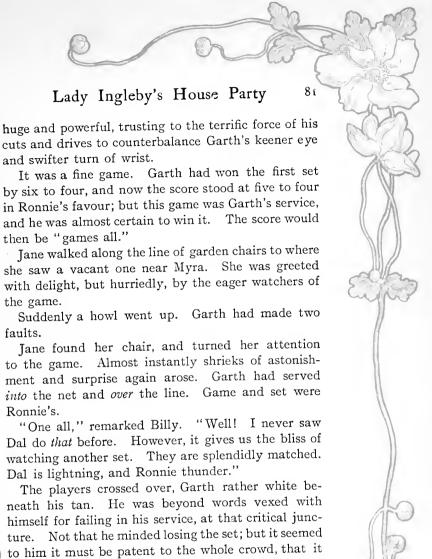






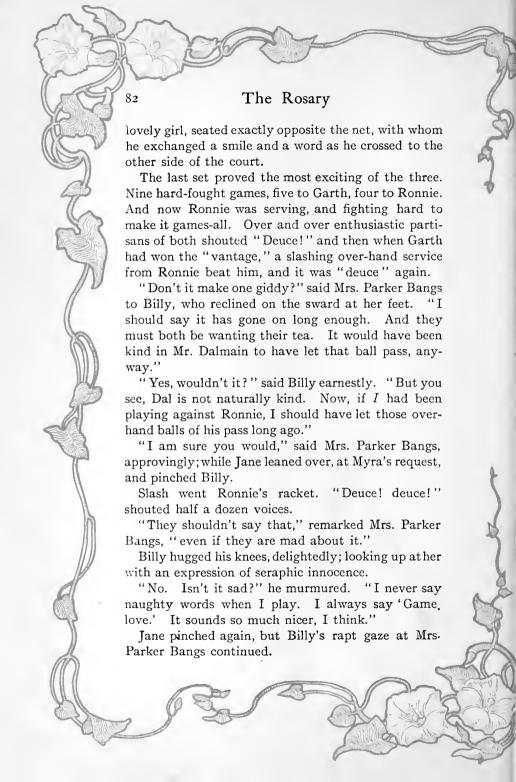






Dal do that before. However, it gives us the bliss of watching another set. They are splendidly matched.

neath his tan. He was beyond words vexed with himself for failing in his service, at that critical juncto him it must be patent to the whole crowd, that it was the sight, out of the tail of his eye, of a tall grey figure moving quietly along the line of chairs, which for a moment or two set earth and sky whirling, and made a confused blur of net and lines. As a matter of fact, only one of the onlookers connected Garth's loss of the game with Jane's arrival, and she was the





## Lady Ingleby's House Party

83

"Billy," said Myra sternly, "go into the hall and fetch my scarlet sunshade. Yes, I dare say you will miss the finish," she added in a stern whisper, as he leaned over her chair, remonstrating; "but you richly deserve it."

"I have made up my mind what to ask, dear queen," whispered Billy as he returned, breathless, three minutes later and laid the parasol in Lady Ingleby's lap. "You promised me anything, up to the half of your kingdom. I will have the head of Mrs. Parker Bangs in a charger."

"Oh, shut up, Billy!" exclaimed Jane, "and get out of the light! We missed that last stroke. What is the score?"

Once again it was Garth's vantage, and once again Ronnie's arm swung high for an untakable smasher.

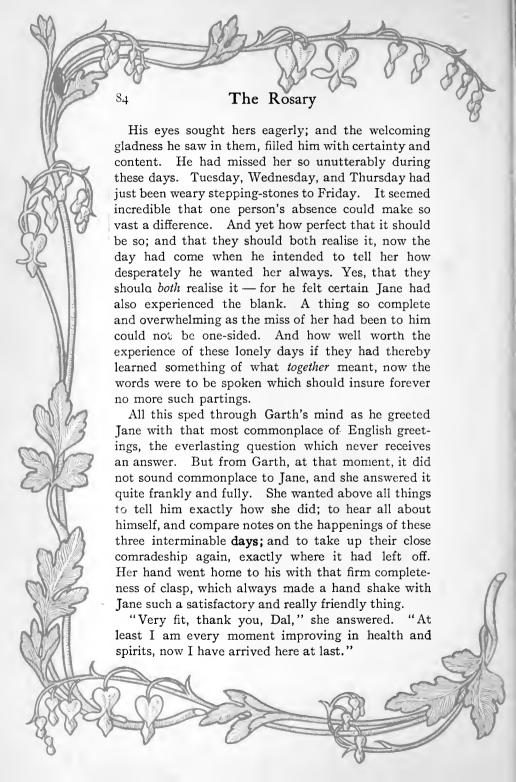
"Play up, Dal!" cried a voice, amid the general hubbub.

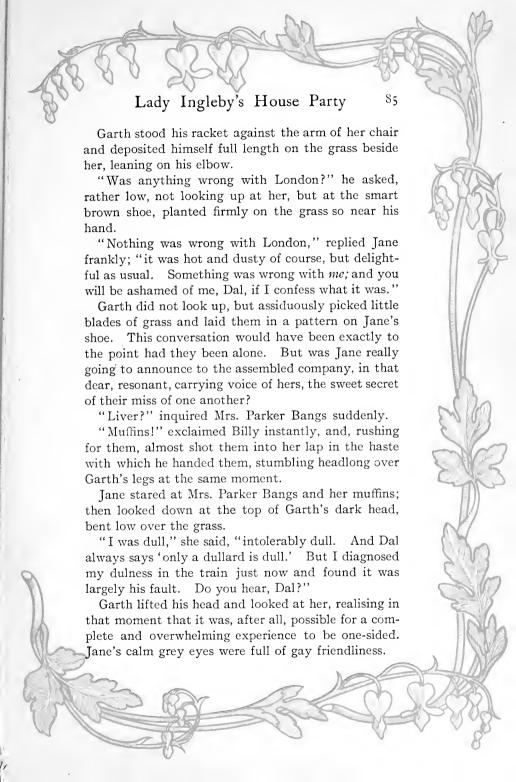
Garth knew that dear voice. He did not look in its direction, but he smiled. The next moment his arm shot out like a flash of lightning. The ball touched ground on Ronnie's side of the net and shot the length of the court without rising. Ronnie's wild scoop at it was hopeless. Game and set were Garth's.

They walked off the ground together, their rackets under their arms, the flush of a well-contested fight on their handsome faces. It had been so near a thing that both could sense the thrill of victory.

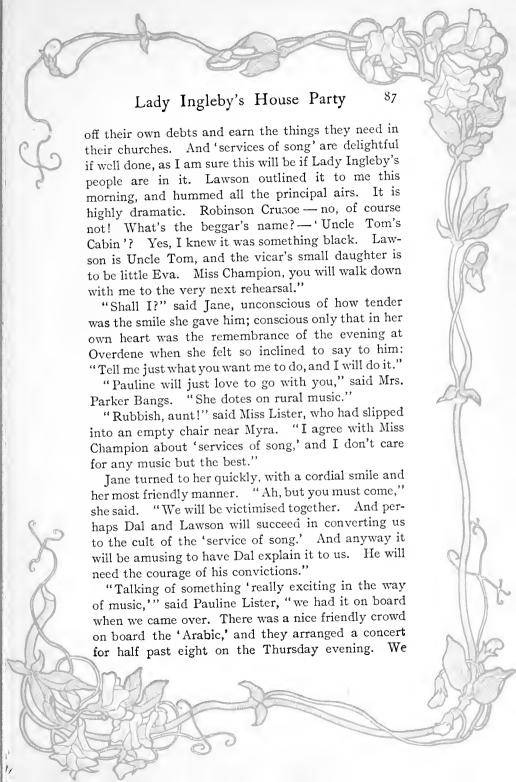
Pauline Lister had been sitting with Garth's coat on her lap, and his watch and chain were in her keeping. He paused a moment to take them up and receive her congratulations; then, slipping on his coat, and pocketing his watch, came straight to Jane.

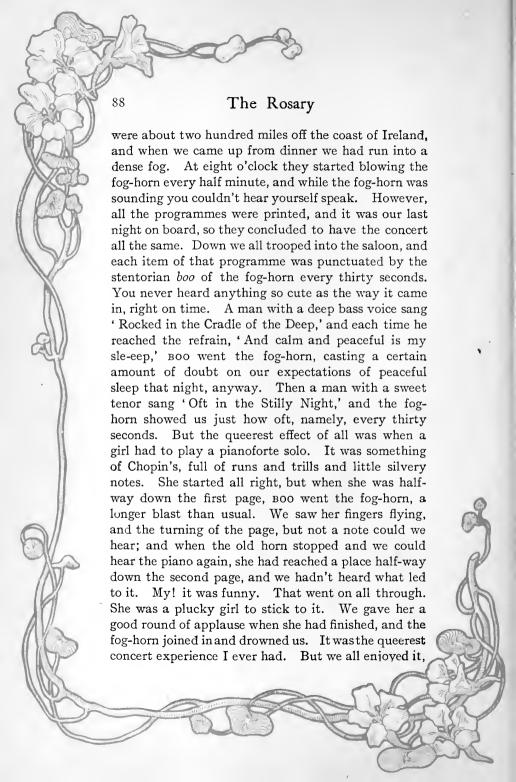
"How do you do, Miss Champion?"

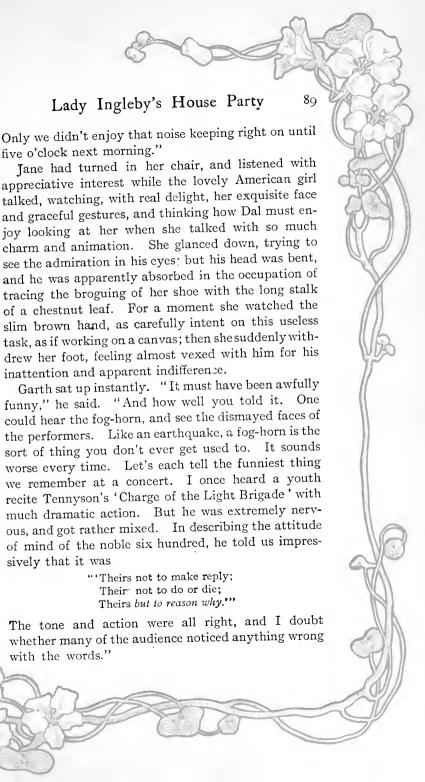


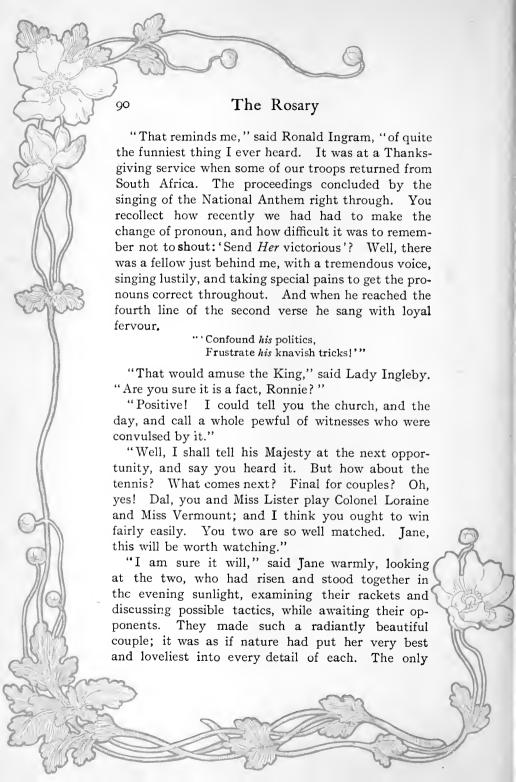


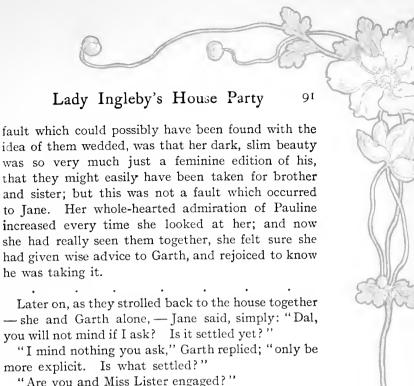












- she and Garth alone, - Jane said, simply: "Dal, you will not mind if I ask? Is it settled yet?"

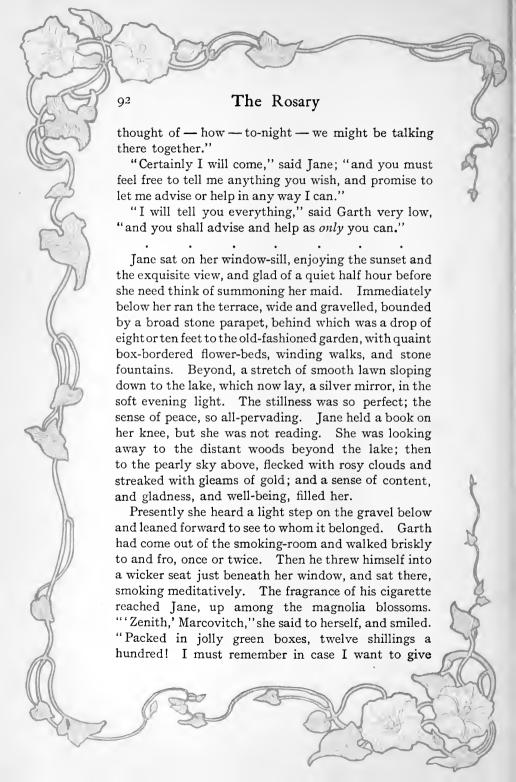
more explicit. Is what settled?"

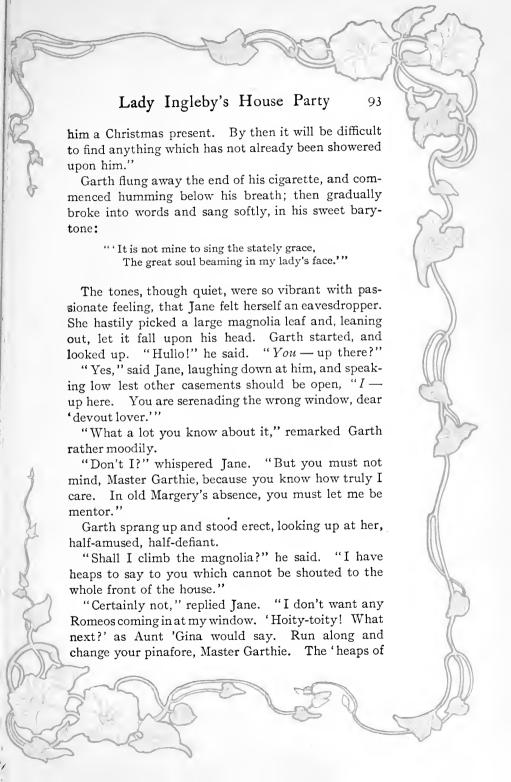
"Are you and Miss Lister engaged?"

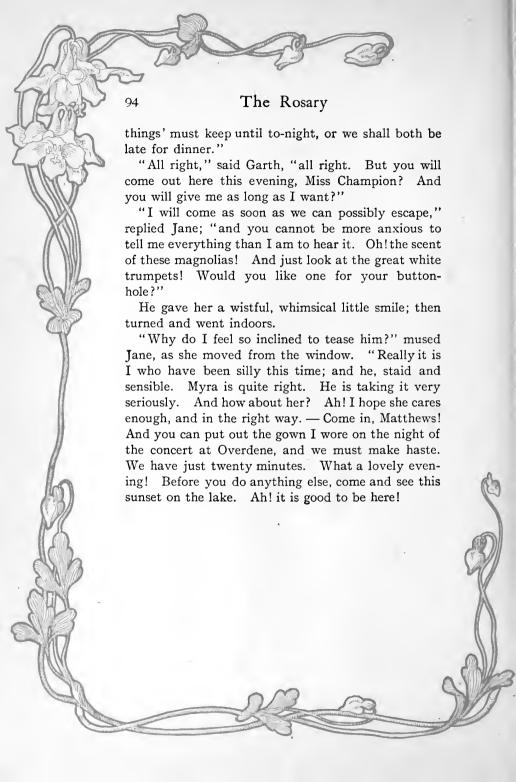
"No," Garth answered. "What made you suppose we should be?"

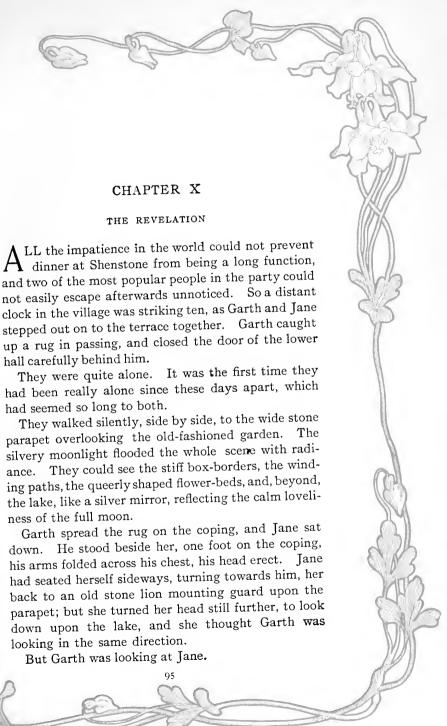
"You said at Overdene on Tuesday — Tuesday! oh! doesn't it seem weeks ago? - you said we were to take you seriously."

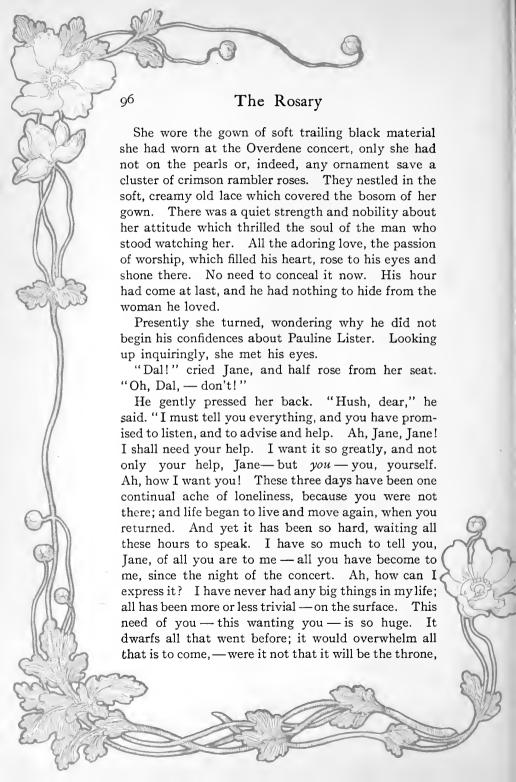
"It seems years ago," said Garth; "and I sincerely hope you will take me - seriously. All the same I have not proposed to Miss Lister; and I am anxious for an undisturbed talk with you on the subject. Miss Champion, after dinner to-night, when all the games and amusements are in full swing, and we can escape unobserved, will you come out on to the terrace with me, where I shall be able to speak to you without fear of interruption? The moonlight on the lake is worth seeing from the terrace. I spent an hour out there last night - ah, no; you are wrong for once -I spent it alone, when the boating was over, and

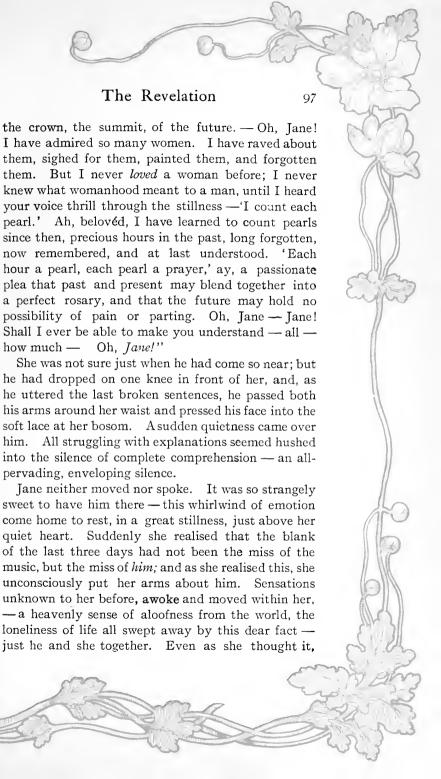


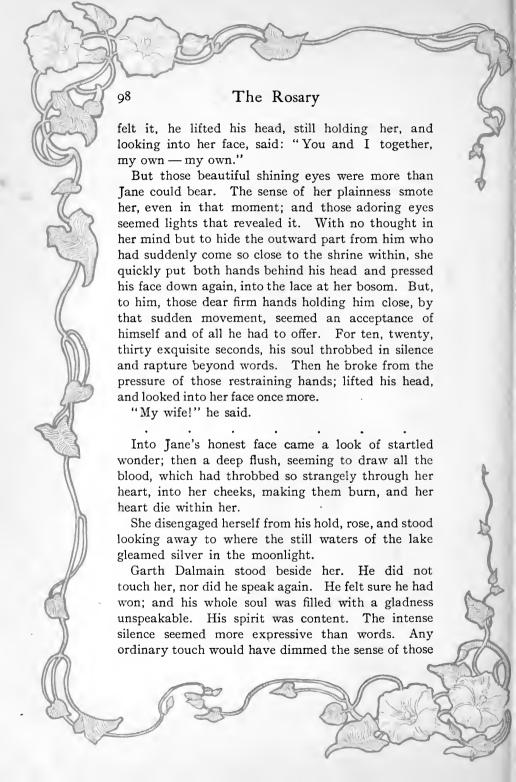


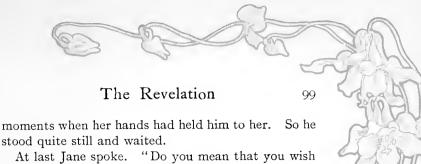












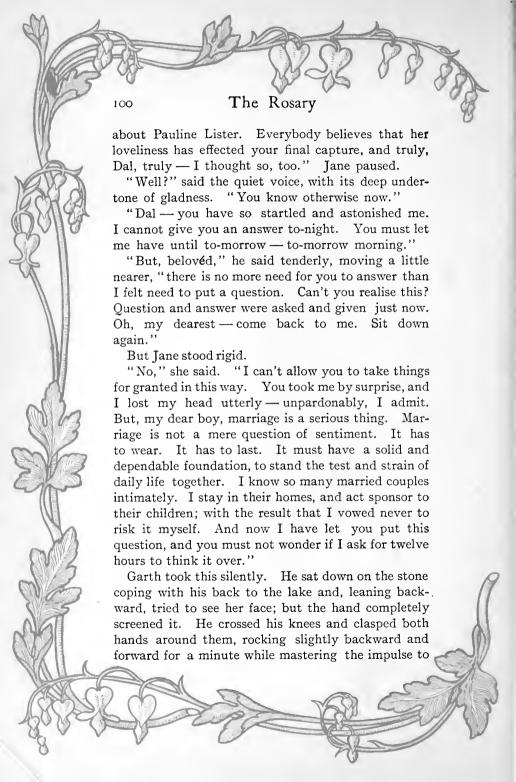
to ask me to be — to be that — to you?"

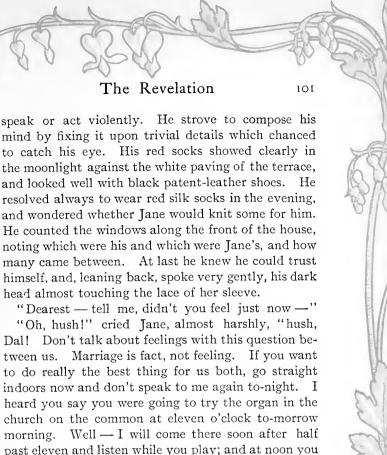
"Yes, dear," he answered, gently; but in his voice vibrated the quiet of strong self-control. "At least I came out here intending to ask it of you. But I cannot ask it now, belovéd. I can't ask you to be what you are already. No promise, no ceremony, no giving or receiving of a ring, could make you more my wife than you have been just now in those wonderful

moments."

Jane slowly turned and looked at him. She had never seen anything so radiant as his face. But still those shining eyes smote her like swords. She longed to cover them with her hands; or bid him look away over the woods and water, while he went on saying these sweet things to her. She put up one foot on the low parapet, leaned her elbow on her knee, and shielded her face with her hand. Then she answered him, trying to speak calmly.

"You have taken me absolutely by surprise, Dal. I knew you had been delightfully nice and attentive since the concert evening, and that our mutual understanding of music and pleasure in it, coupled with an increased intimacy brought about by our confidential conversation under the cedar, had resulted in an unusually close and delightful friendship. I honestly admit it seems to have — it has — meant more to me than any friendship has ever meant. But that was partly owing to your temperament, Dal, which tends to make you always the most vivid spot in one's mental landscape. But truly I thought you wanted me out here in order to pour out confidences

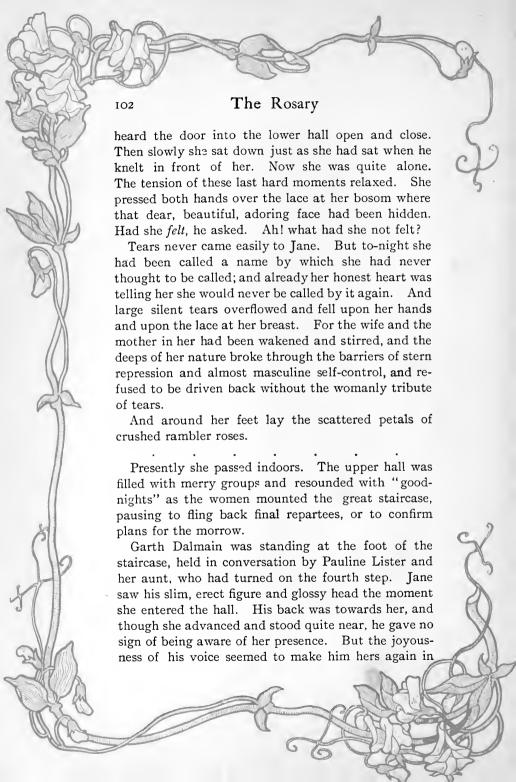


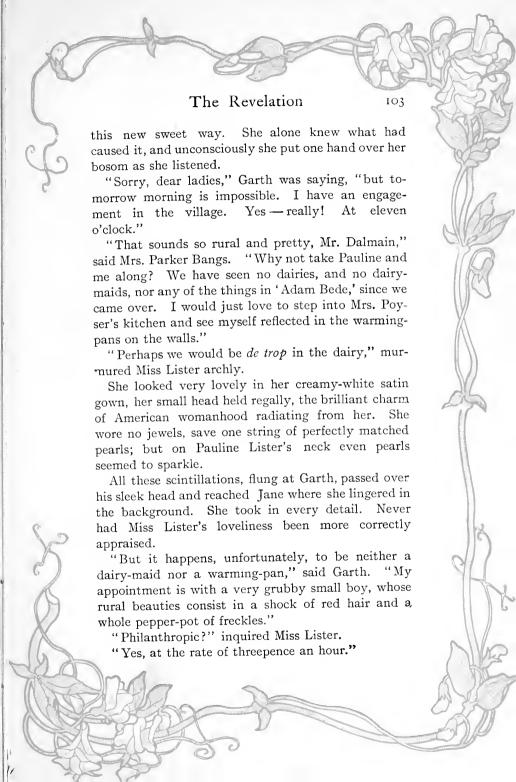


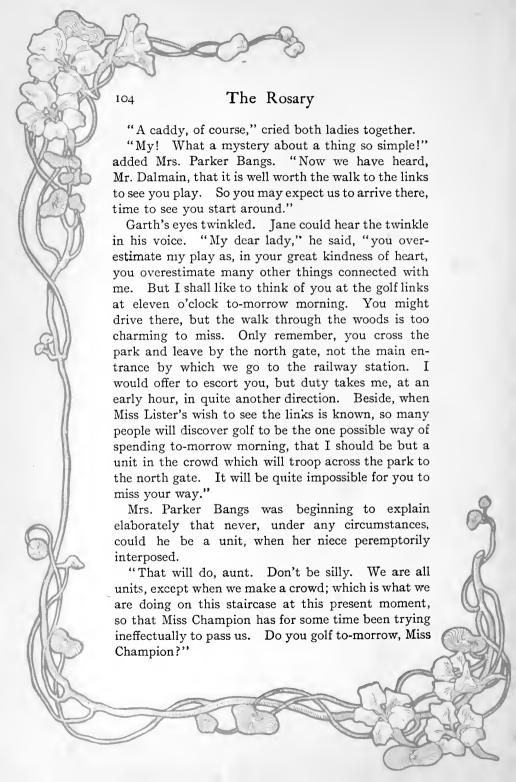
cannot bear any more. I must be left alone."
Garth loosed the strong fingers clasped so tightly round his knee. He slipped the hand next to her along the stone coping, close to her foot. She felt him take hold of her gown with those deft, masterful fingers. Then he bent his dark head quickly, and whispering: "I kiss the cross," with a gesture of infinite reverence and tenderness, which Jane never forgot, he kissed the hem of her skirt. The next moment she was alone.

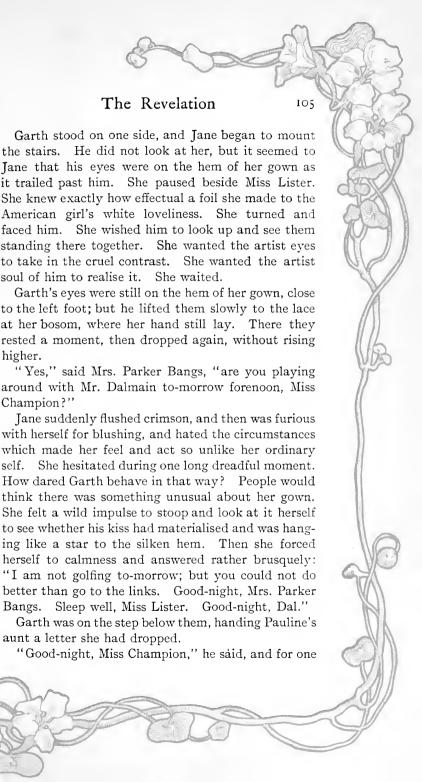
can send away the blower, and I will give you my answer. But now — oh, go away, dear; for truly I

She listened while his footsteps died away. She



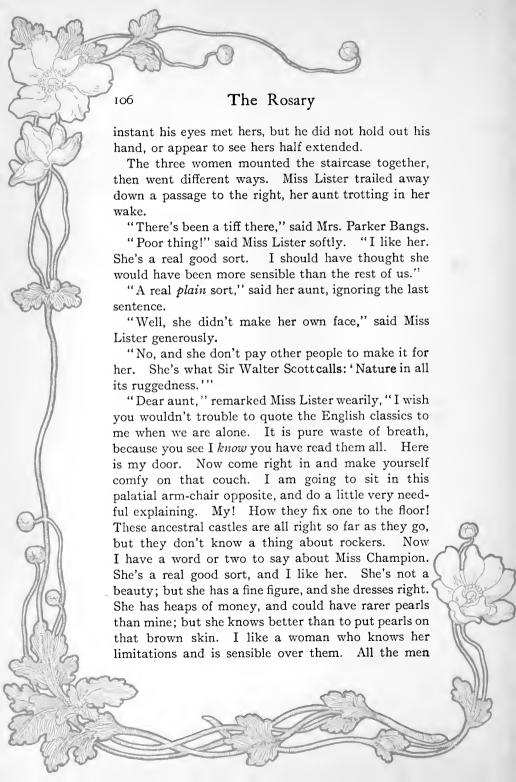


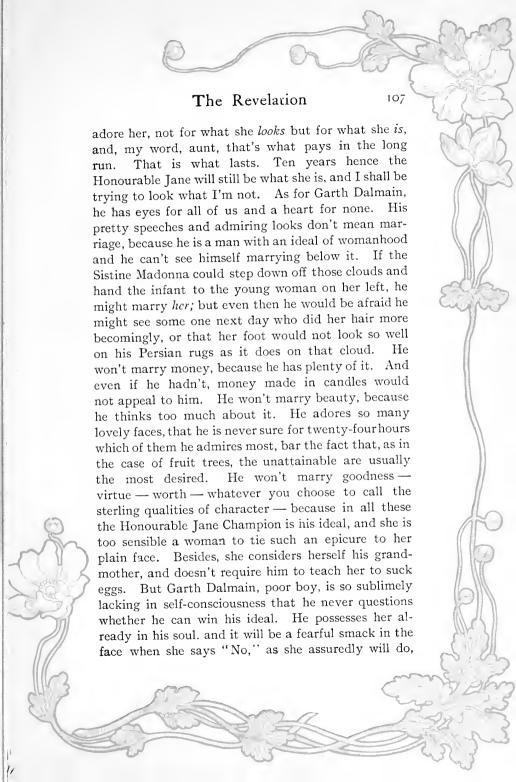


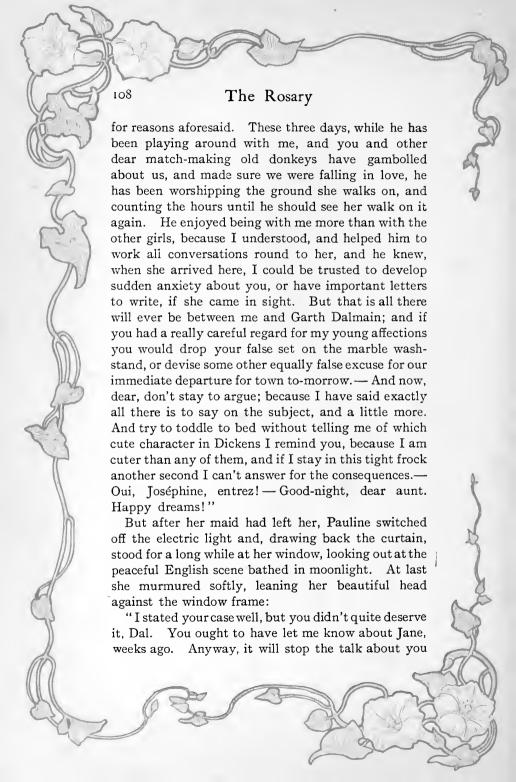


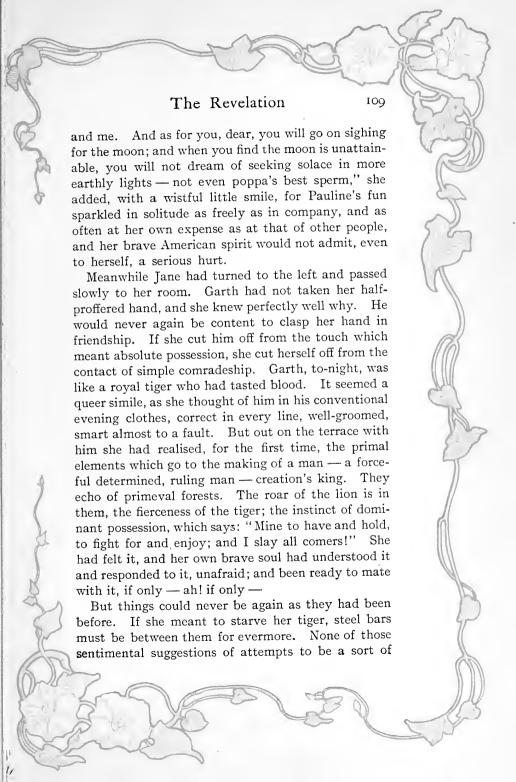
higher.

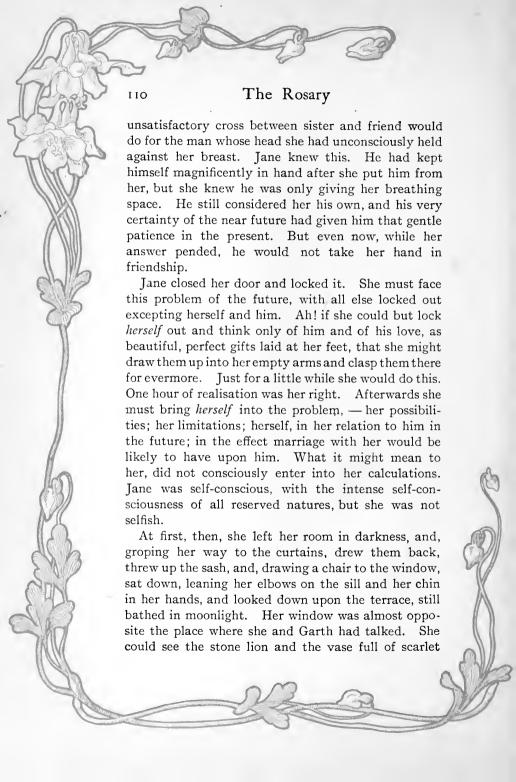
Champion?"

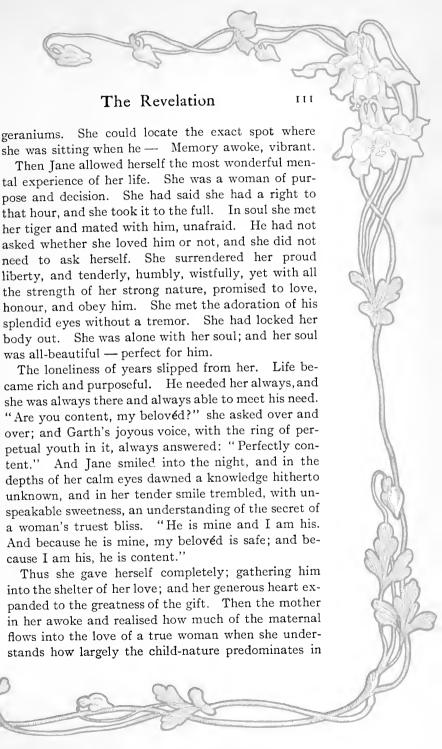


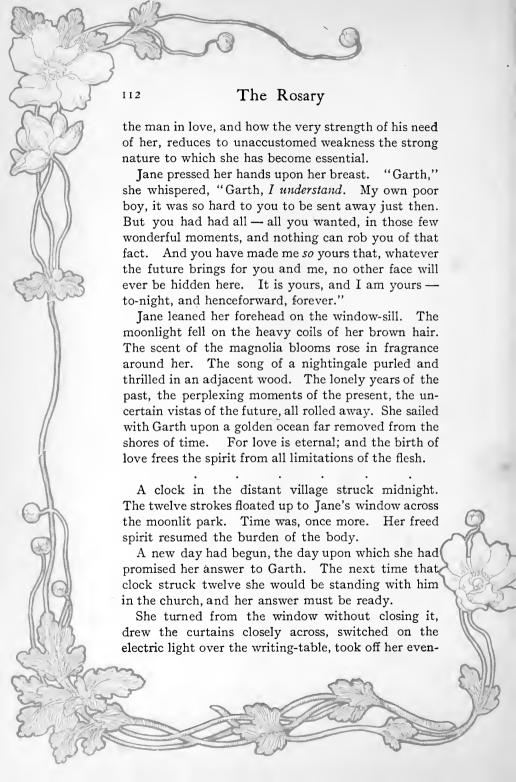






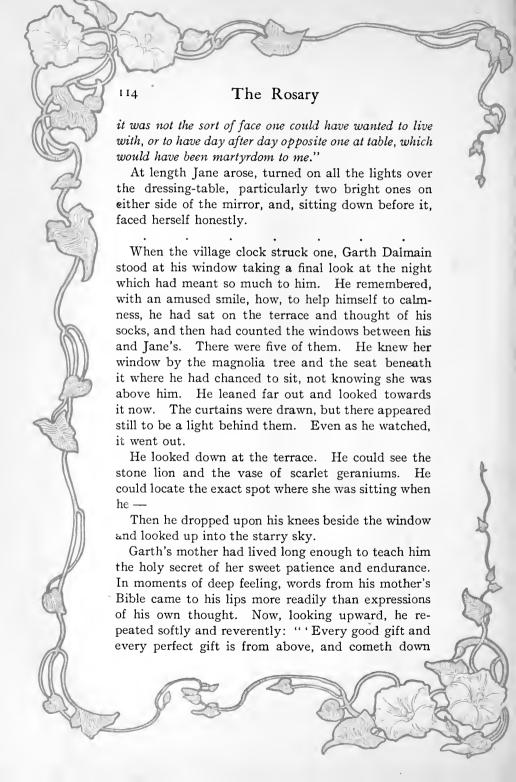


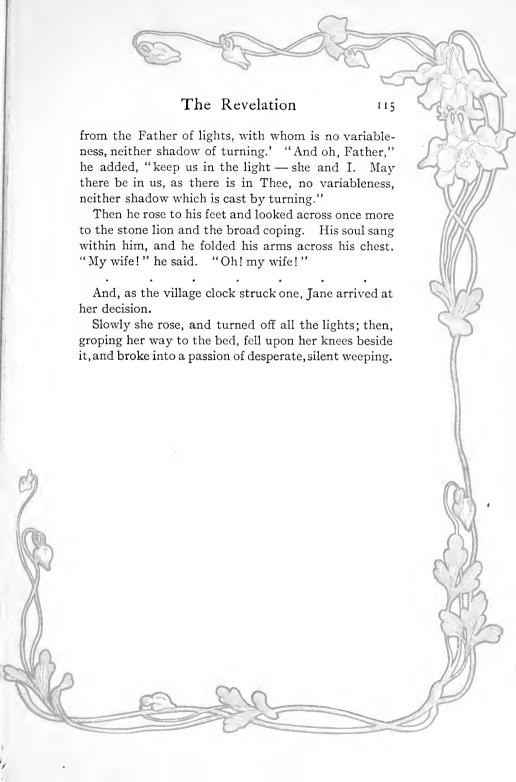


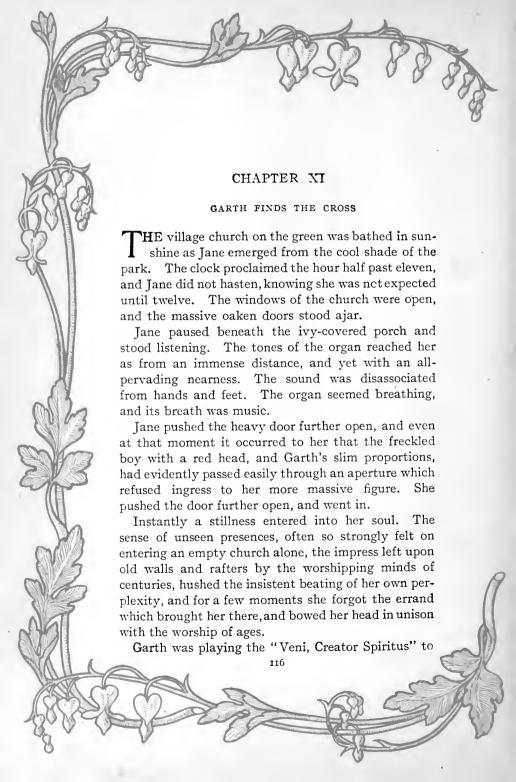


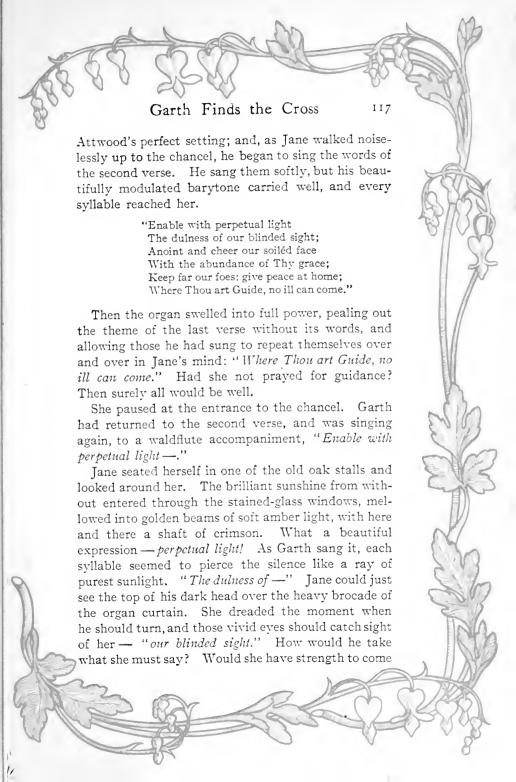
ing gown, hung up bodice and skirt in the wardrobe. resolutely locking the door upon them. Then she slipped on a sage-green wrapper, which she had lately purchased at a bazaar because every one else fled from it, and the old lady whose handiwork it was seemed so disappointed, and, drawing a chair near the writingtable, took out her diary, unlocked the heavy clasp, and began to read. She turned the pages slowly, pausing here and there, until she came to those she sought. Over them she pondered long, her head in They contained a very full account of her hands. her conversation with Garth on the afternoon of the day of the concert at Overdene; and the lines upon which she specially dwelt were these: "His face was transfigured. . . . Goodness and inspiration shone from it, making it as the face of an angel. . . . I never thought him ugly again. Child though I was, I could differentiate even then between ugliness and plainness. I have associated his face ever since with the wondrous beauty of his soul. When he sat down, at the close of his address, I no longer thought him a complicated form of chimpanzee. I remembered the divine halo of his smile. Of course it was not the sort of face one *could* have wanted to live with, or to have day after day opposite one at table, but then one was not called to that sort of discipline, which would have been martyrdom to me. And he has always stood to my mind since as a proof of the truth that goodness is never ugly, and that divine love and aspiration, shining through the plainest features, may redeem them, temporarily, into beauty; and permanently, into a thing one loves to remember."

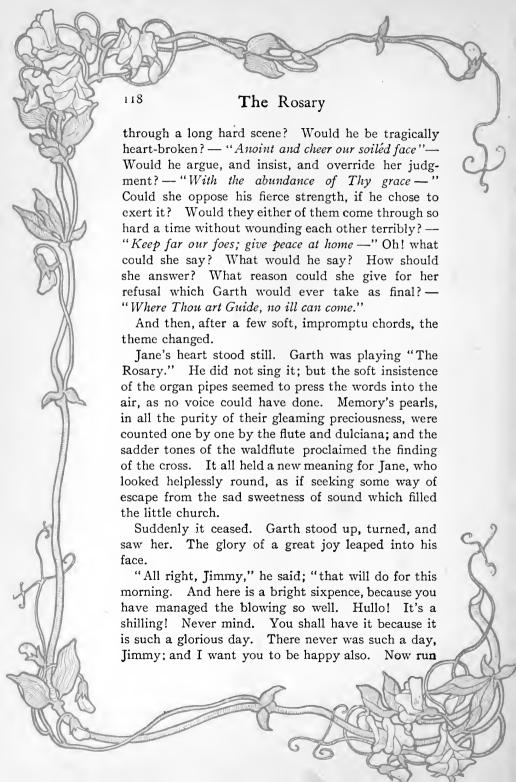
At first Jane read the entire passage. Then her mind focussed itself upon one sentence: "Of course

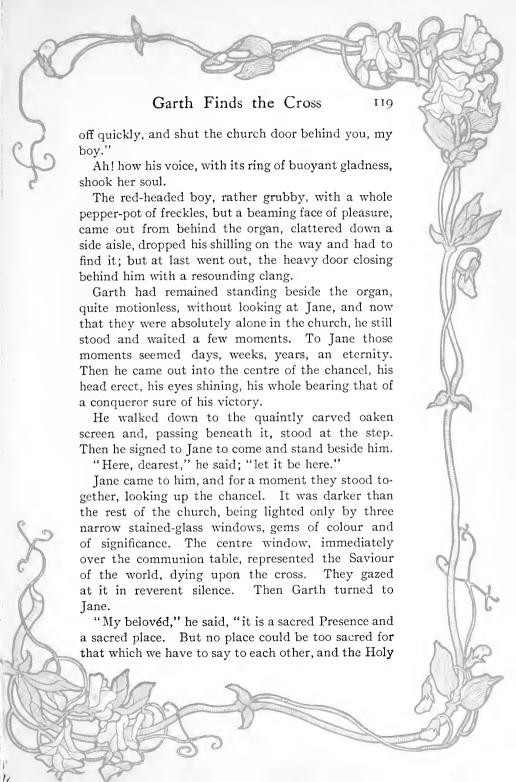


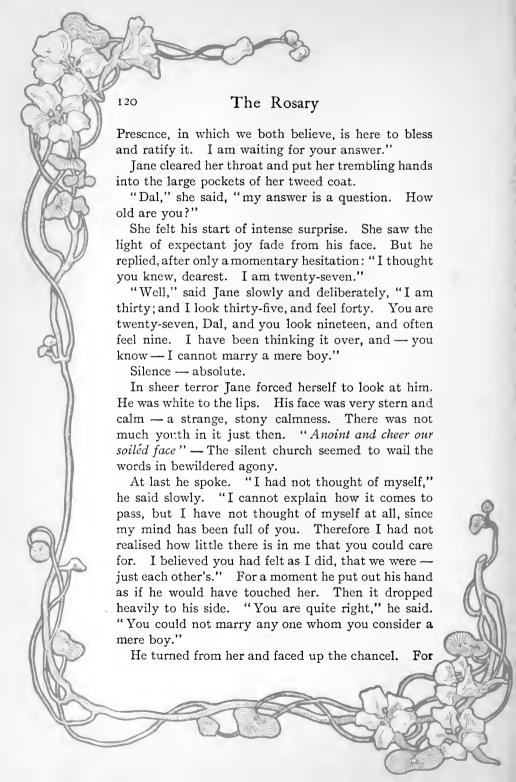


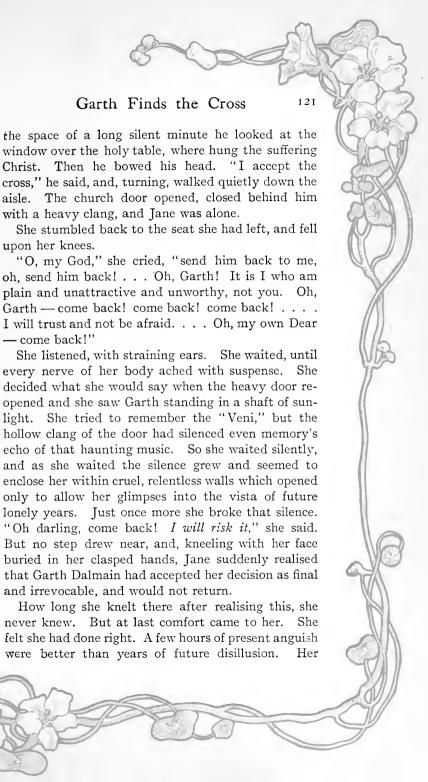


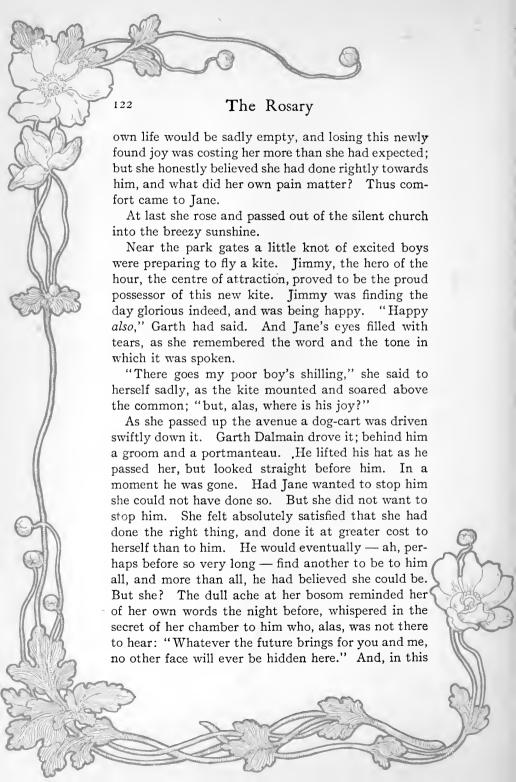


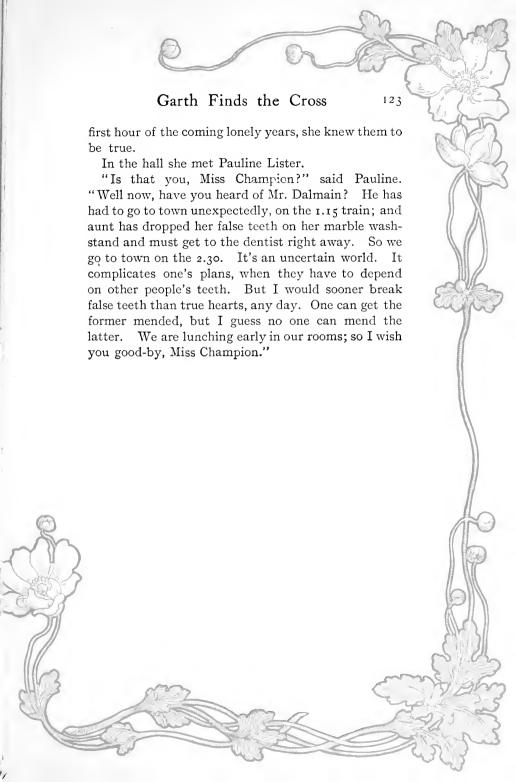


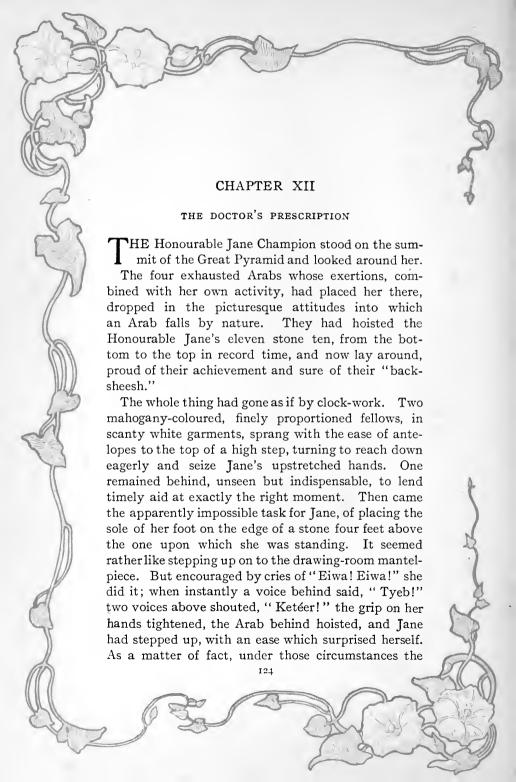


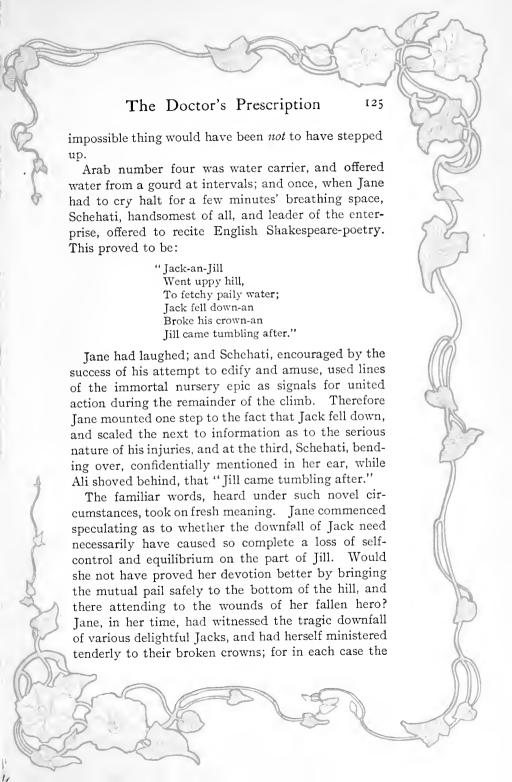


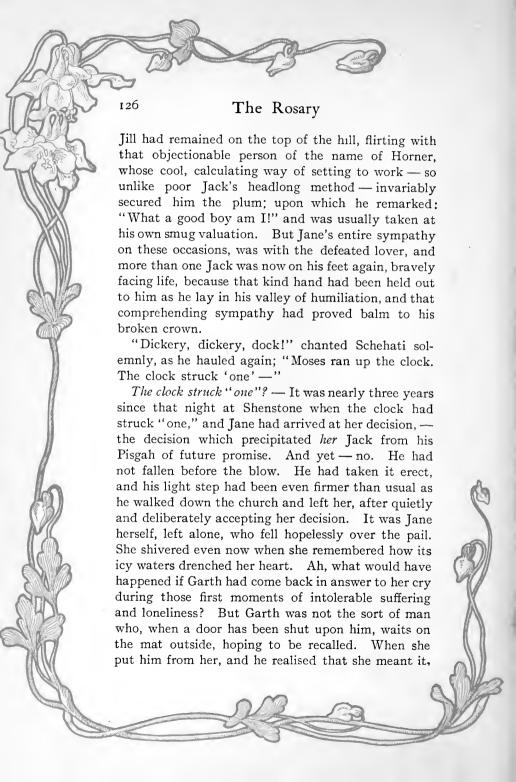


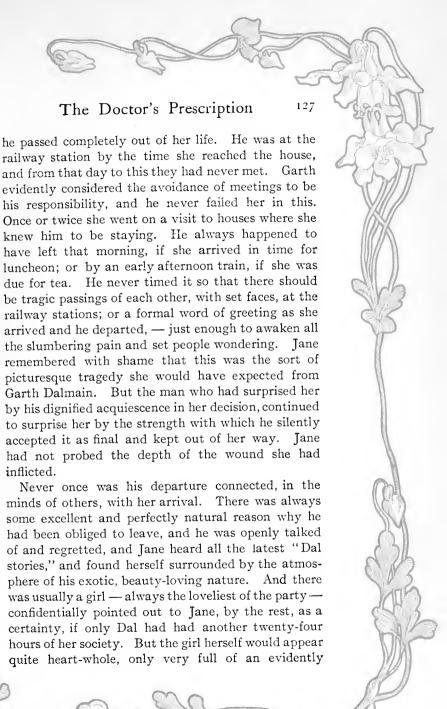


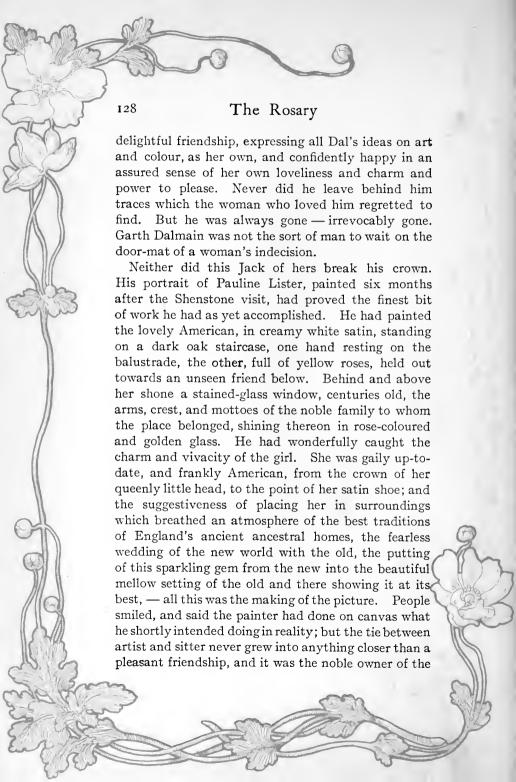


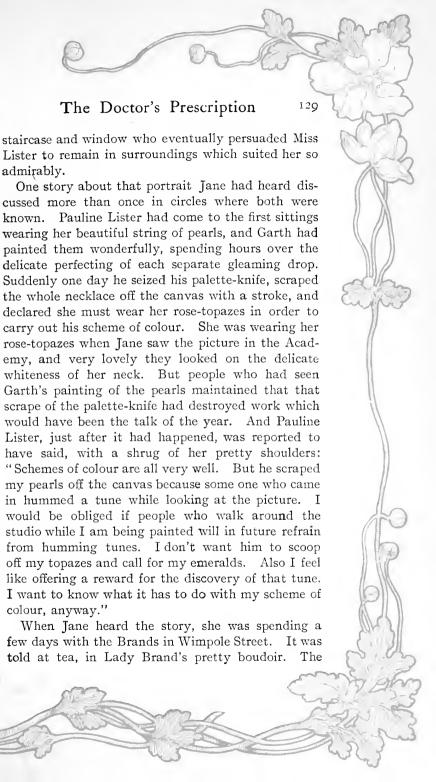


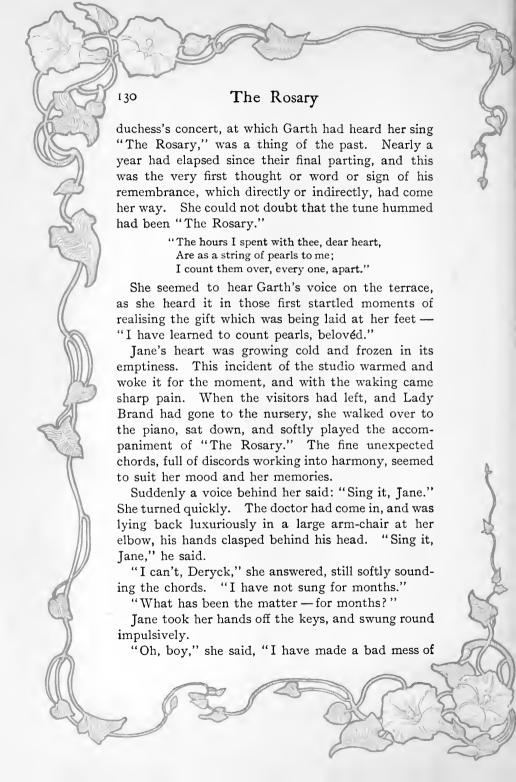


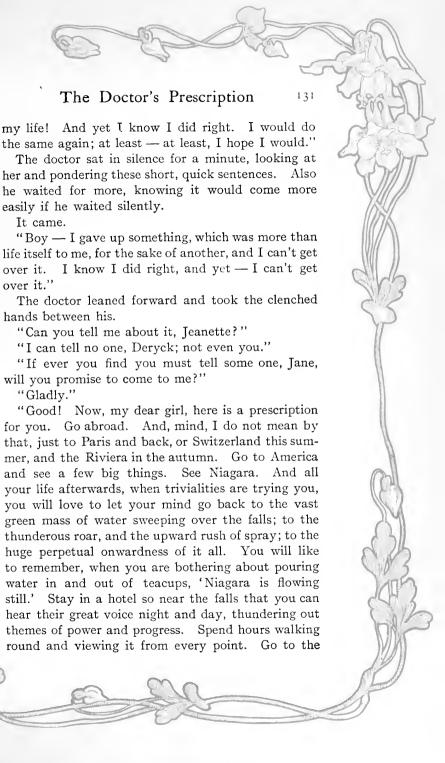


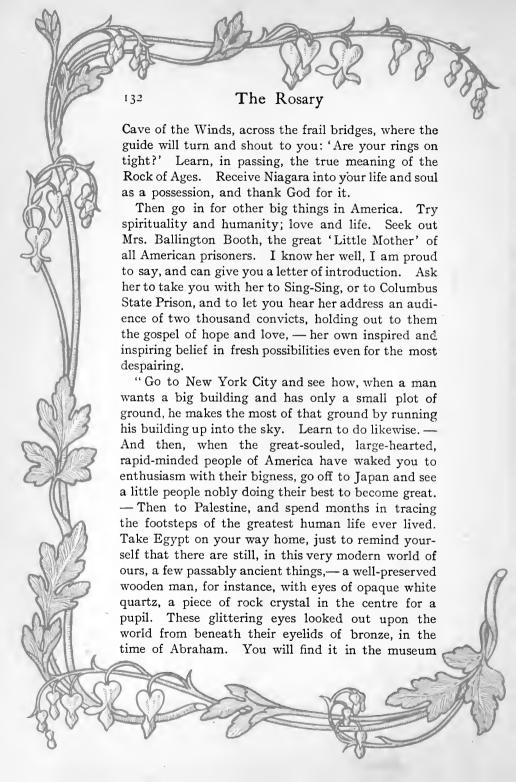


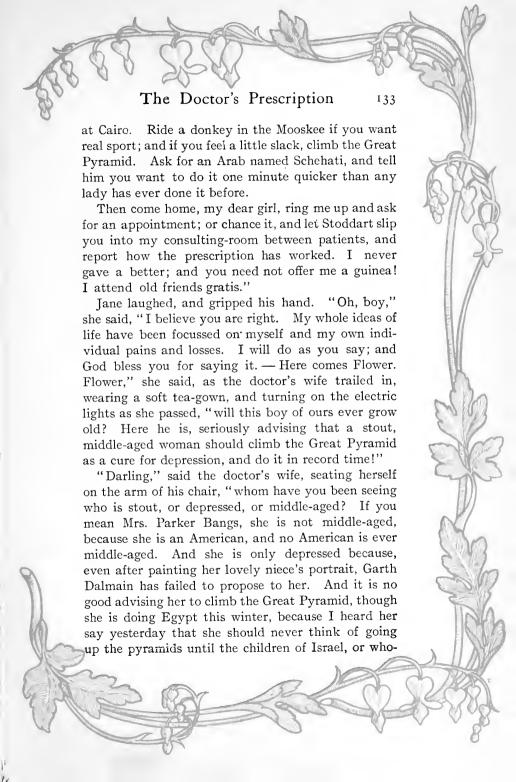


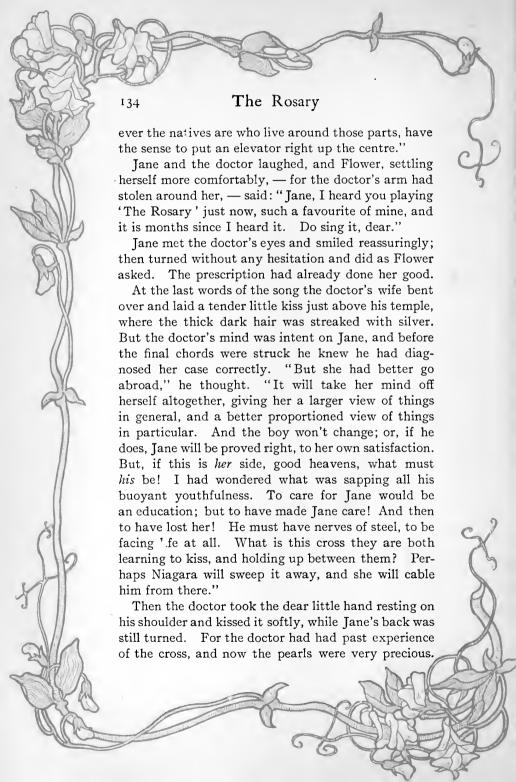


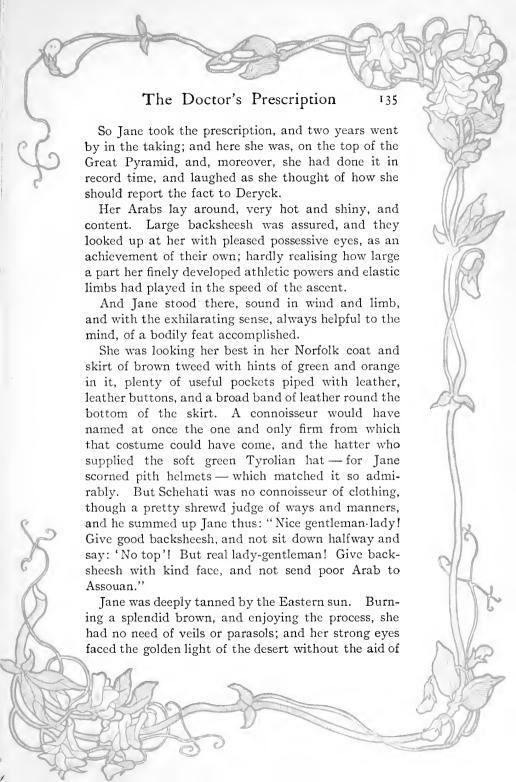


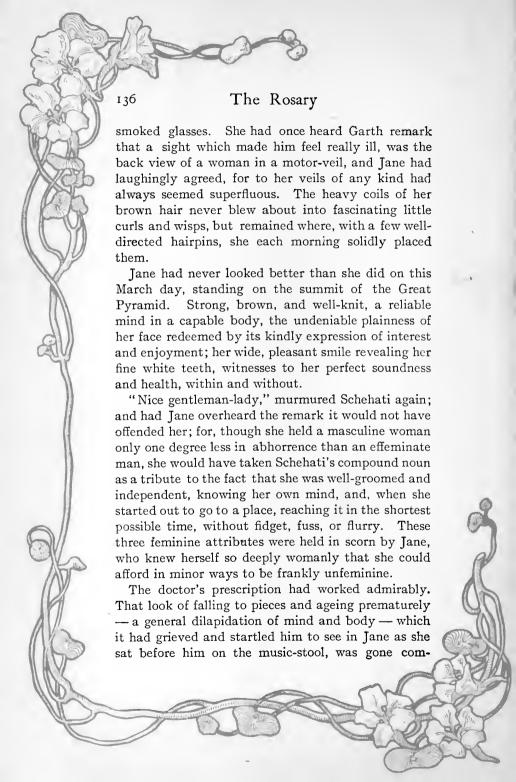


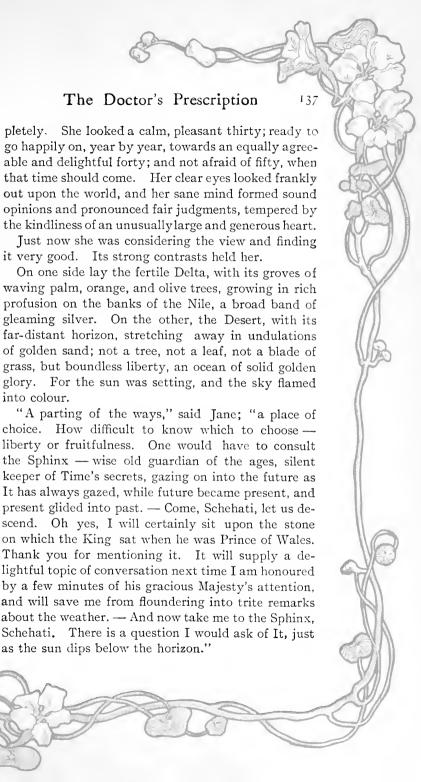






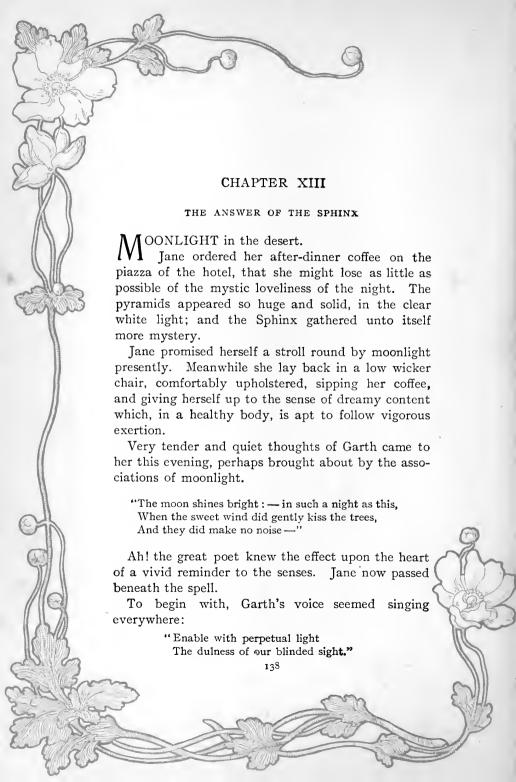


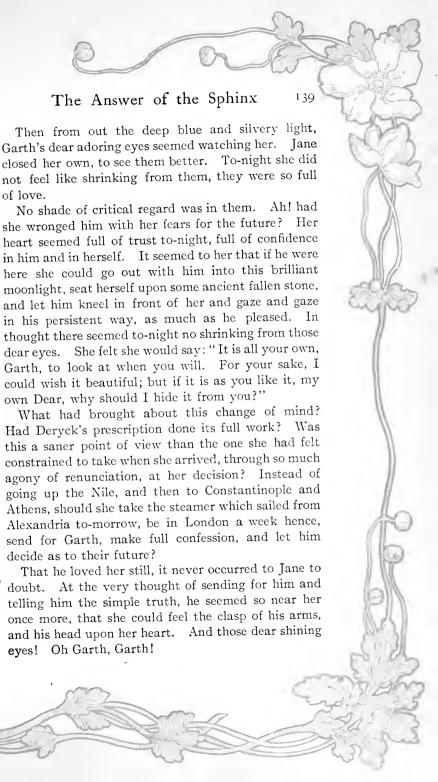


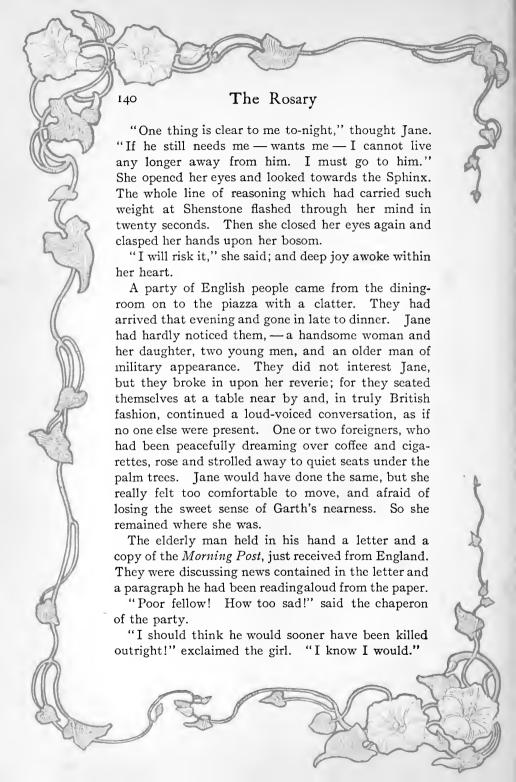


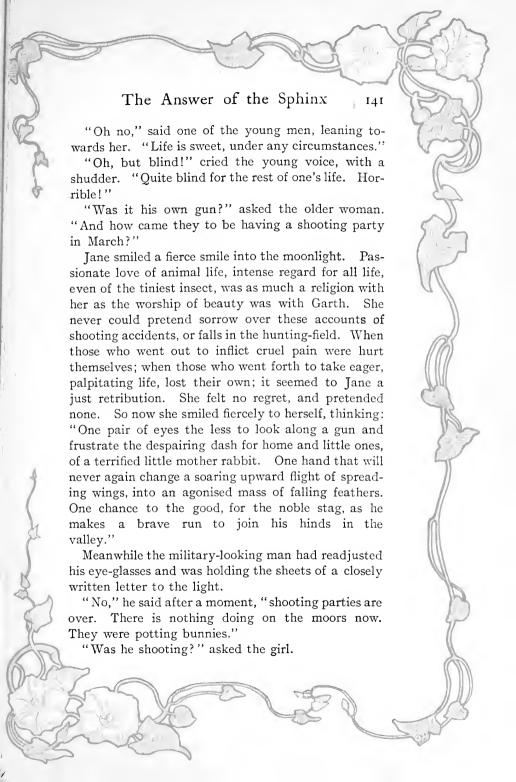
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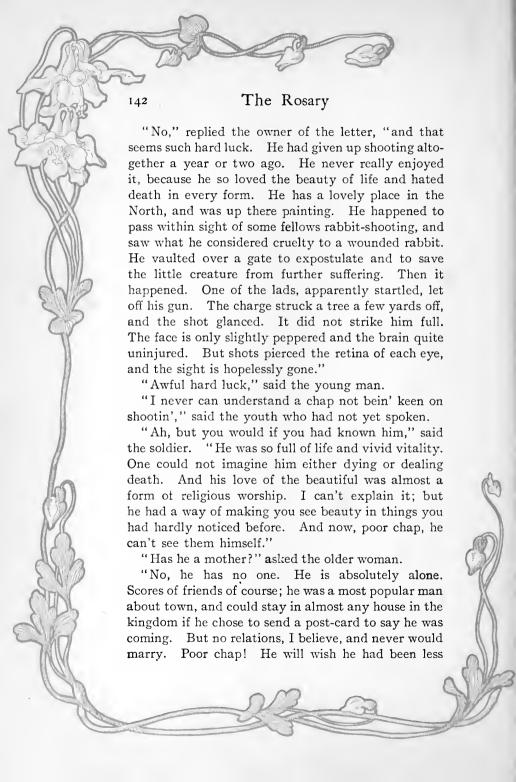
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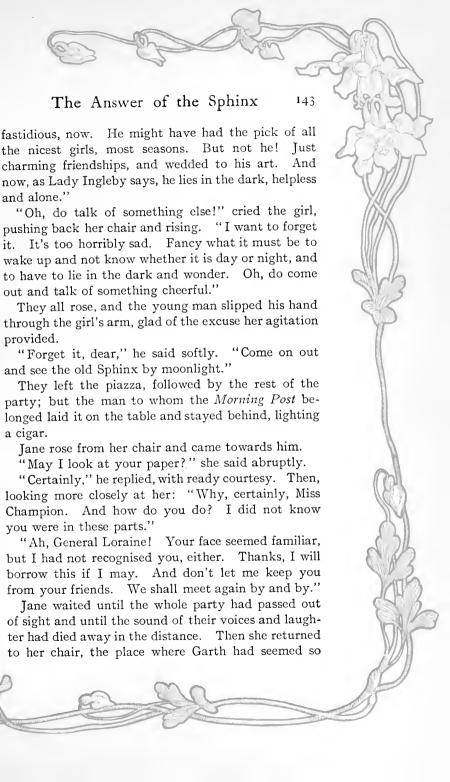


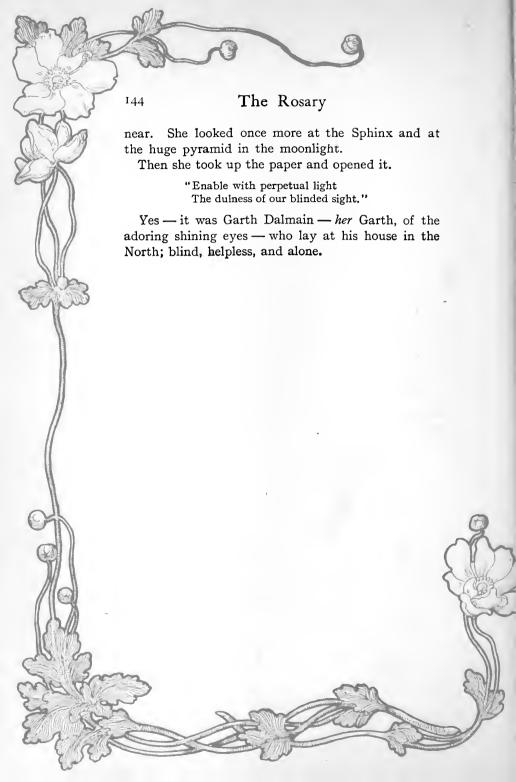














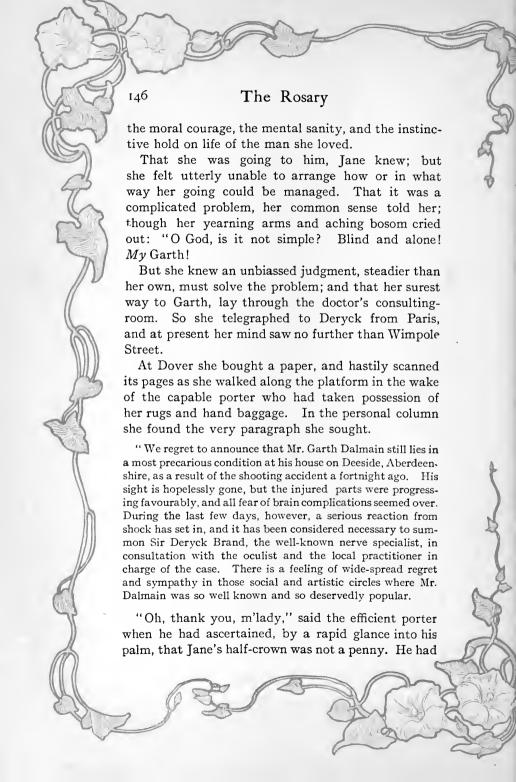
THE white cliffs of Dover gradually became more solid and distinct, until at length they rose from the sea, a strong white wall, emblem of the undeniable purity of England, the stainless honour and integrity of her throne, her church, her parliament, her courts of justice, and her dealings at home and abroad, whether with friend or foe. "Strength and whiteness," thought Jane as she paced the steamer's deck; and after a two years' absence her heart went out to her native land. Then Dover Castle caught her eye, so beautiful in the pearly light of that spring afternoon. Her mind leaped to enjoyment, then fell back stunned by the blow of quick remembrance, and Jane shut

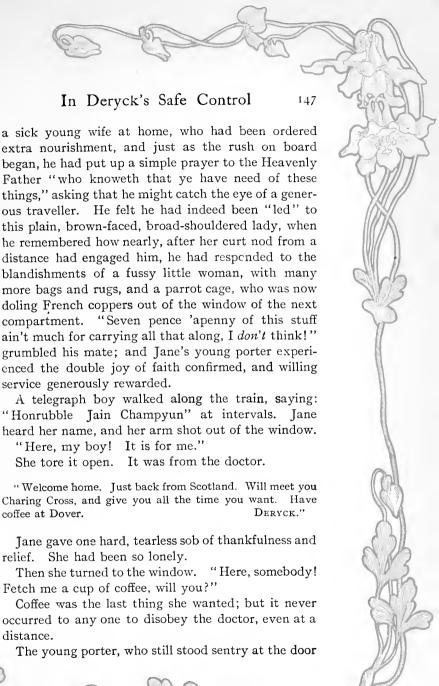
IN DERYCK'S SAFE CONTROL

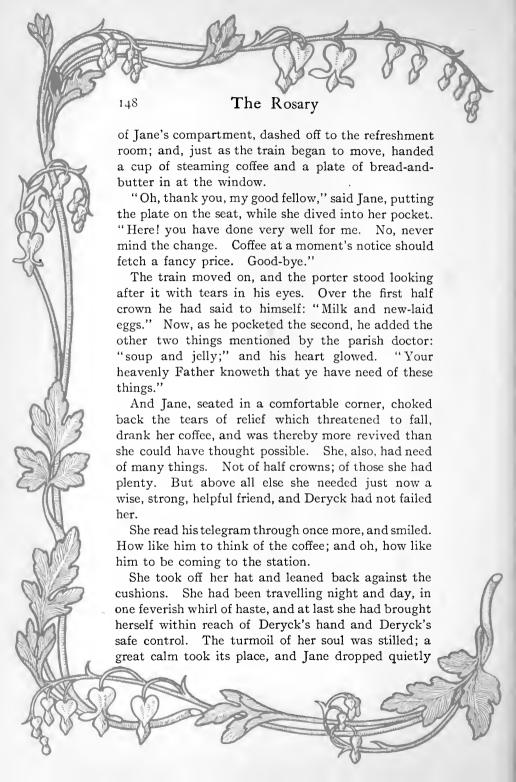
her eyes.

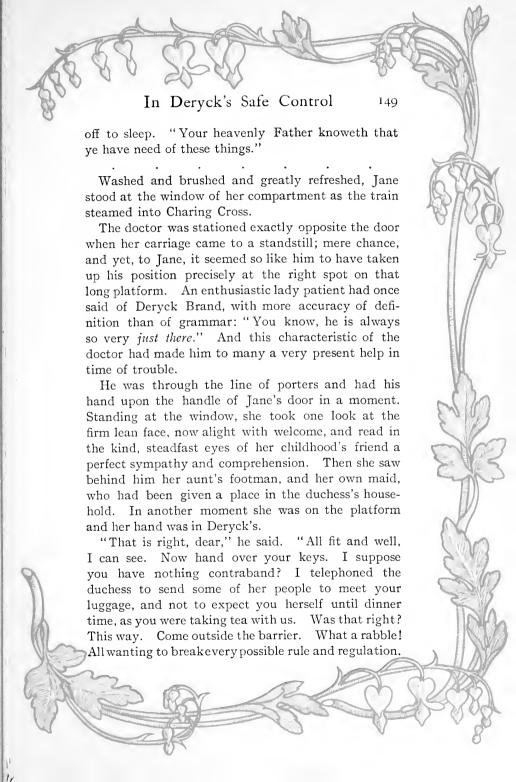
All beautiful sights brought this pang to her heart since the reading of that paragraph on the piazza of the Mena House Hotel.

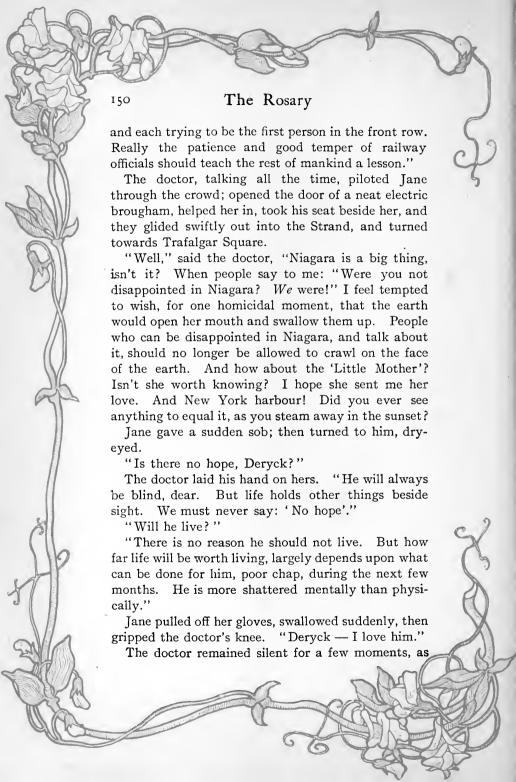
An hour after she had read it, she was driving down the long straight road to Cairo; embarked at Alexandria the next day; landed at Brindisi, and this night and day travelling had brought her at last within sight of the shores of England. In a few minutes she would set foot upon them, and then there would be but two more stages to her journey. For, from the moment she started, Jane never doubted her ultimate destination, — the room where pain and darkness and despair must be waging so terrible a conflict against

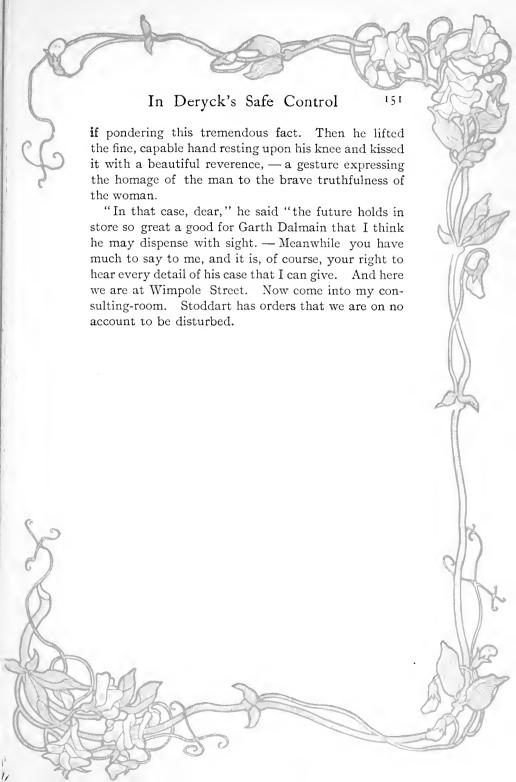


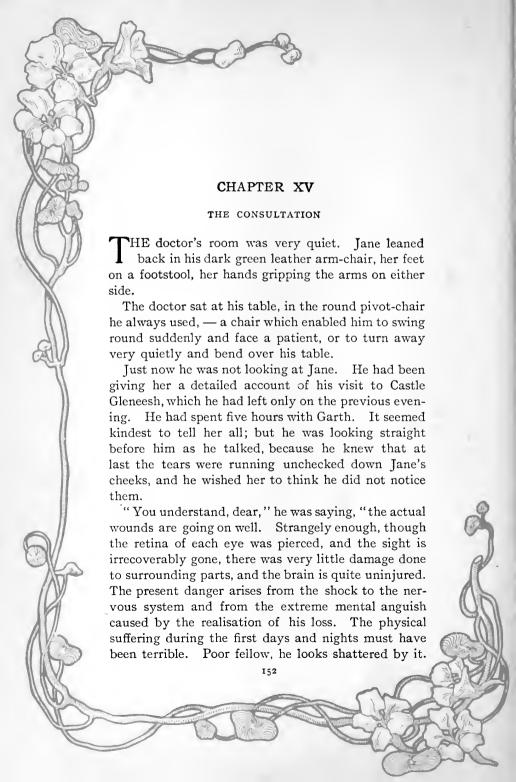


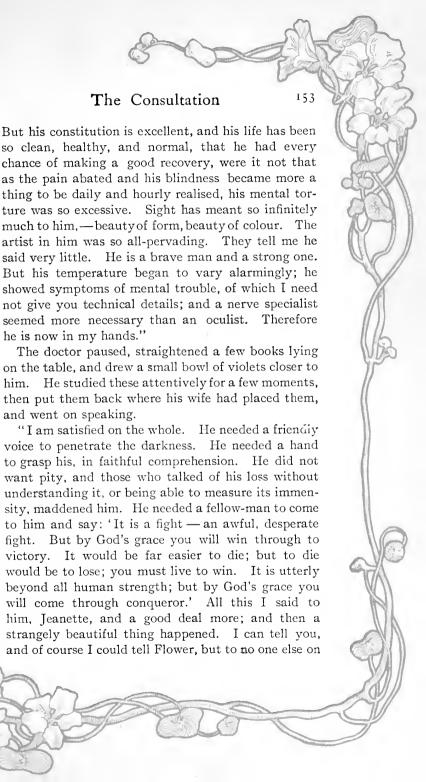


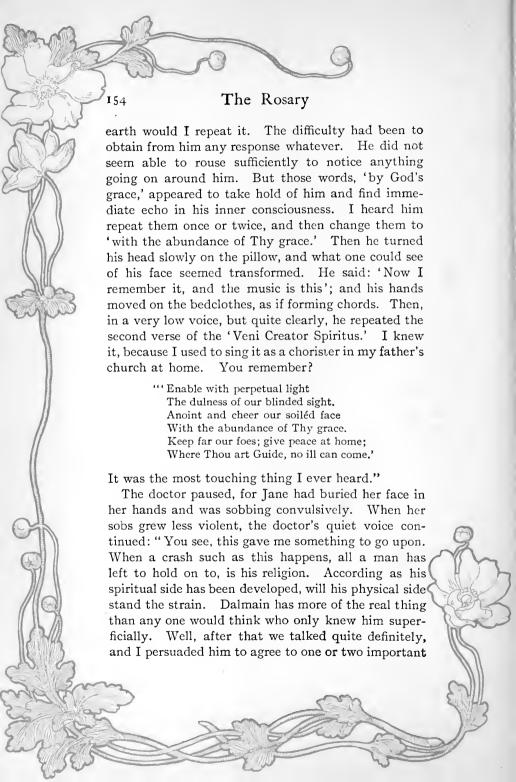


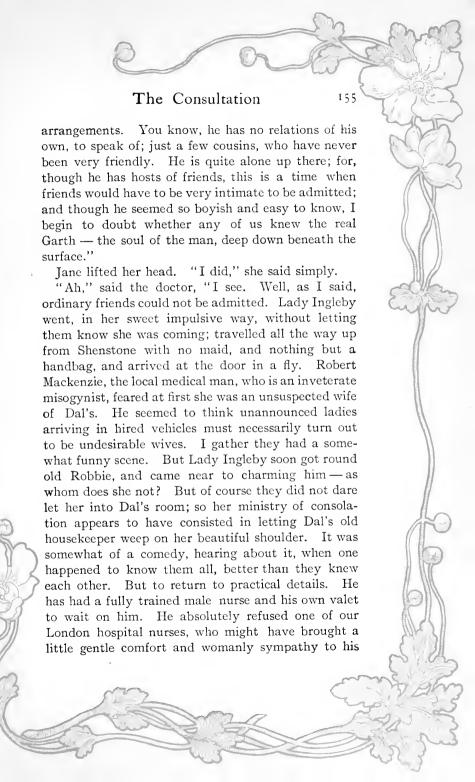


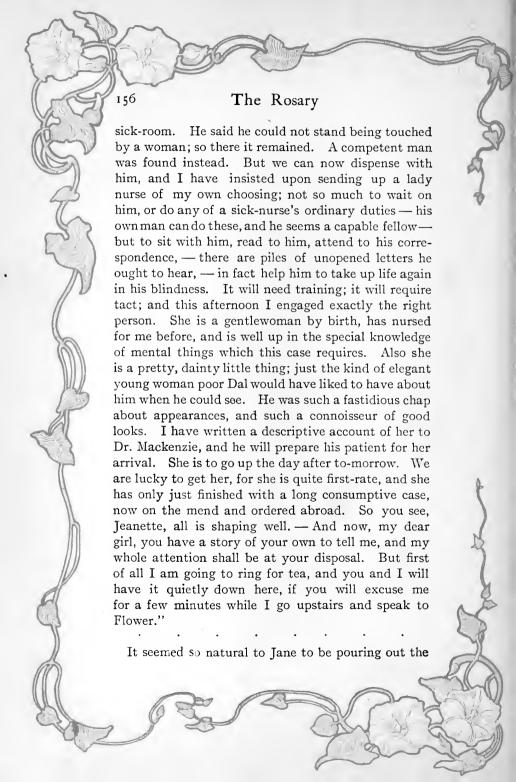


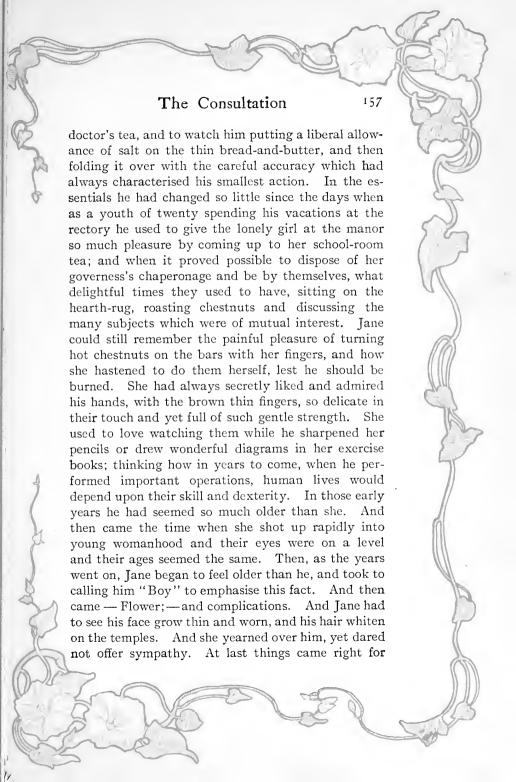


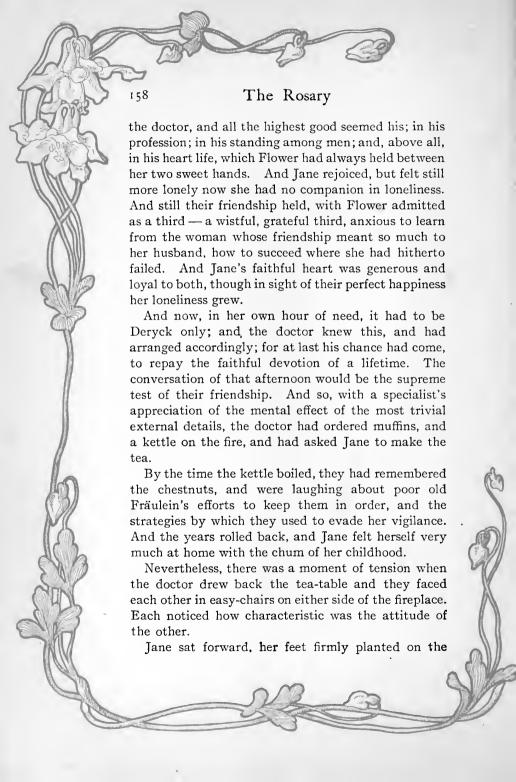


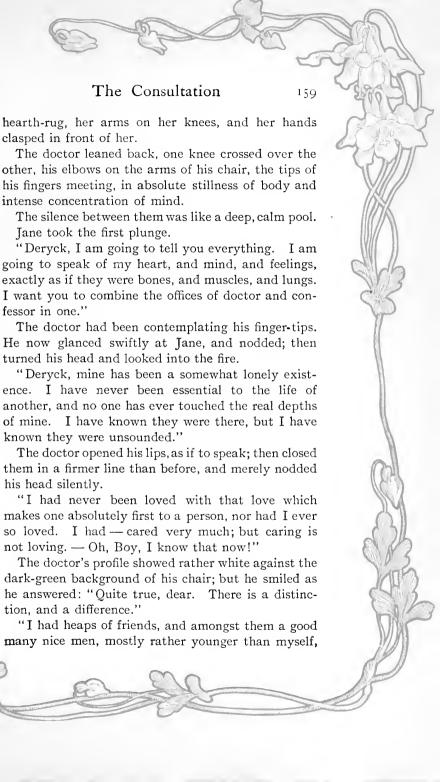


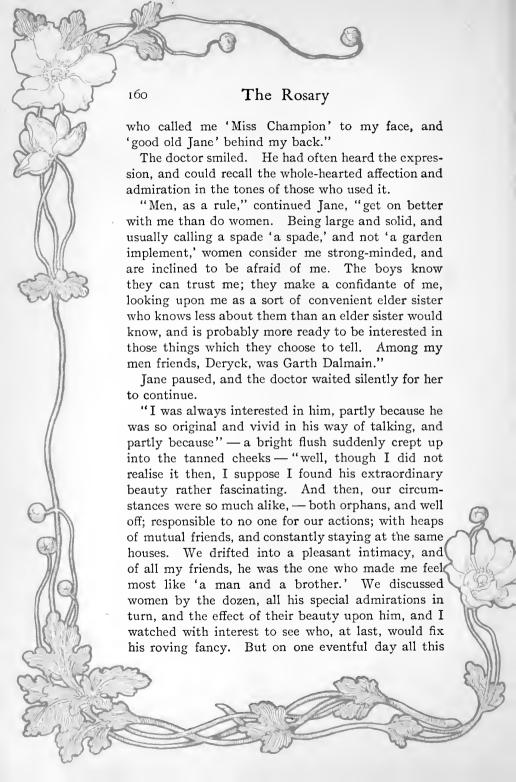


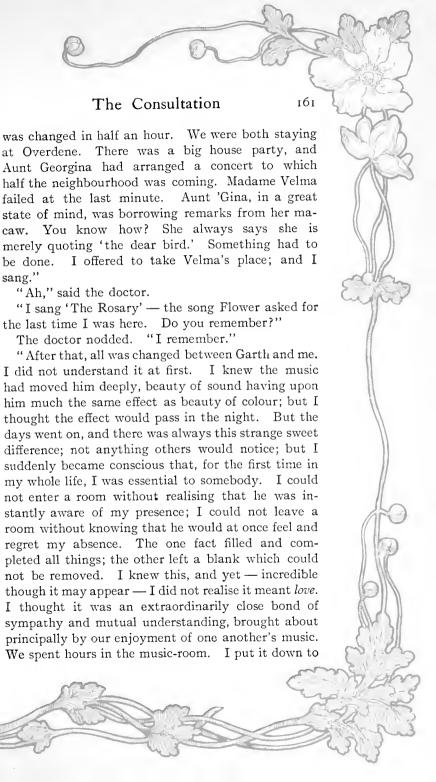


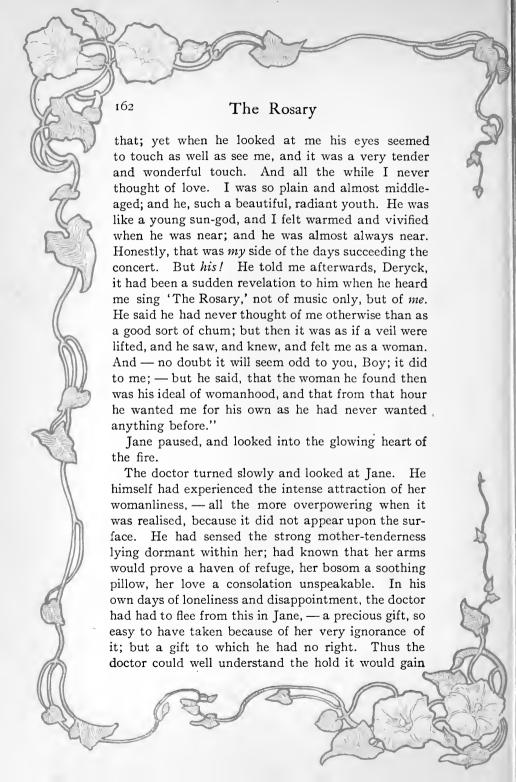


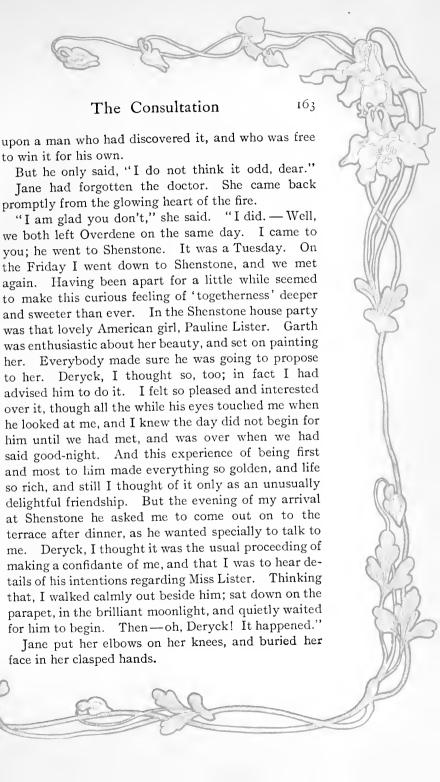


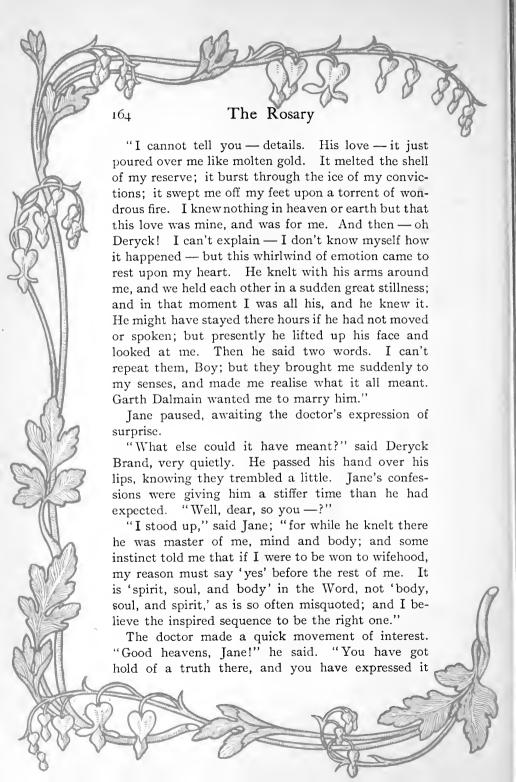


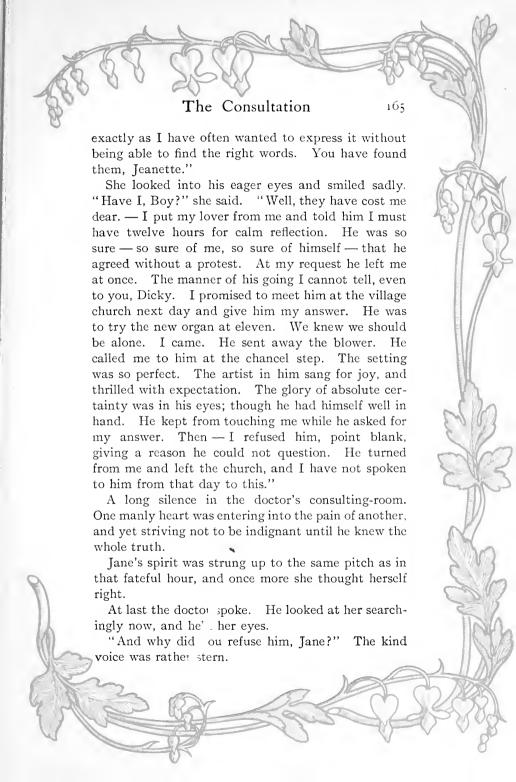


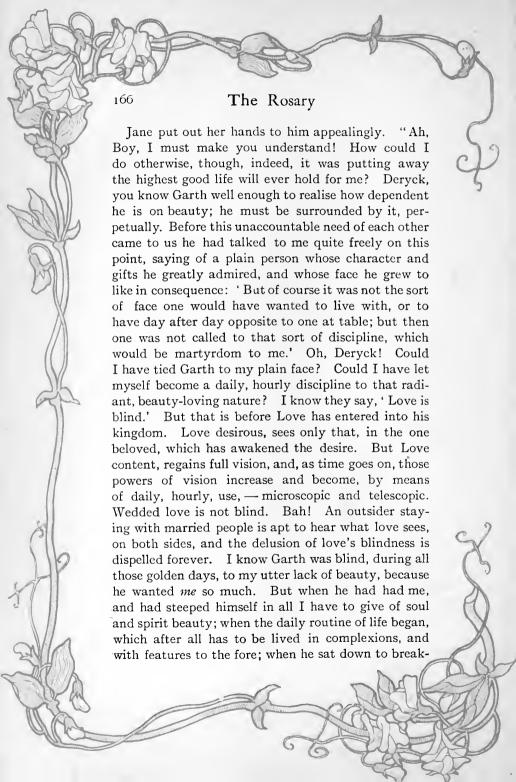


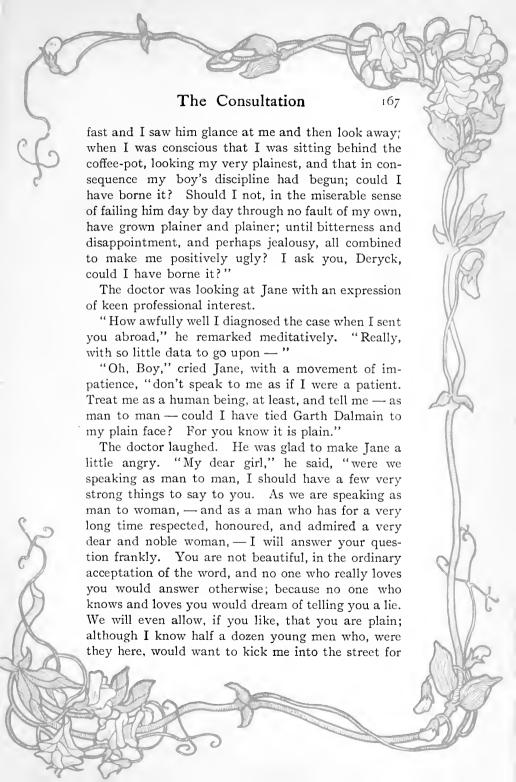


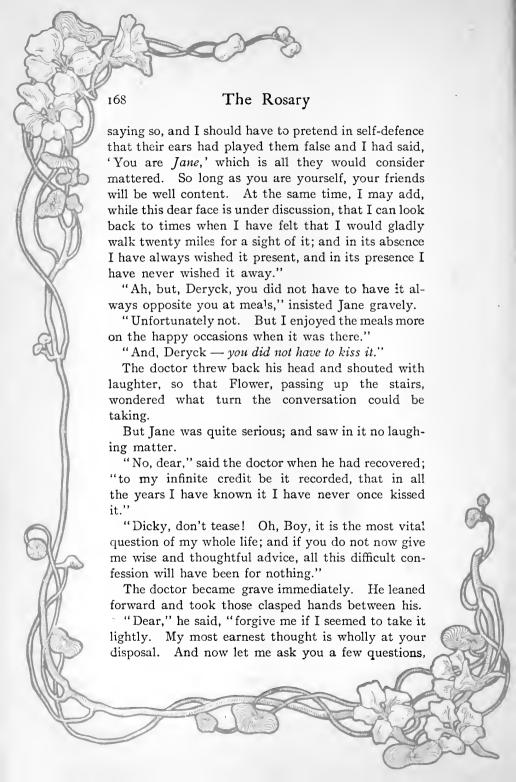


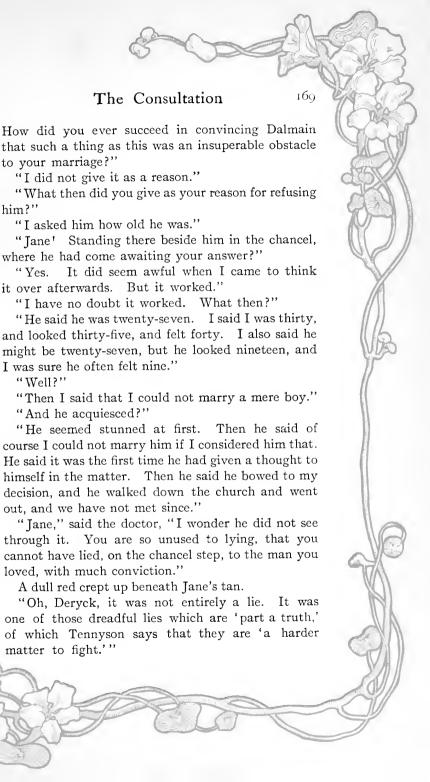








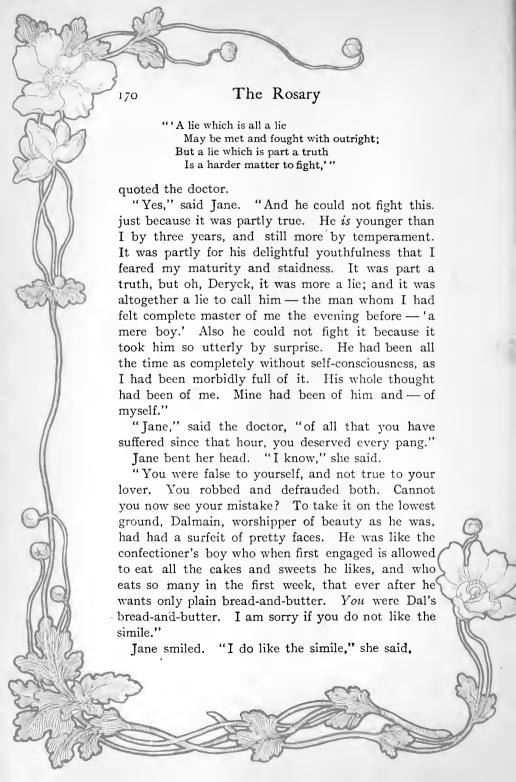


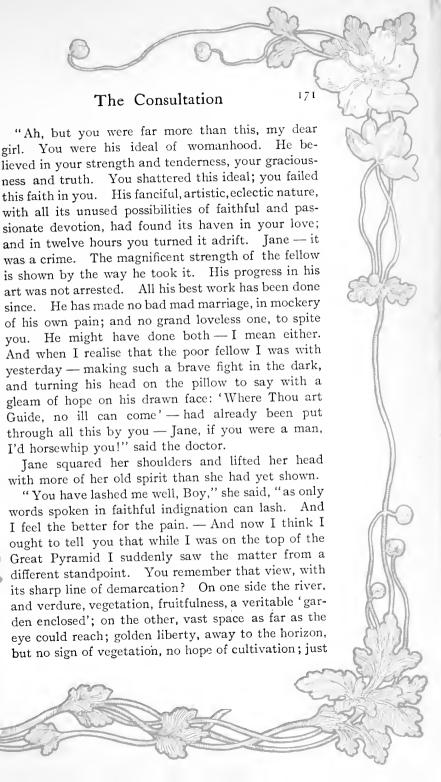


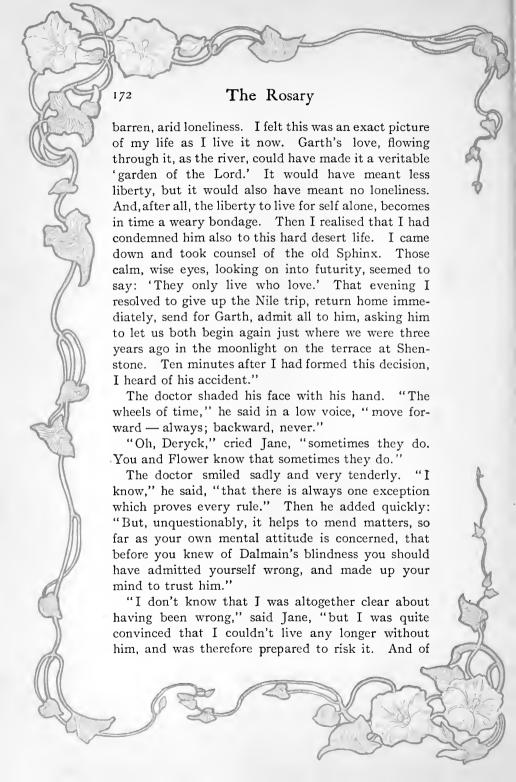
him?"

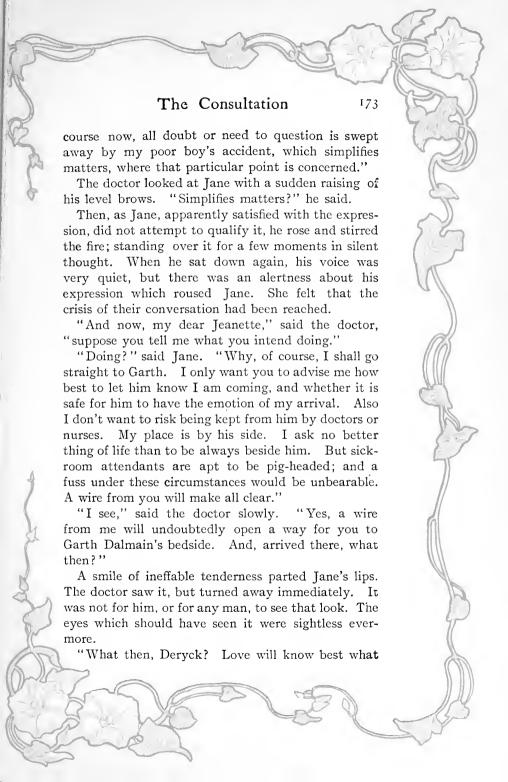
"Yes.

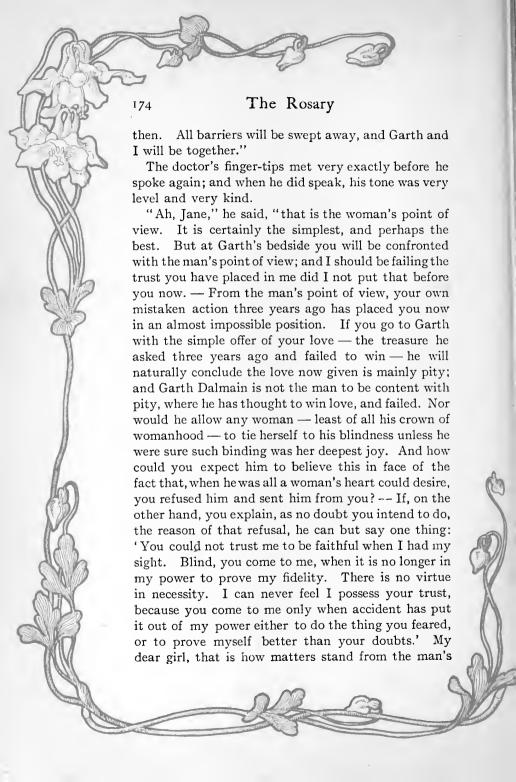
"Well?"

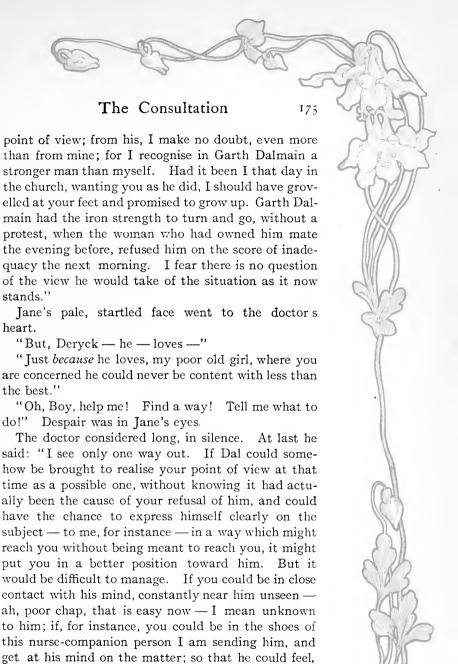


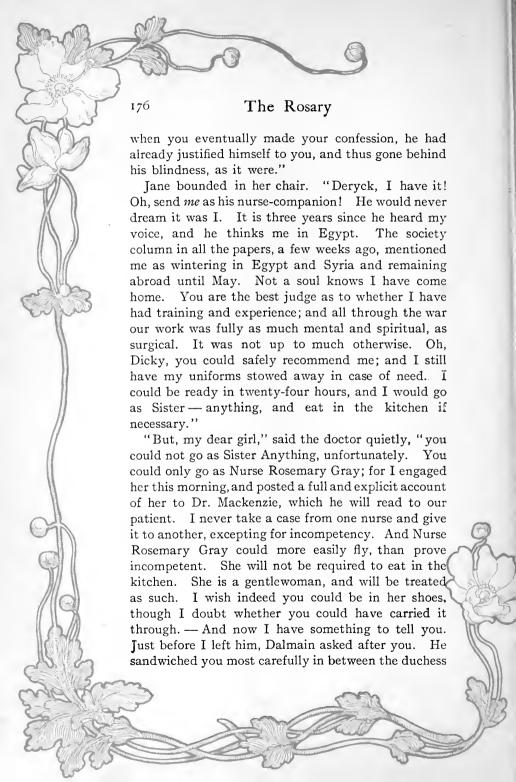


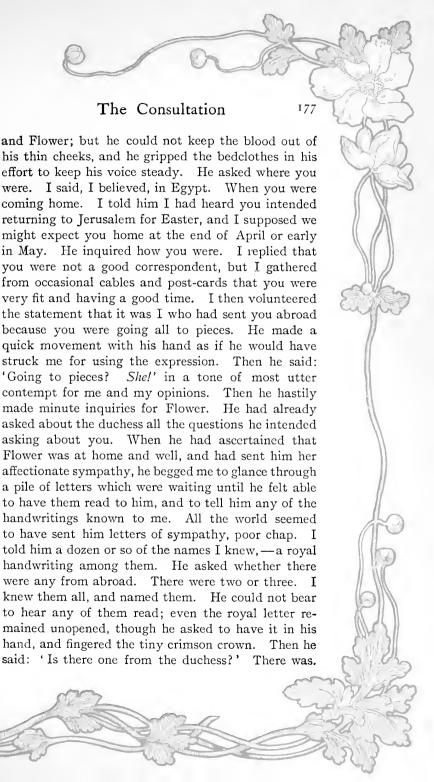


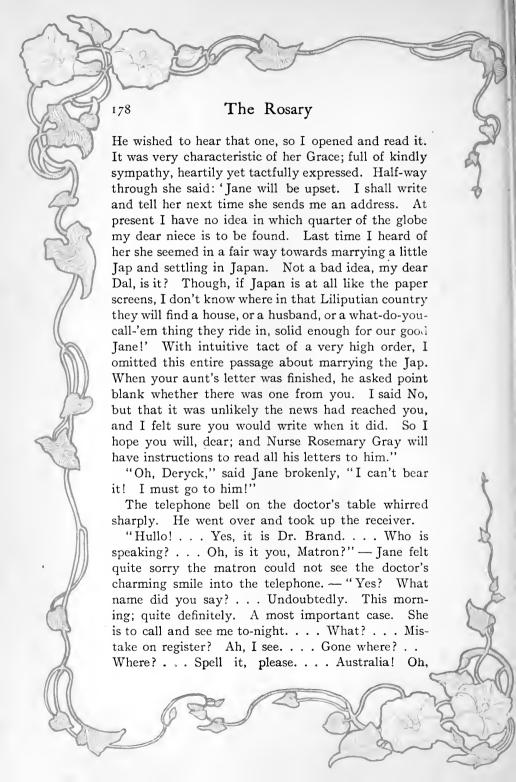


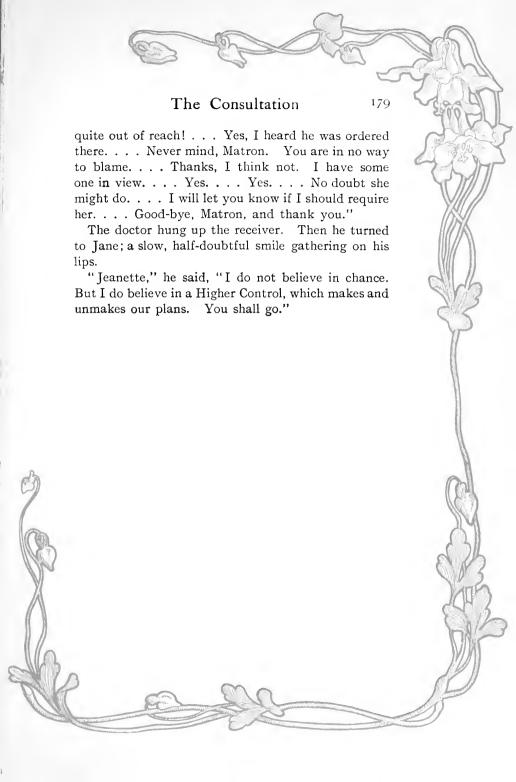


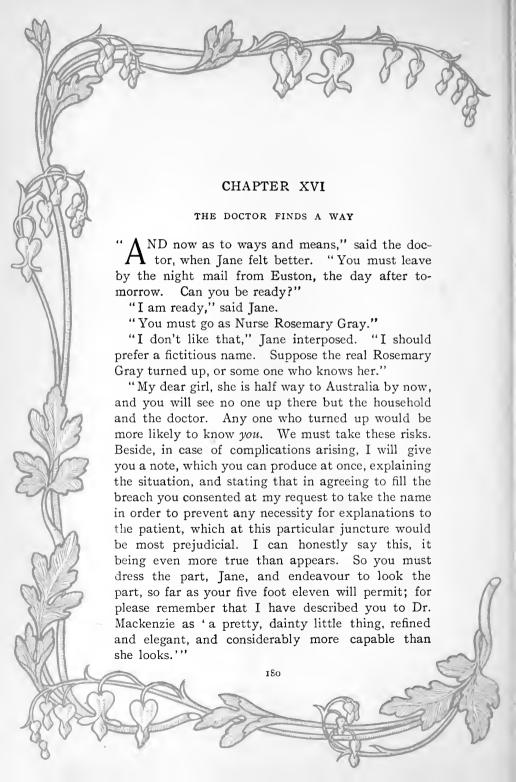


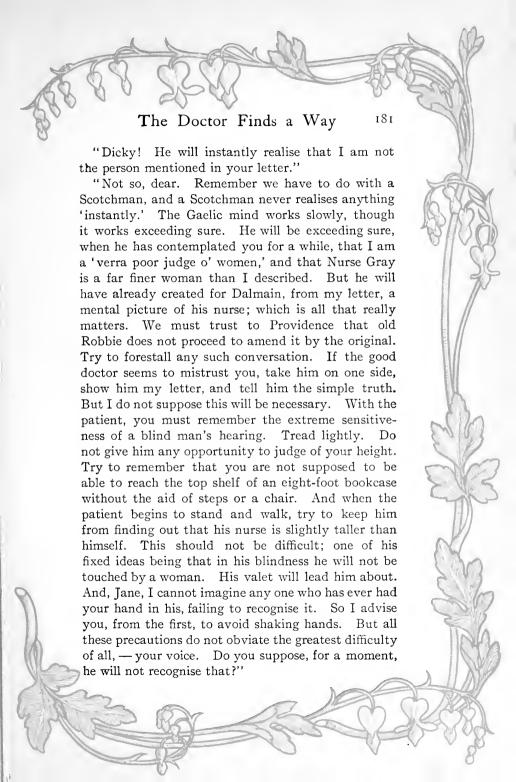


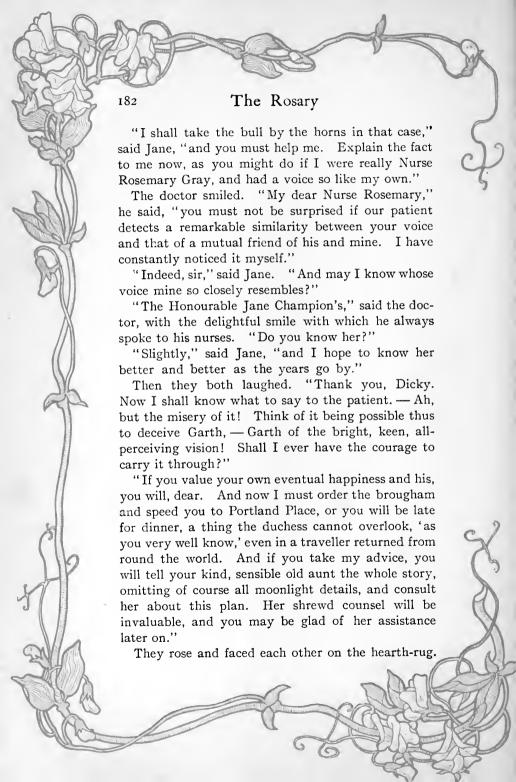


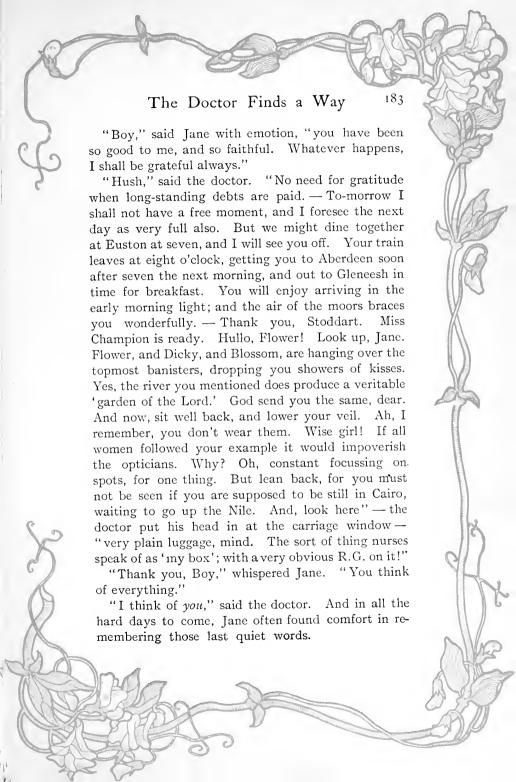


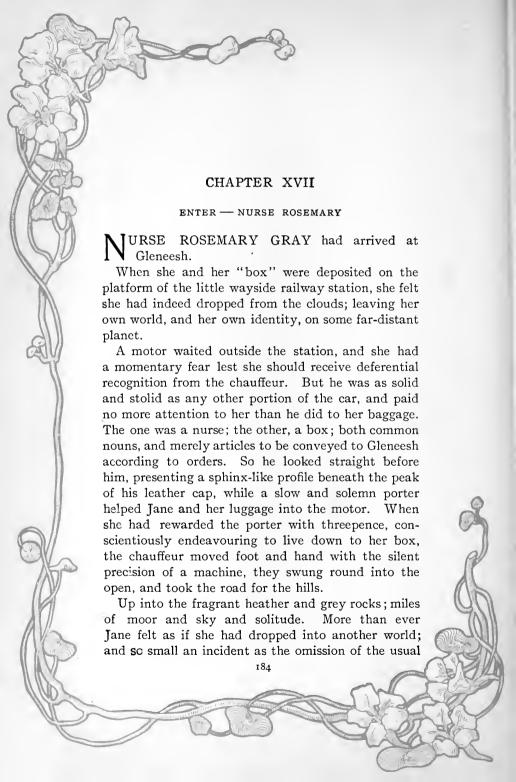














## Enter — Nurse Rosemary

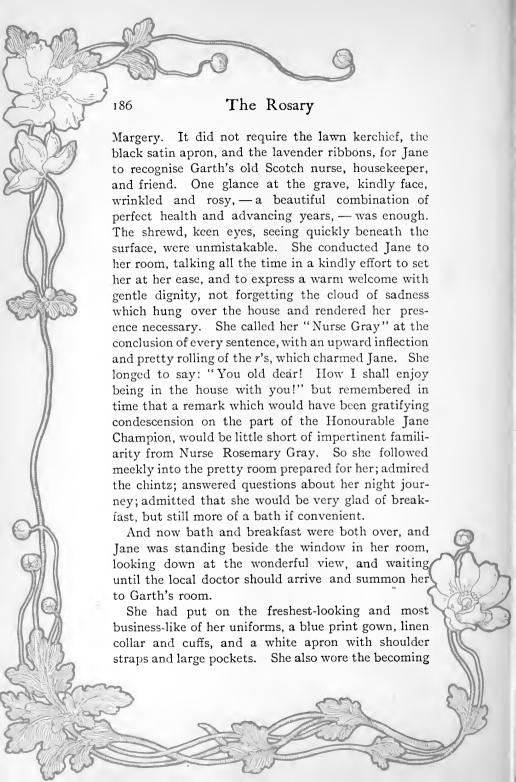
respectful salute of a servant, gave her a delightful sense of success and security in her new rôle.

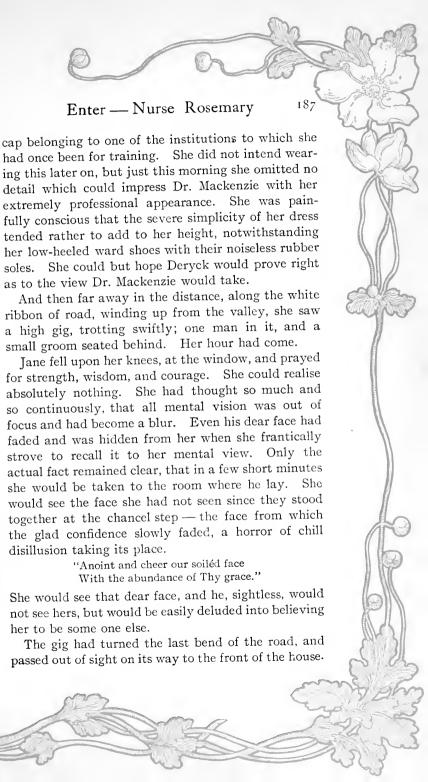
She had often heard of Garth's old castle up in the north, an inheritance from his mother's family, but was hardly prepared for so much picturesque beauty or such stateliness of archway and entrance. As they wound up the hillside and the grey turrets came into view, with pine woods behind and above, she seemed to hear Garth's boyish voice under the cedar at Overdene, with its ring of buoyant enjoyment, saying: "I should like you to see Castle Gleneesh. You would enjoy the view from the terrace; and the pine woods. and the moor." And then he had laughingly declared his intention of getting up a "best party" of his own, with the duchess as chaperon; and she had promised to make one of it. And now he, the owner of all this loveliness, was blind and helpless; and she was entering the fair portals of Gleneesh, unknown to him, unrecognised by any, as a nurse-secretary sort of Jane had said at Overdene: "Yes, ask us, and see what happens." And now this was happening. What would happen next?

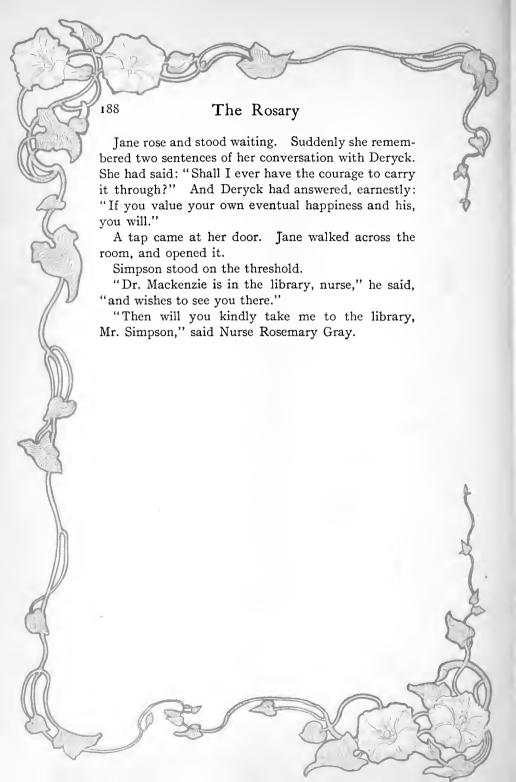
Garth's man, Simpson, received her at the door, and again a possible danger was safely passed. He had entered Garth's service within the last three years and evidently did not know her by sight.

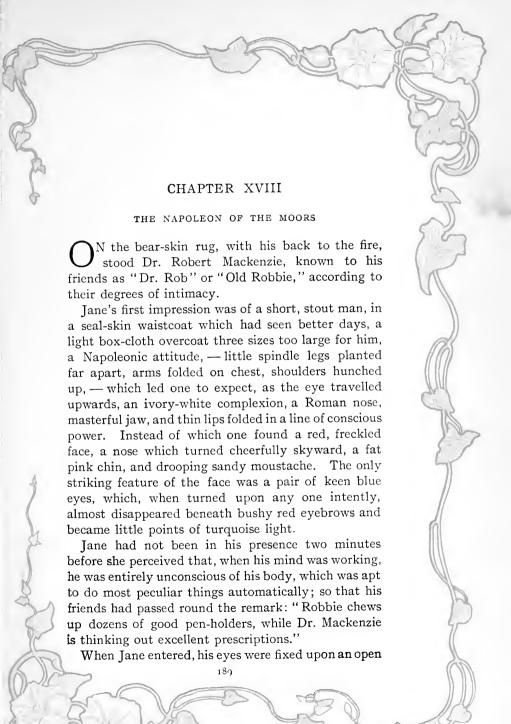
Jane stood looking round the old hall, in the leisurely way of one accustomed to arrive for the first time as guest at the country homes of her friends; noting the quaint, large fireplace, and the shadowy antlers high up on the walls. Then she became aware that Simpson, already half way up the wide oak staircase, was expecting the nurse to hurry after him. This she did, and was received at the top of the staircase by old

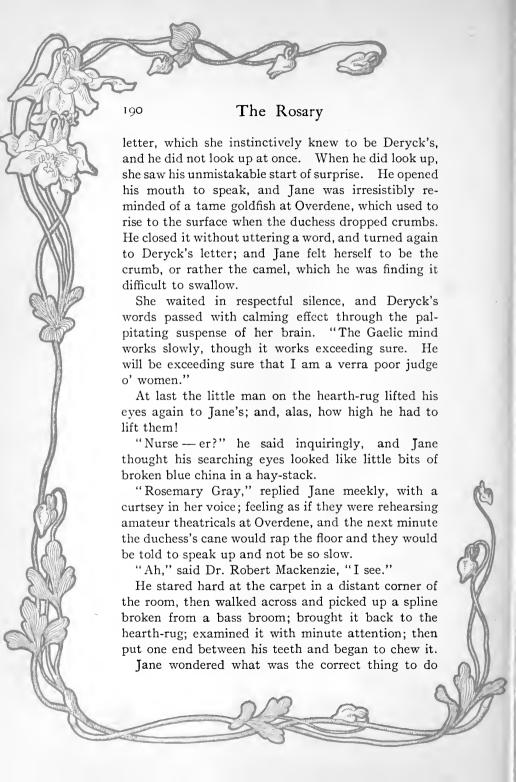
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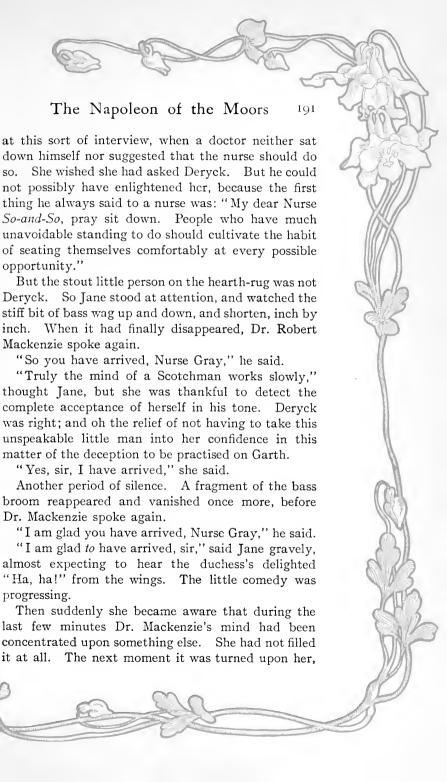


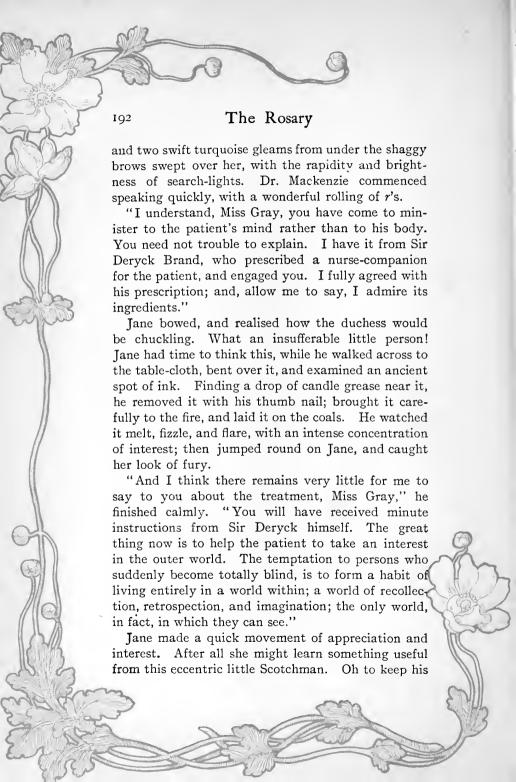


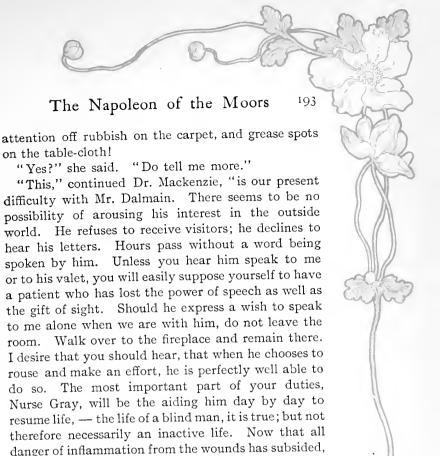












nature."

He paused suddenly, having apparently caught sight of another grease spot, and walked over to the table; but the next instant jumped round on Jane, quick as lightning, with a question.

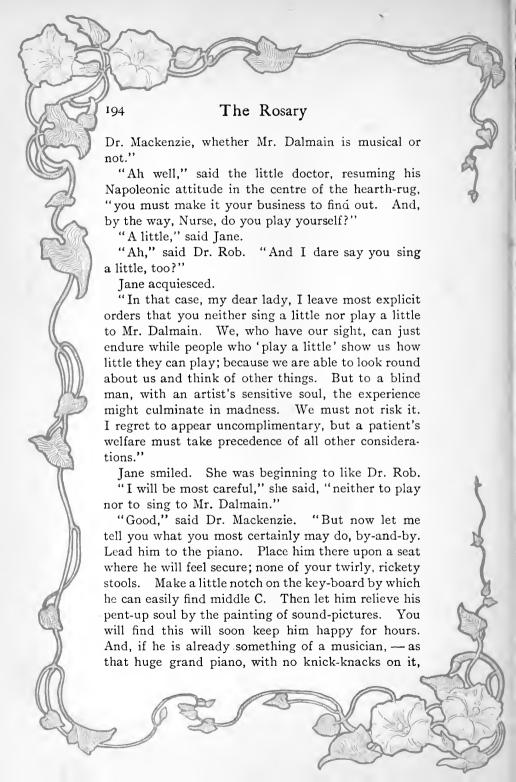
he may get up, move about, learn to find his way by sound and touch. He was an artist by profession. He will never paint again. But there are other gifts which may form reasonable outlets to an artistic

"Does he play?" said Dr. Rob.

But Jane was on her guard, even against accidental surprises.

"Sir Deryck did not happen to mention to me,







## The Napoleon of the Moors

indicates, — he may begin that sort of thing at once, before he is ready to be worried with the Braille system, or any other method of instructing the blind. But contrive an easy way — a little notch in the wood-work below the note — by means of which, without hesitation or irritation, he can locate himself instantly at middle C. Never mind the other notes. It is all the *seeing* he will require when once he is at the piano. Ha, ha! Not bad for a Scotchman, eh, Nurse Gray?"

But Jane could not laugh; though somewhere in her mental background she seemed to hear laughter and applause from the duchess. This was no comedy to Jane,—her blind Garth at the piano, his dear beautiful head bent over the keys, his fingers feeling for that pathetic little notch, to be made by herself, below middle C. She loathed this individual who could make a pun on the subject of Garth's blindness, and, in the back of her mind, Tommy seemed to join the duchess, flapping up and down on his perch and shrieking: "Kick him out! Stop his jaw!"

"And now," said Dr. Mackenzie unexpectedly, "the next thing to be done, Nurse Gray, is to introduce you to the patient."

Jane felt the blood slowly leave her face and concentrate in a terrible pounding at her heart. But she stood her ground, and waited silently.

Dr. Mackenzie rang the bell. Simpson appeared.

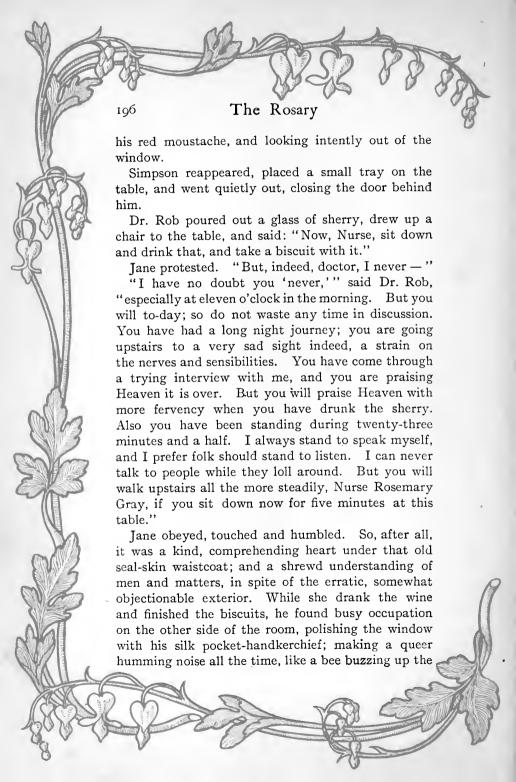
"A decanter of sherry, a wine-glass, and a couple of biscuits." said Dr. Rob.

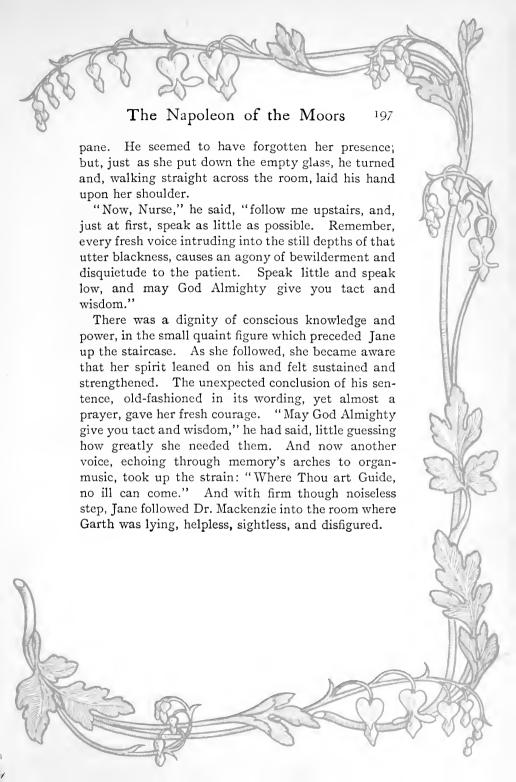
Simpson vanished.

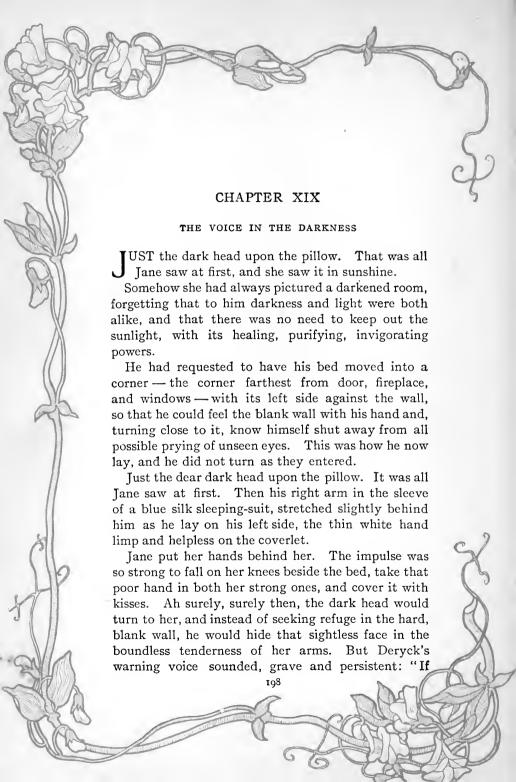
"Little beast!" thought Jane. "At eleven o'clock in the morning!"

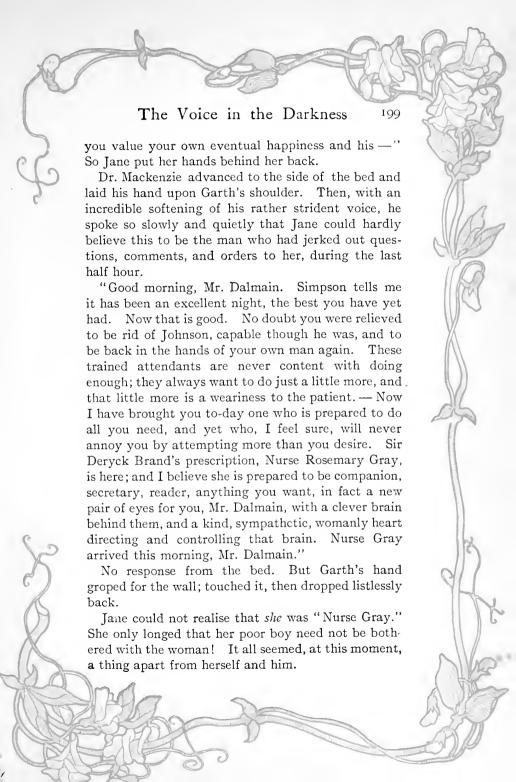
Dr. Rob stood, and waited; tugging spitefully at

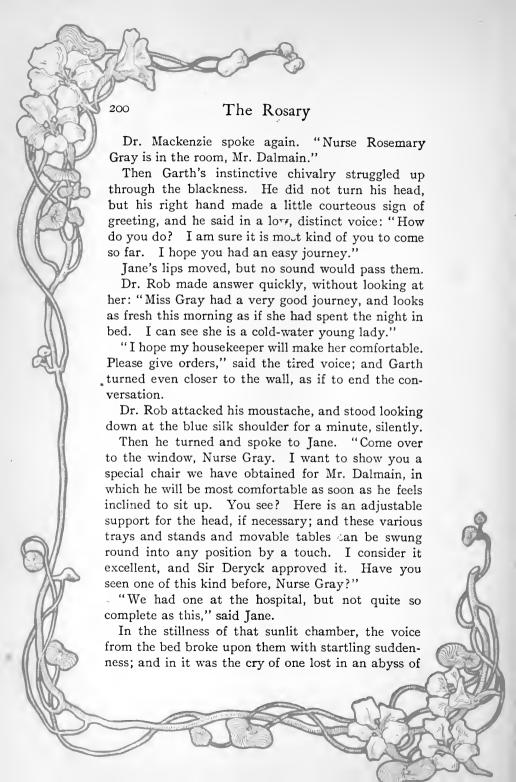


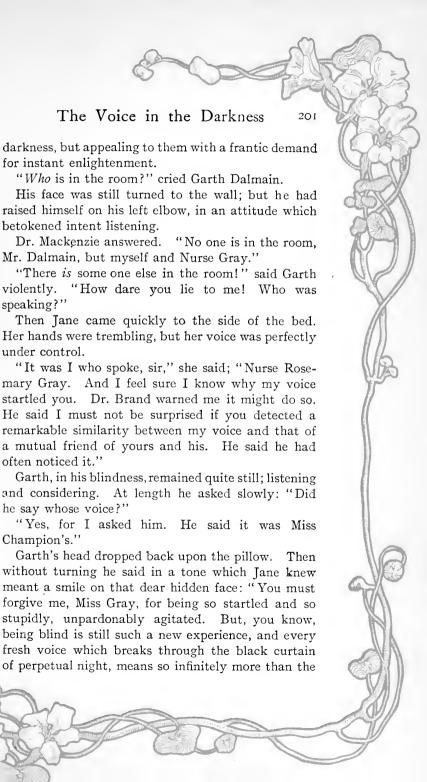








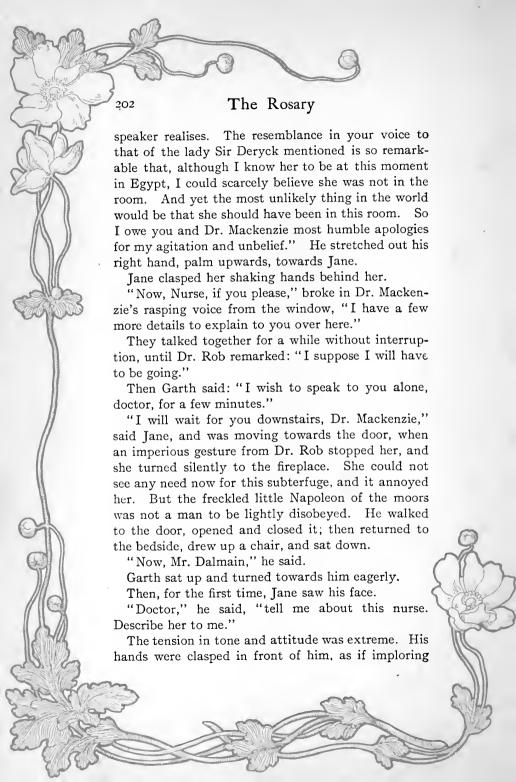


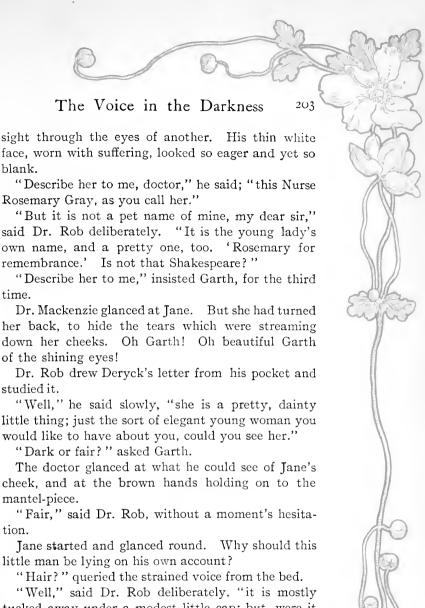


violently. speaking?"

under control.

Champion's."

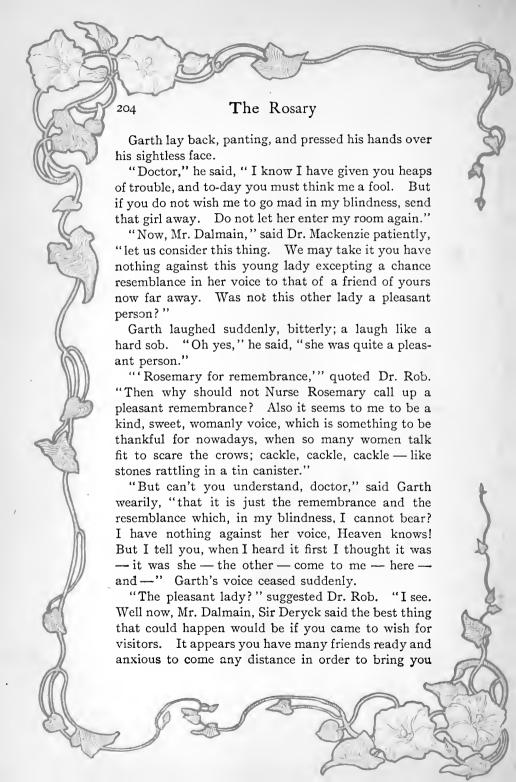


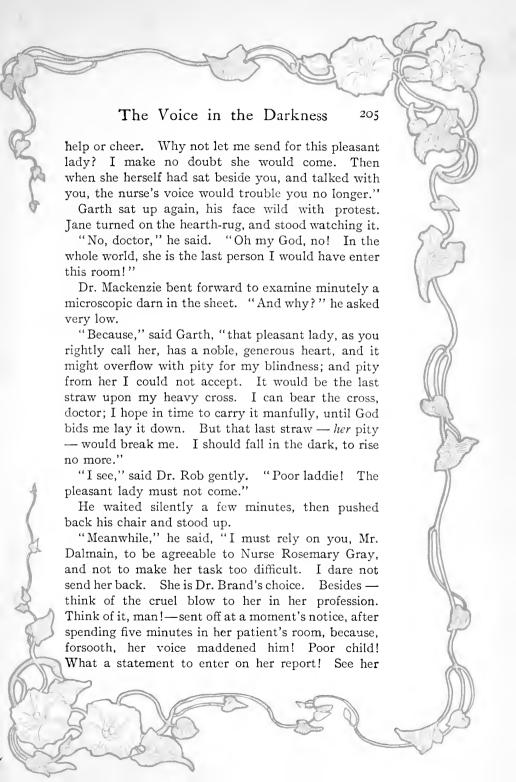


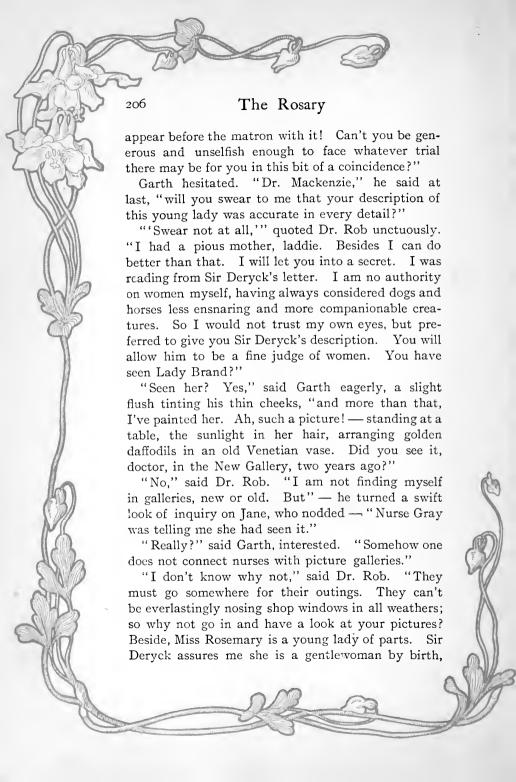
tion. Jane started and glanced round. Why should this little man be lying on his own account? "Hair?" queried the strained voice from the bed. "Well," said Dr. Rob deliberately, "it is mostly tucked away under a modest little cap; but, were it

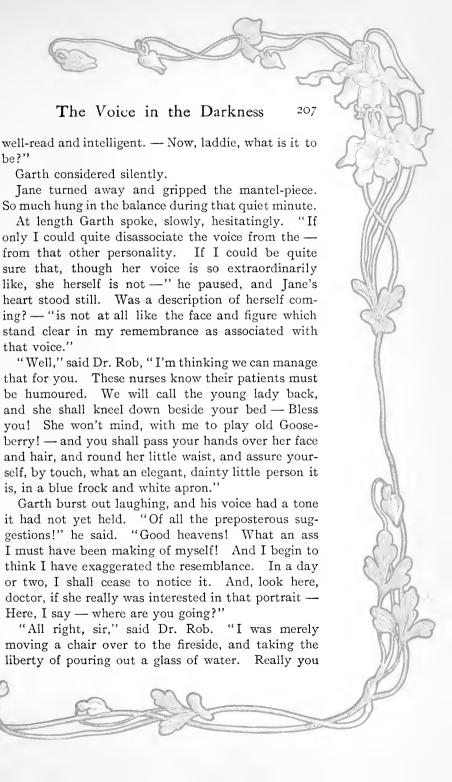
time.

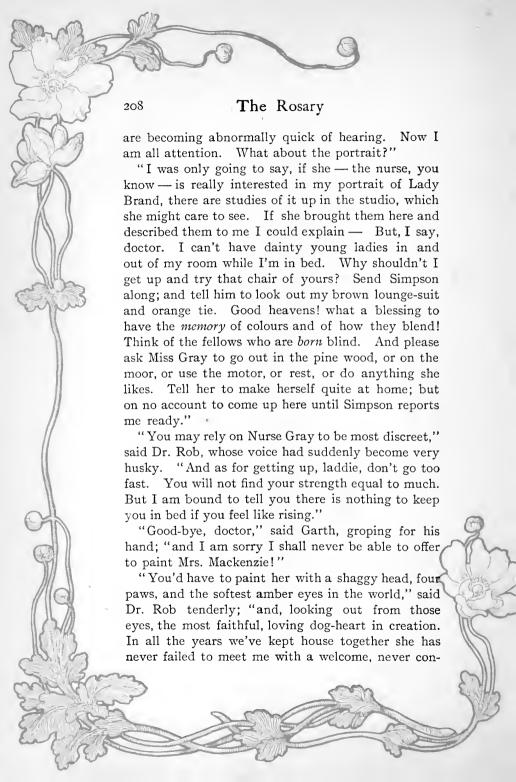
not for that wise restraint. I should say it might be that kind of fluffy, fly-away floss-silk, which puts the finishing touch to a dainty, pretty woman."

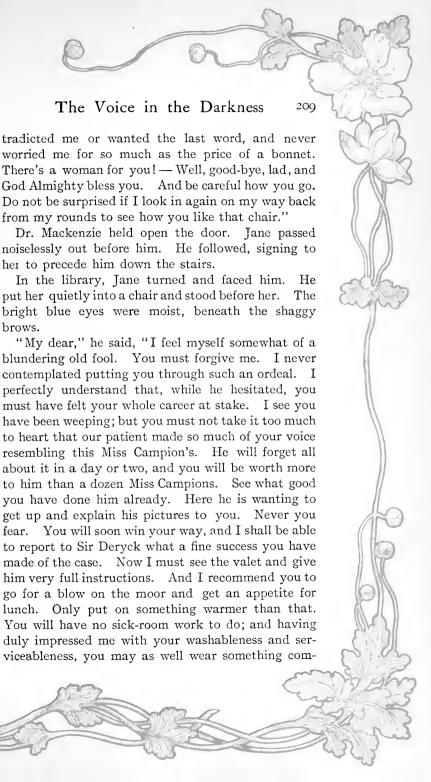


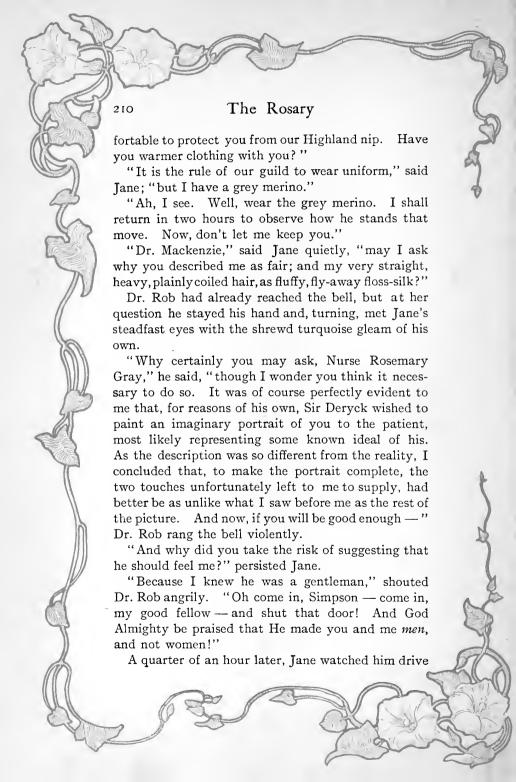


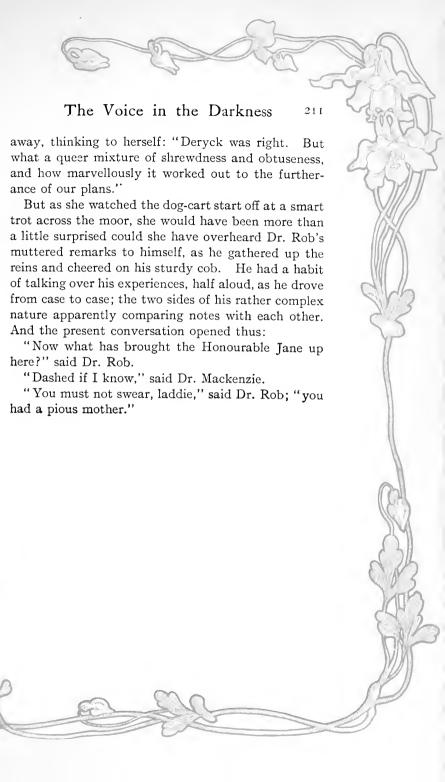


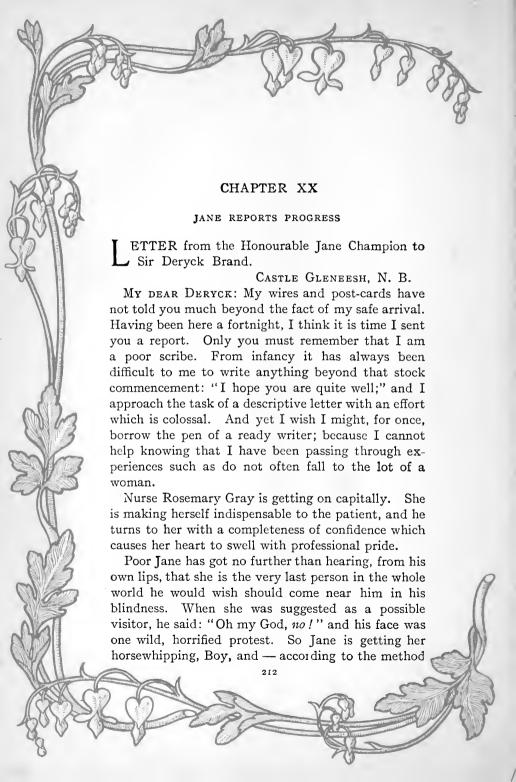


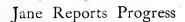






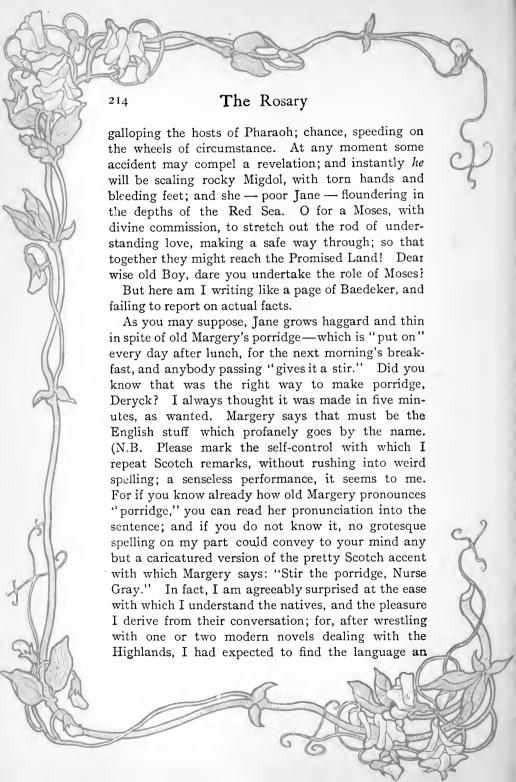


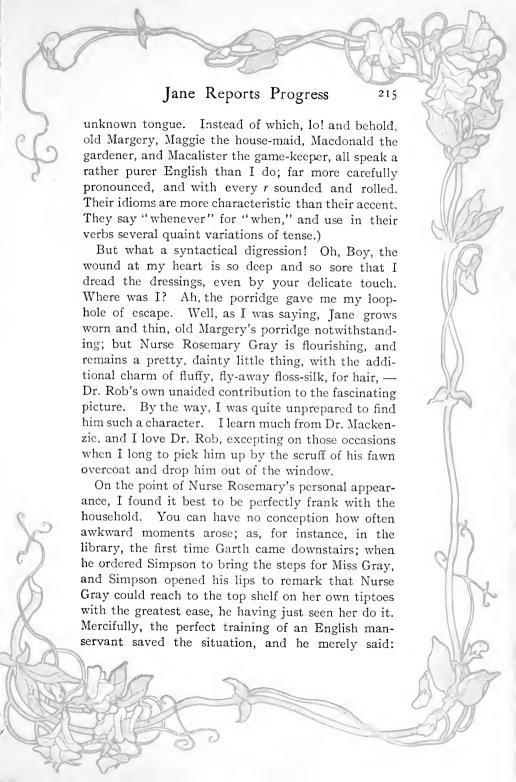


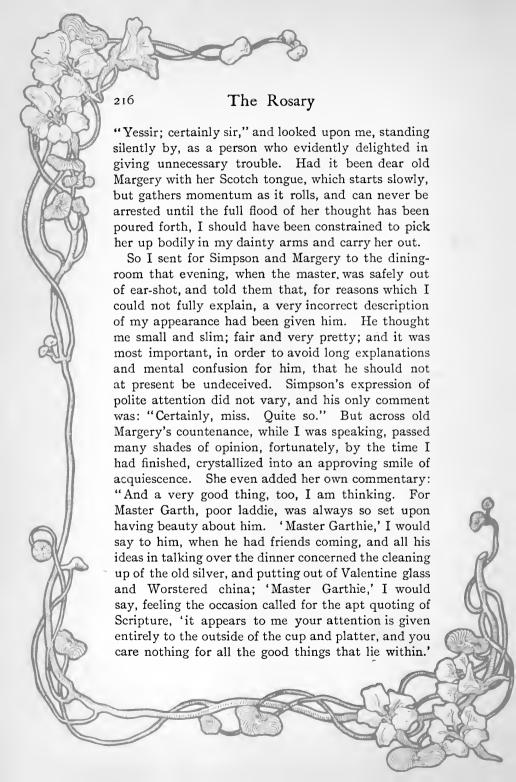


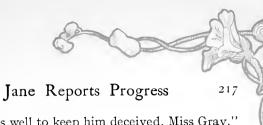
of a careful and thoughtful judge, who orders thirty lashes of the "cat," in three applications of ten — so is Jane's punishment laid on at intervals; not more than she can bear at a time; but enough to keep her heart continually sore, and her spirit in perpetual dread. And you, dear, clever doctor, are proved perfectly right in your diagnosis of the sentiment of the case. He says her pity would be the last straw on his already heavy cross; and the expression is an apt one, her pity for him being indeed a thing of straw. The only pity she feels is pity for herself, thus hopelessly caught in the meshes of her own mistake. But how to make him realise this, is the puzzle.

Do you remember how the Israelites were shut in. between Migdol and the sea? I knew Migdol meant "towers." but I never understood the passage, until I stood upon that narrow wedge of desert, with the Red Sea in front and on the left; the rocky range of Gebel Attaka on the right, towering up against the sky, like the weird shapes of an impregnable fortress; the sole outlet or inlet behind, being the route they had just travelled from Egypt, and along which the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh were then thundering in hot pursuit. Even so, Boy, is poor Jane now tramping her patch of desert, which narrows daily to the measure of her despair. Migdol is his certainty that her love could only be pity. The Red Sea is the confession into which she must inevitably plunge, to avoid scaling Migdol; in the chill waters of which, as she drags him in with her, his love is bound to drown, as waves of doubt and mistrust sweep over its head, - doubts which he has lost the power of removing; mistrust which he can never hope to prove to have been false and mistaken. And behind come





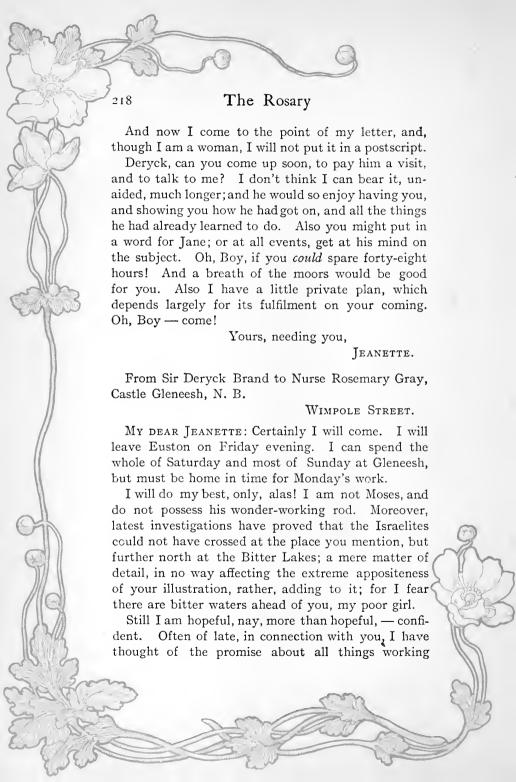




So it is just as well to keep him deceived, Miss Gray." And then, as Simpson coughed tactfully behind his hand, and nudged her very obviously with his elbow, she added, as a sympathetic after-thought: "For, though a homely face may indeed be redeemed by its kindly expression, you cannot very well explain expression to the blind." So you see, Deryck, this shrewd old body, who has known Garth from boyhood, would have entirely agreed with the decision of three years ago.

Well, to continue my report. The voice gave us some trouble, as you foresaw, and the whole plan hung in the balance during a few awful moments; for, though he easily accepted the explanation we had planned, he sent me out, and told Dr. Mackenzie my voice in his room would madden him. Dr. Rob was equal to the occasion, and won the day; and Garth, having once given in, never mentioned the matter again. Only, sometimes I see him listening and remembering.

But Nurse Rosemary Gray has beautiful hours when poor anxious, yearning Jane is shut out. For her patient turns to her, and depends on her, and talks to her, and tries to reach her mind, and shows her his, and is a wonderful person to live with and know. Jane, marching about in the cold, outside, and hearing them talk, realises how little she understood the beautiful gift which was laid at her feet; how little she had grasped the nature and mind of the man whom she dismissed as "a mere boy." Nurse Rosemary, sitting beside him during long sweet hours of companionship, is learning it; and Jane, ramping up and down her narrowing strip of desert, tastes the sirocco of despair.





together for good. Any one can make good things work together for good; but only the Heavenly Father can bring good out of evil; and, taking all our mistakes and failings and foolishnesses, cause them to work out to our most perfect well-being. The more intricate and involved this problem of human existence becomes, the greater the need to take as our own clear rule of life: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Ancient marching orders, and simple; but true, and therefore eternal.

I am glad Nurse Rosemary is proving so efficient, but I hope we may not have to face yet another complication in our problem. Suppose our patient falls in love with dainty little Nurse Rosemary, where will Jane be then? I fear the desert would have to open its mouth and swallow her up. We must avert such a catastrophe. Could not Rosemary be induced to drop an occasional h, or to confess herself as rather "gone" on Simpson?

Oh, my poor old girl! I could not jest thus, were I not coming shortly to your aid.

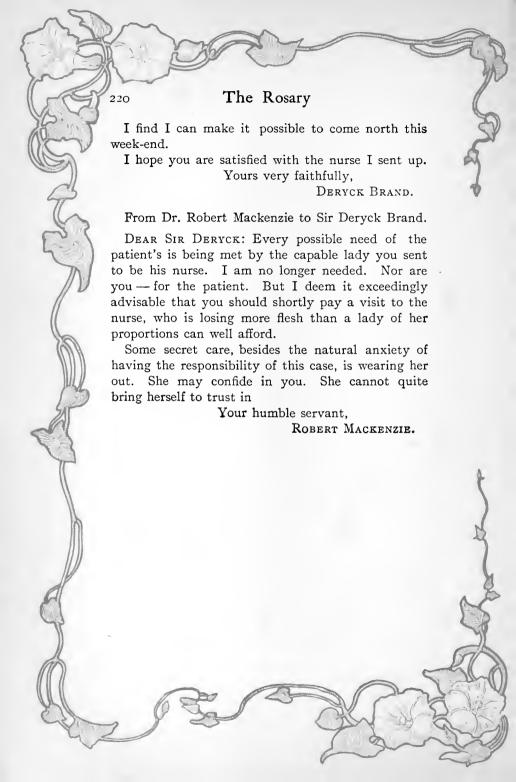
How maddening it is! And you so priceless! But most men are either fools or blind, and one is both. Trust me to prove it to him, — to my own satisfaction and his, — if I get the chance.

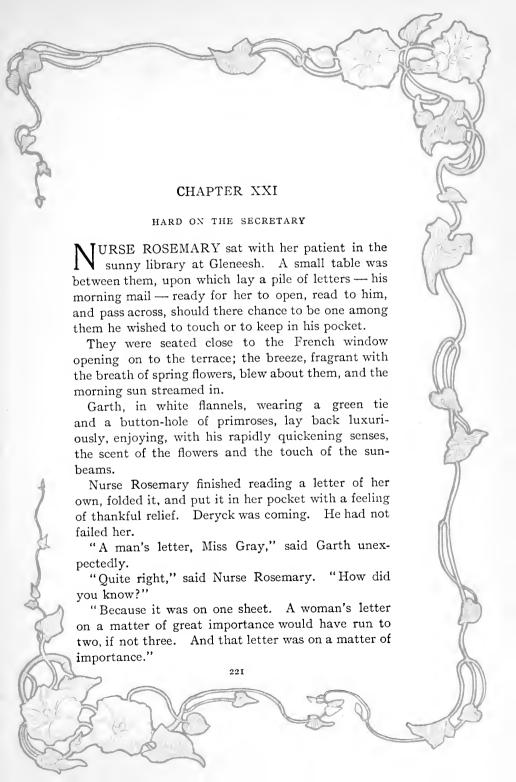
Yours always devotedly,

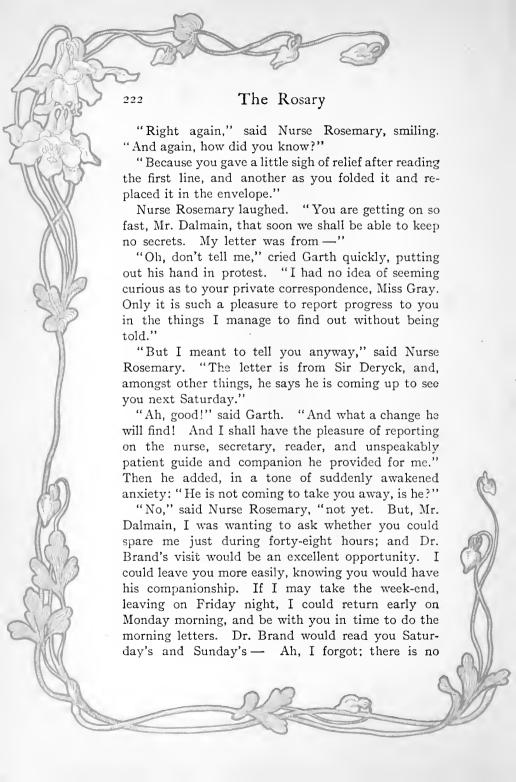
DERYCK BRAND.

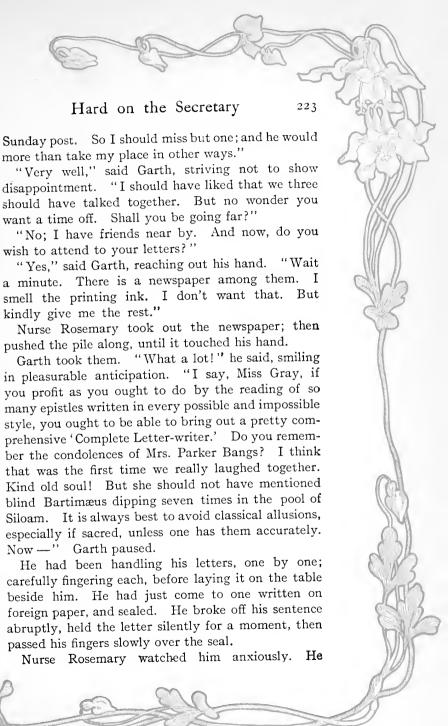
From Sir Deryck Brand to Dr. Robert Mackenzie.

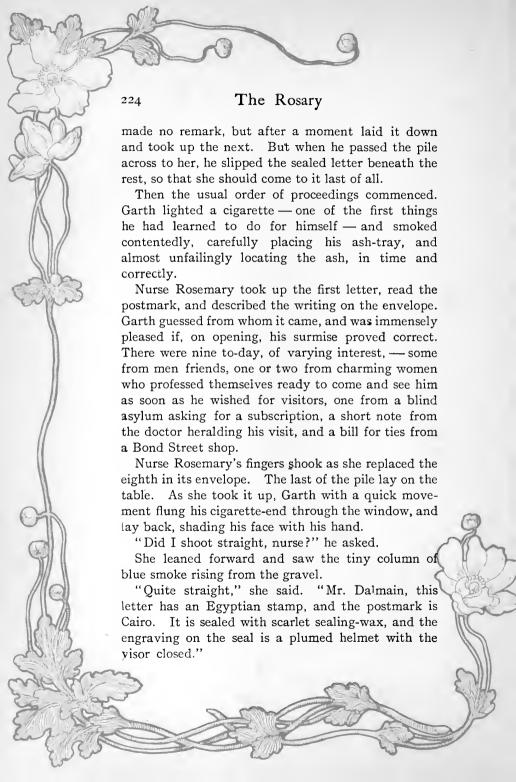
DEAR MACKENZIE: Do you consider it to be advisable that I should shortly pay a visit to our patient at Gleneesh and give an opinion on his progress?

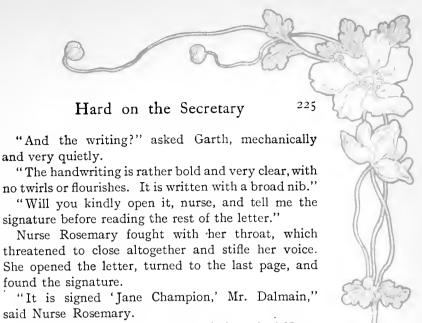












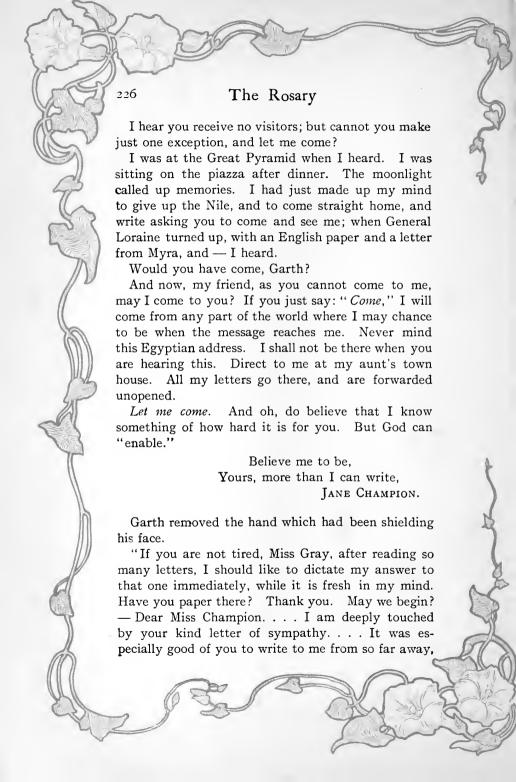
"It is signed 'Jane Champion,' Mr. Dalmain,"

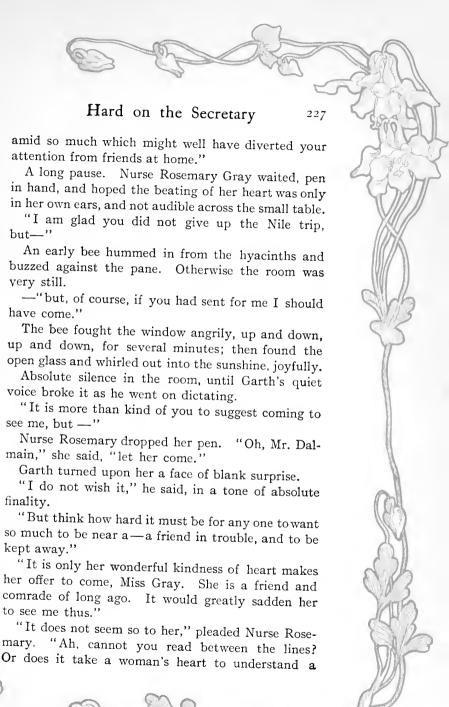
said Nurse Rosemary.

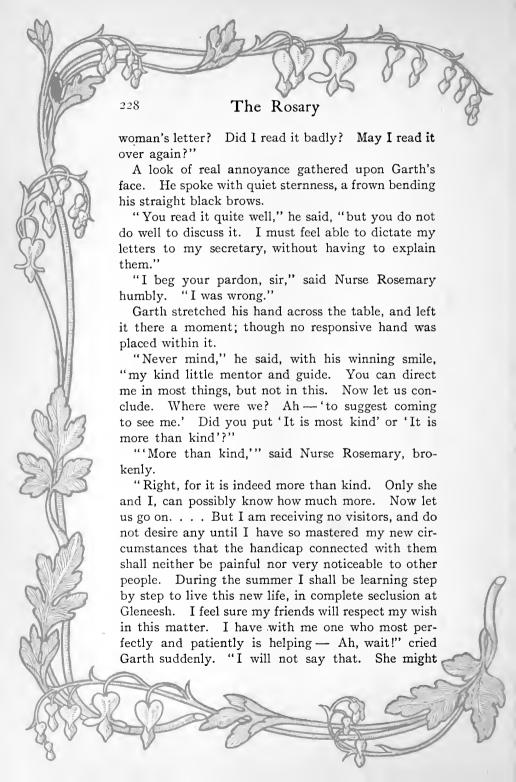
"Read it, please," said Garth quietly. And Nurse Rosemary began.

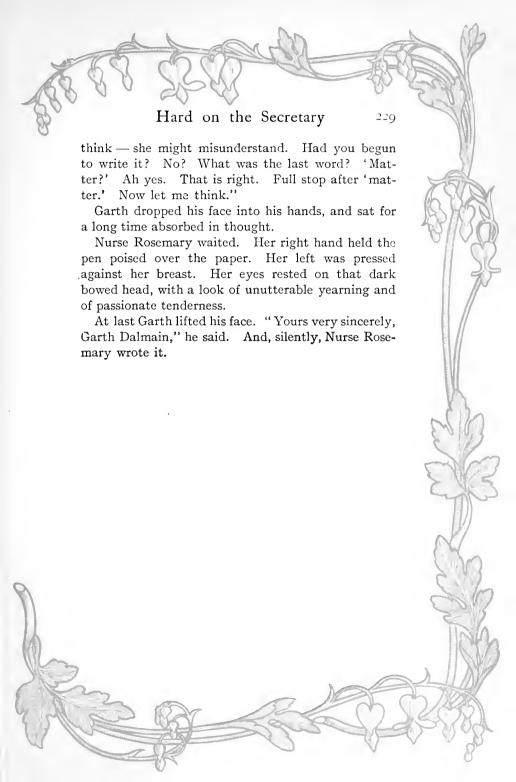
DEAR DAL: What can I write? If I were with you. there would be so much I could say; but writing is so difficult, so impossible.

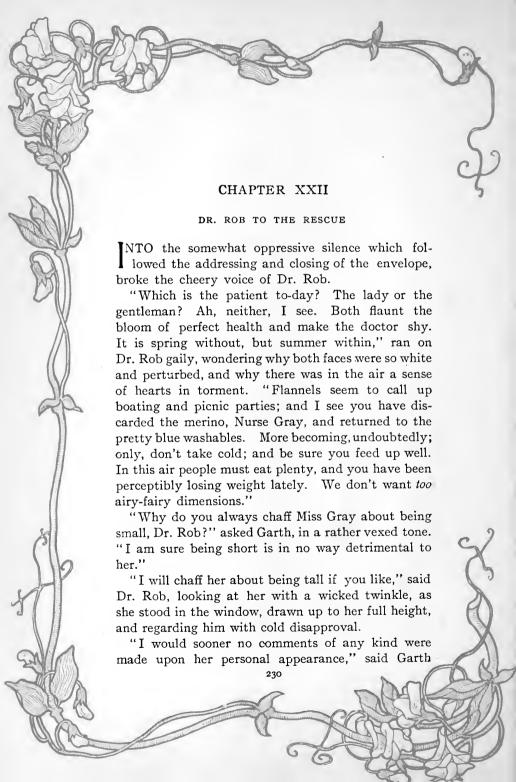
I know it is harder for you than it would have been for any of us; but you will be braver over it than we should have been, and you will come through splendidly, and go on thinking life beautiful, and making it seem so to other people. I never thought it so until that summer at Overdene and Shenstone when you taught me the perception of beauty. Since then, in every sunset and sunrise, in the blue-green of the Atlantic, the purple of the mountains, the spray of Niagara, the cherry blossom of Japan, the golden deserts of Egypt, I have thought of you, and understood them better, because of you. Oh, Dal! I should like to come and tell you all about them, and let you see them through my eyes; and then you would widen out my narrow understanding of them, and show them again to me in greater loveliness.

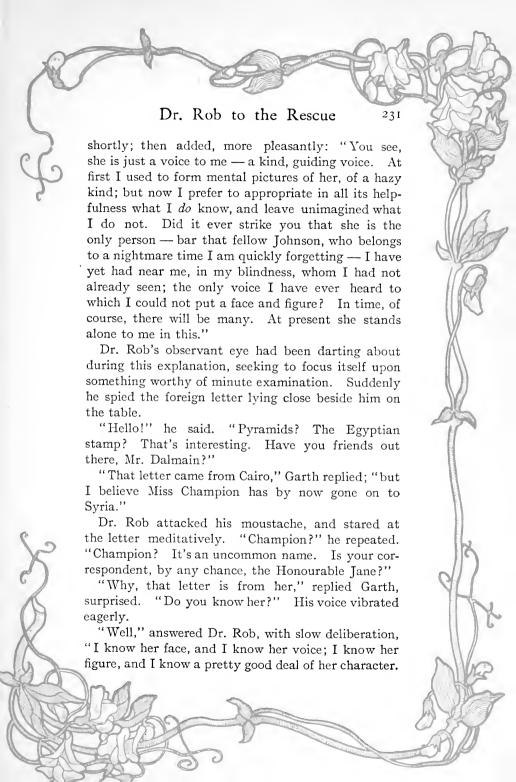


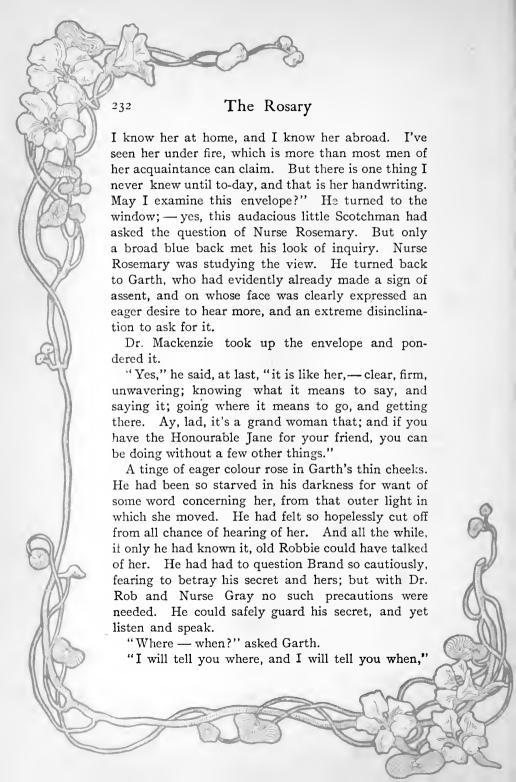














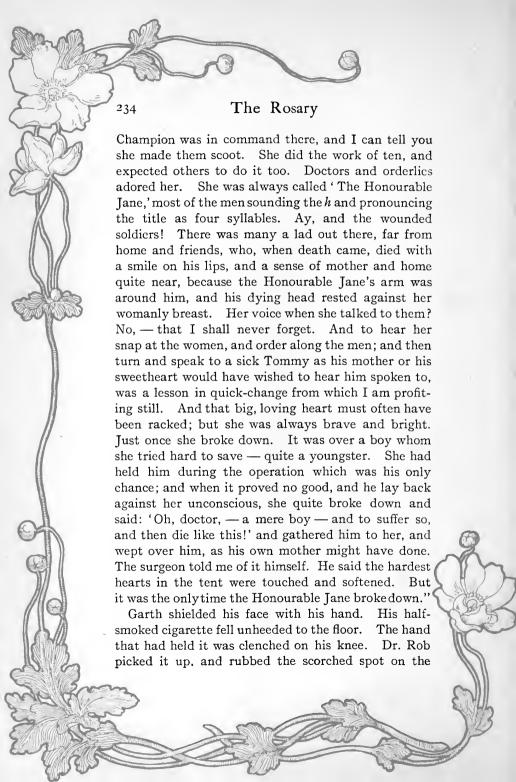
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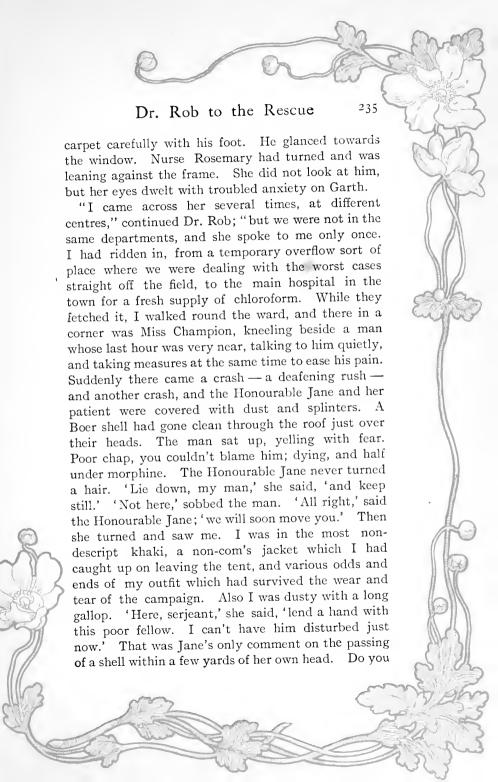
## Dr. Rob to the Rescue

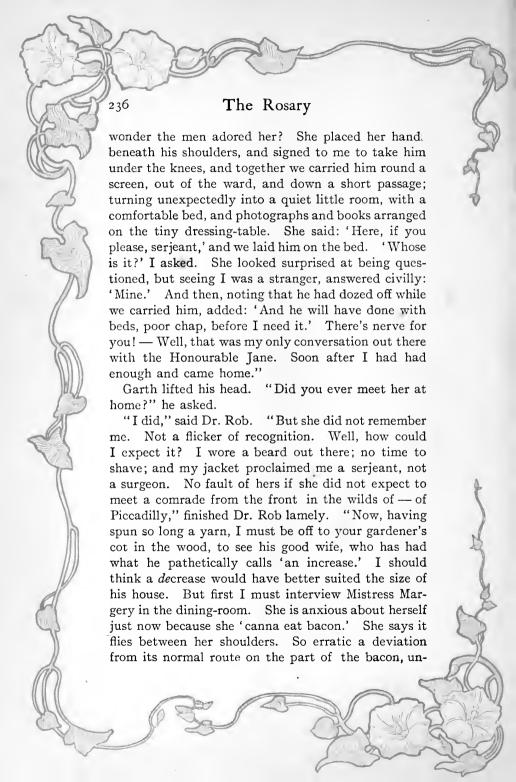
answered Dr. Rob, "if you feel inclined for a war tale on this peaceful spring morning."

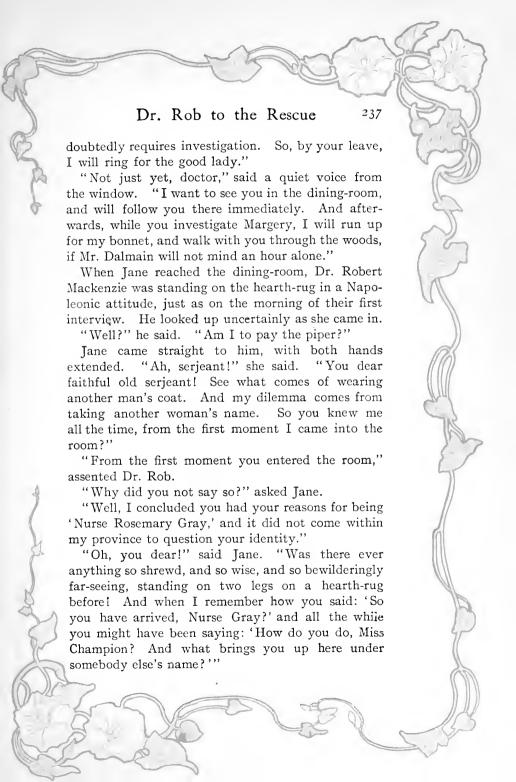
Garth was aflame with eagerness. "Have you a chair, doctor?" he said. "And has Miss Gray a chair?"

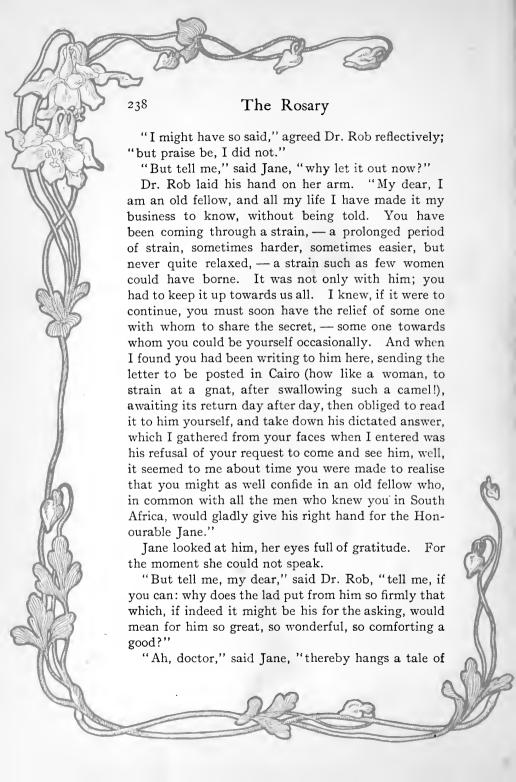
"I have no chair, sir," said Dr. Rob, "because when I intend thoroughly to enjoy my own eloquence it is my custom to stand. Nurse Gray has no chair. because she is standing at the window absorbed in the She has apparently ceased to pay any heed to vou and me. You will very rarely find one woman take much interest in tales about another. But you lean back in your own chair, laddie, and light a cigarette. And a wonderful thing it is to see you do it, too, and better than pounding the wall. Eh? All of which we may consider we owe to the lady who disdains us and prefers the scenery. Well, I'm not much to look at, goodness knows; and she can see you all the rest of the day. Now that's a brand worth smoking. What do you call it. 'Zenith'? Ah, and 'Marcovitch.' Yes; you can't better that for drawingroom and garden purposes. It mingles with the flowers. Lean back and enjoy it, while I smell gunpowder. For I will tell you where I first saw the Honourable Jane. Out in South Africa, in the very thick of the Boer war. I had volunteered for the sake of the surgery experience. She was out there, nursing; but the real thing, mind you. None of your dabbling in eau-de-cologne with lace handkerchiefs, and washing handsome faces when the orderlies had washed them already; making charming conversation to men who were getting well, but fleeing in dread from the dead or the dying. None of that, you may be sure, and none of that allowed in her hospital: for Miss

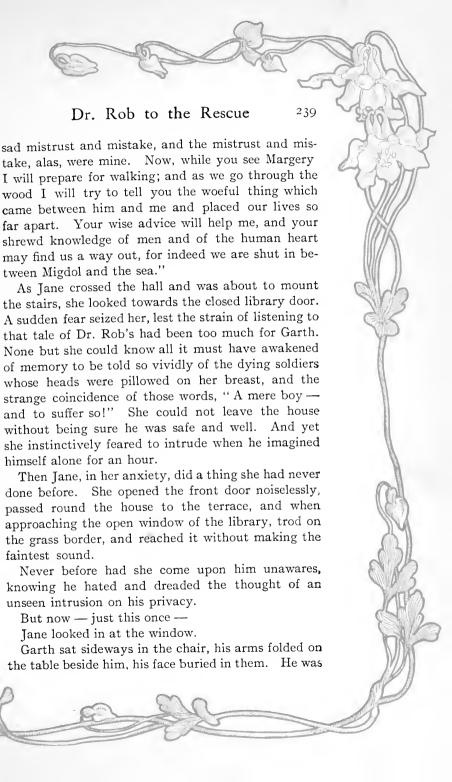


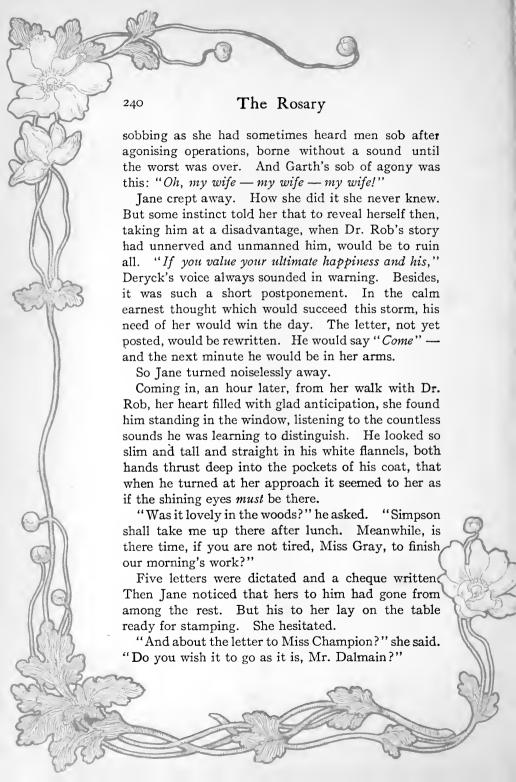


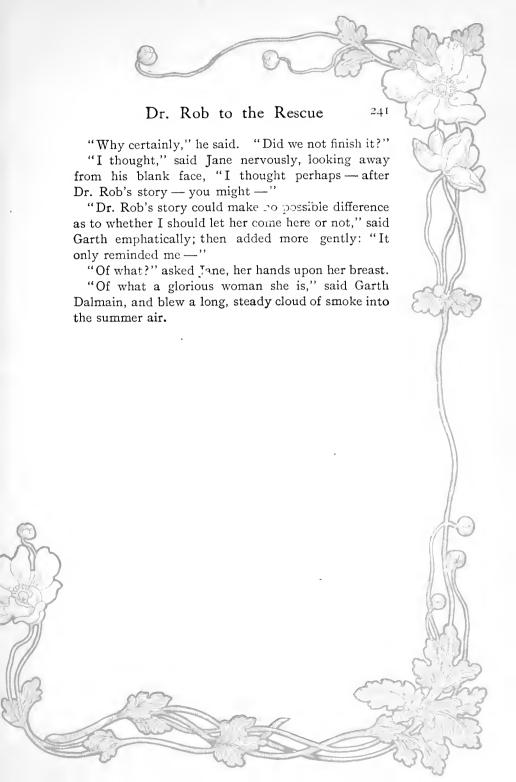


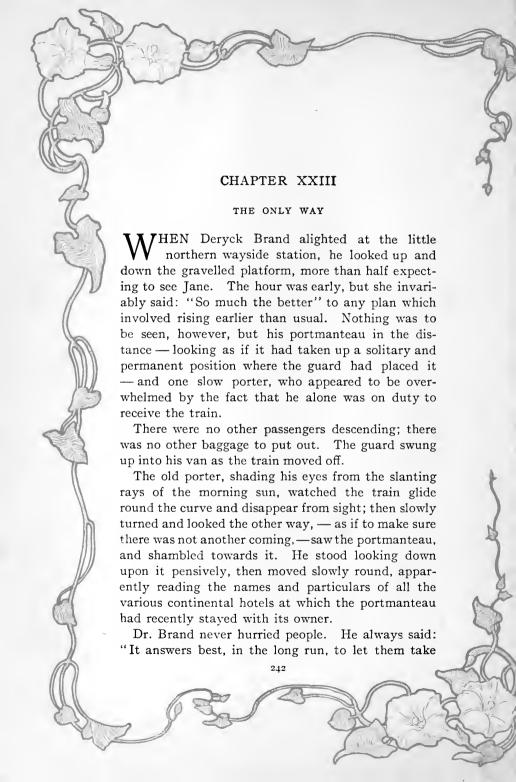


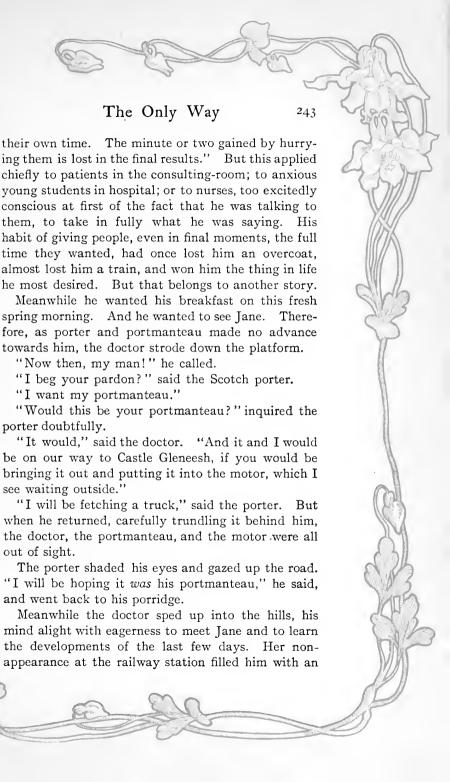


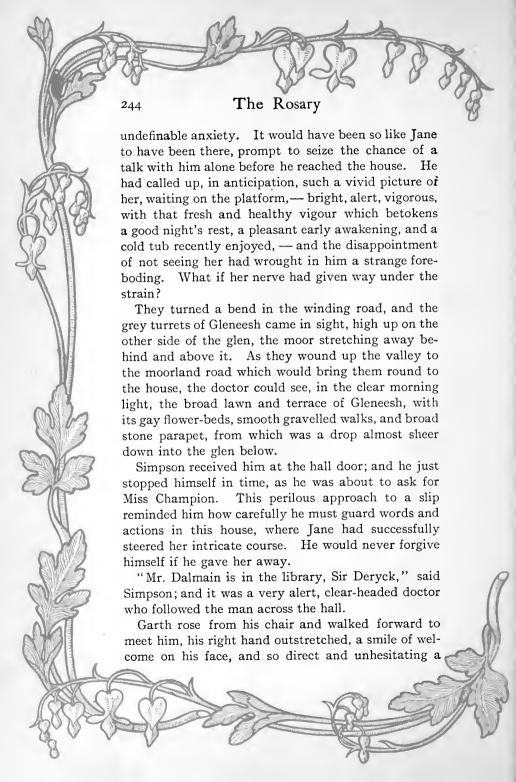


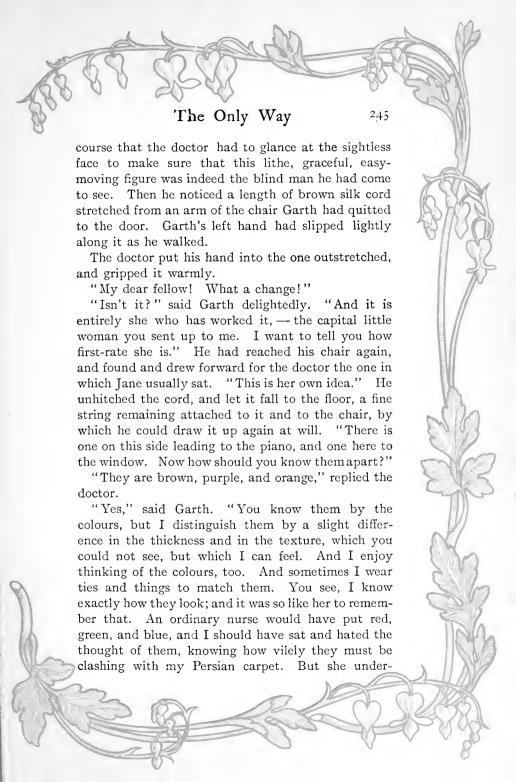


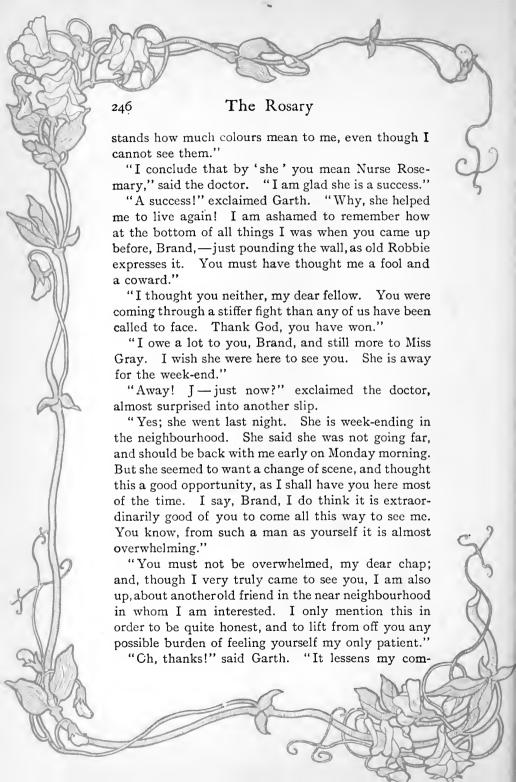


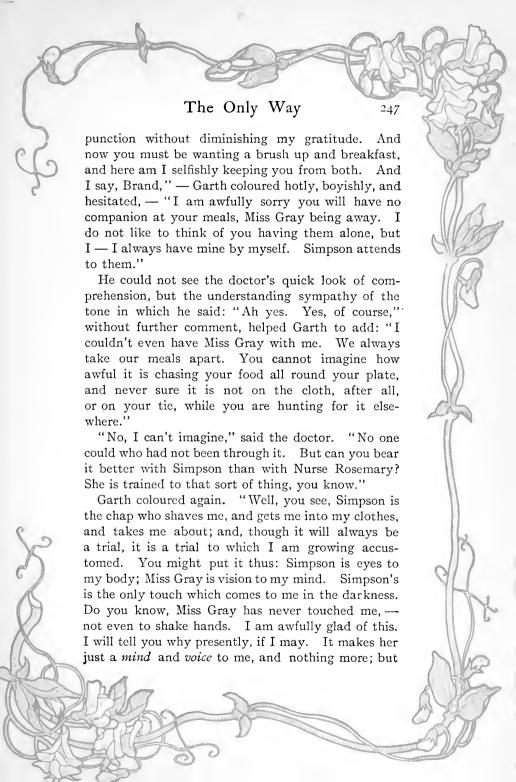


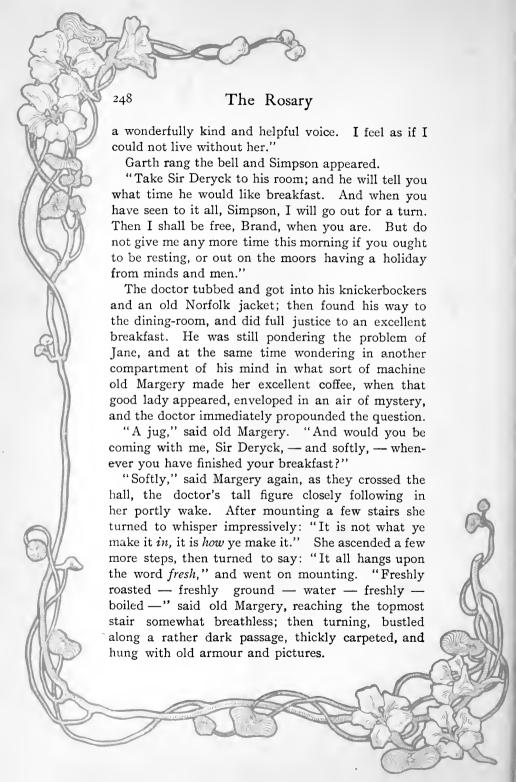


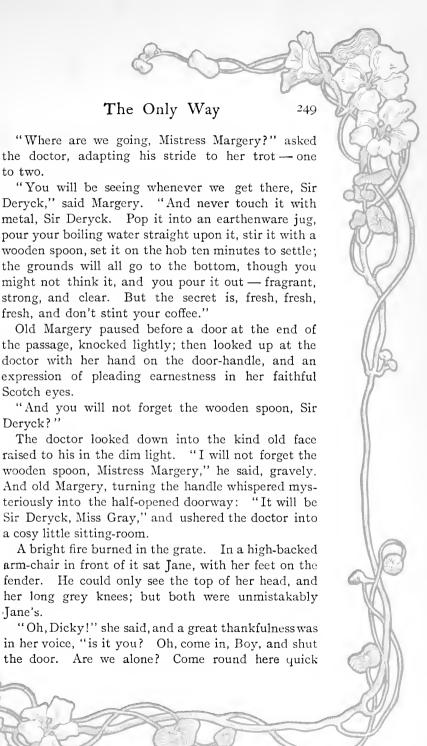










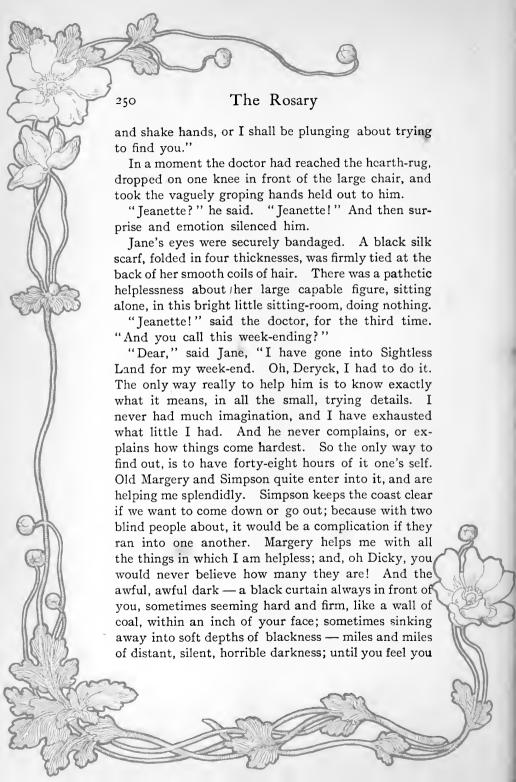


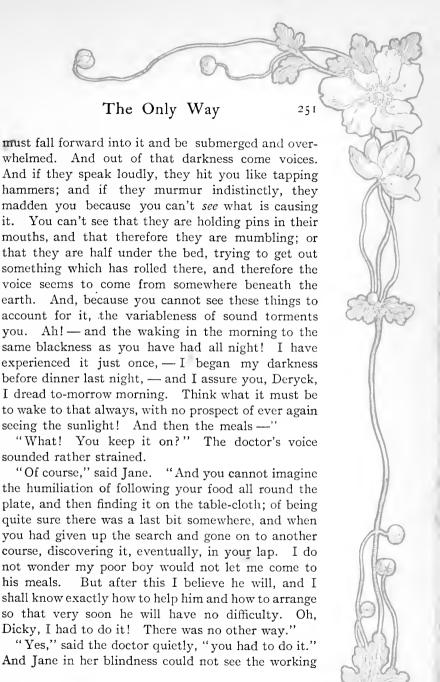
to two.

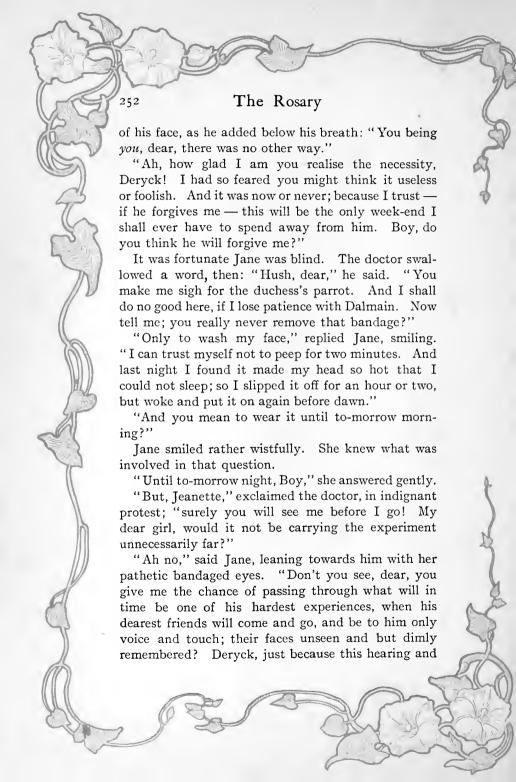
Scotch eves.

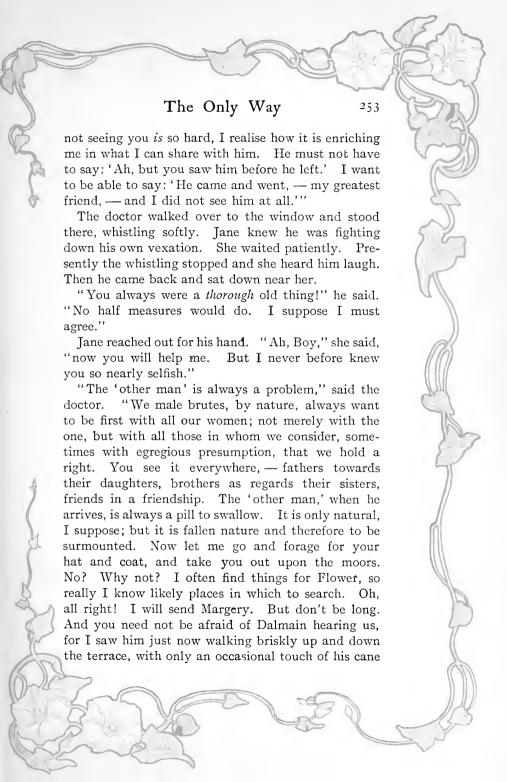
Dervck?"

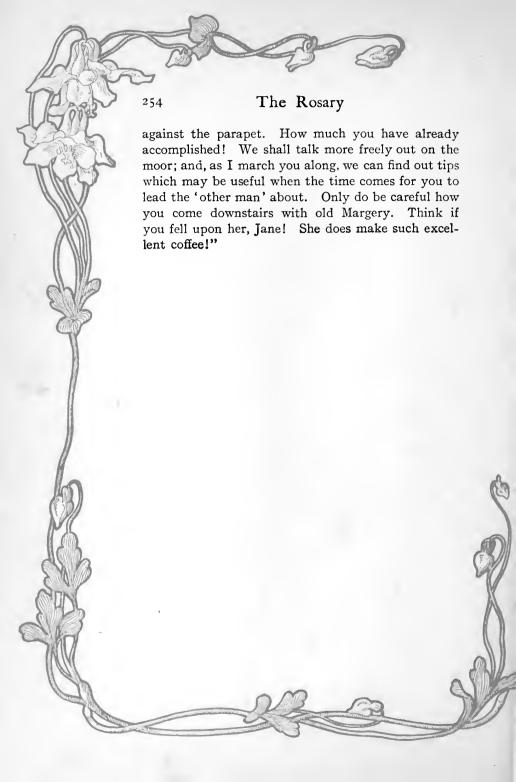
Tane's.

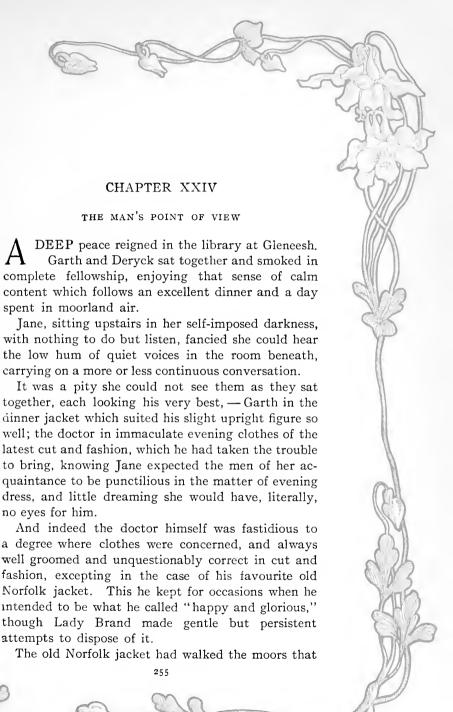


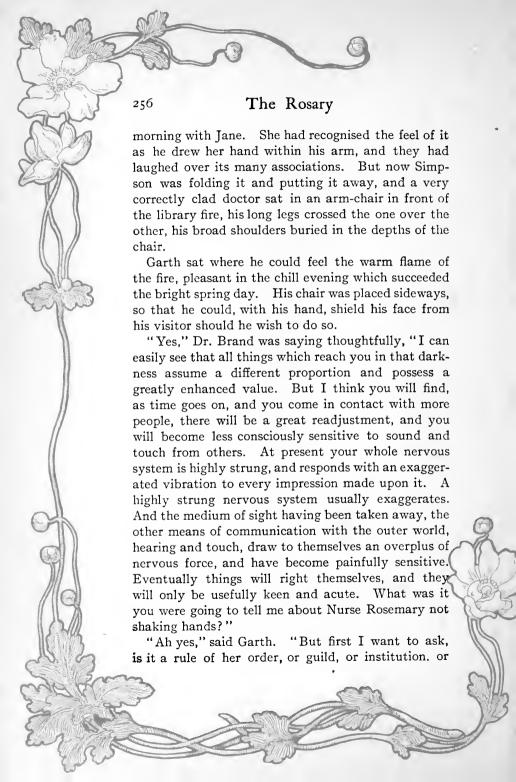


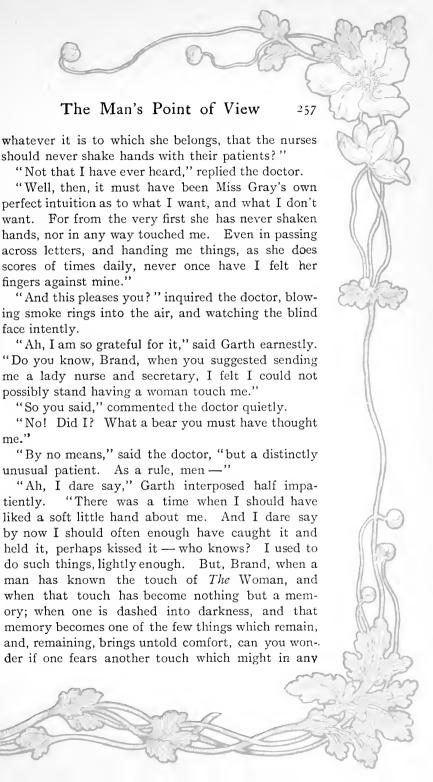


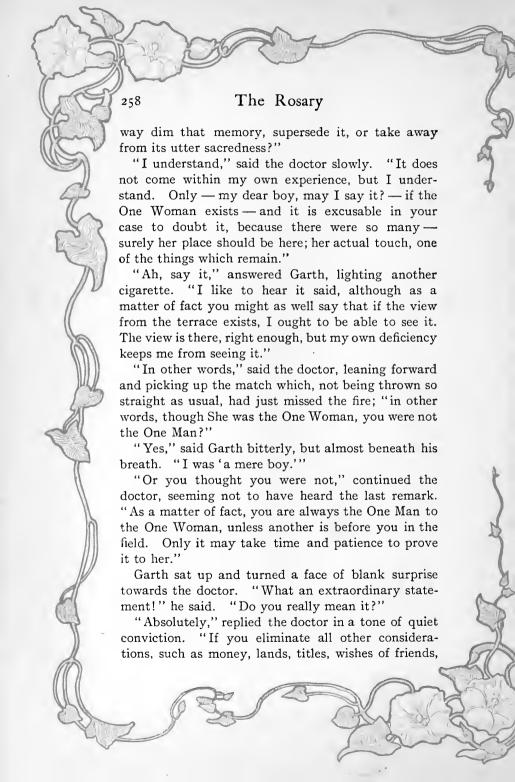


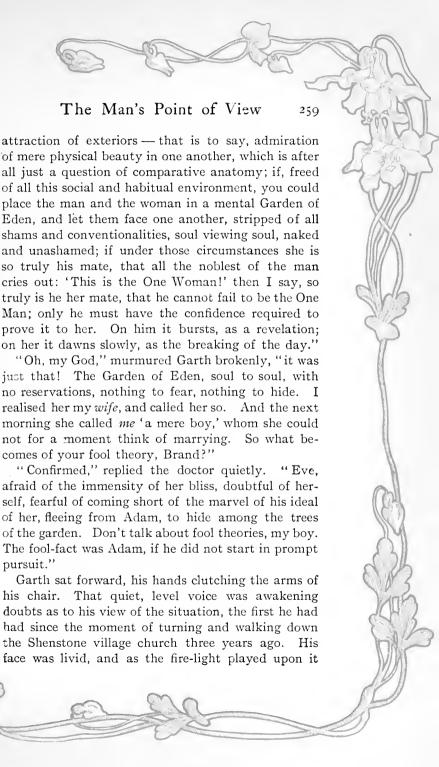


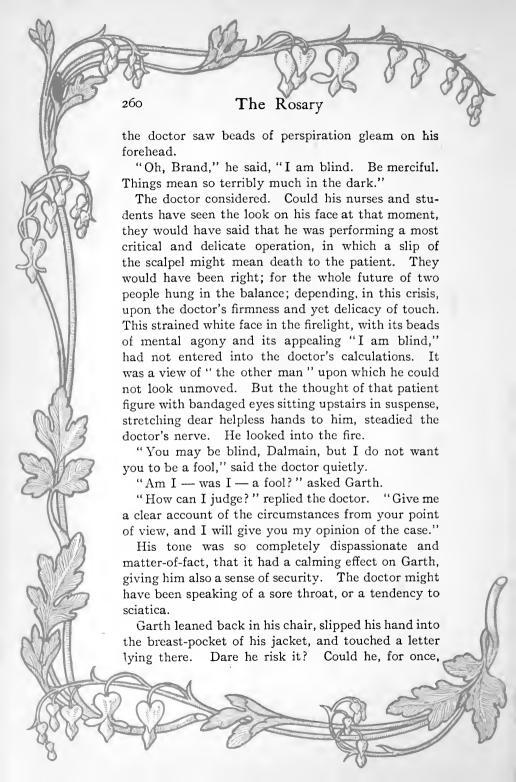


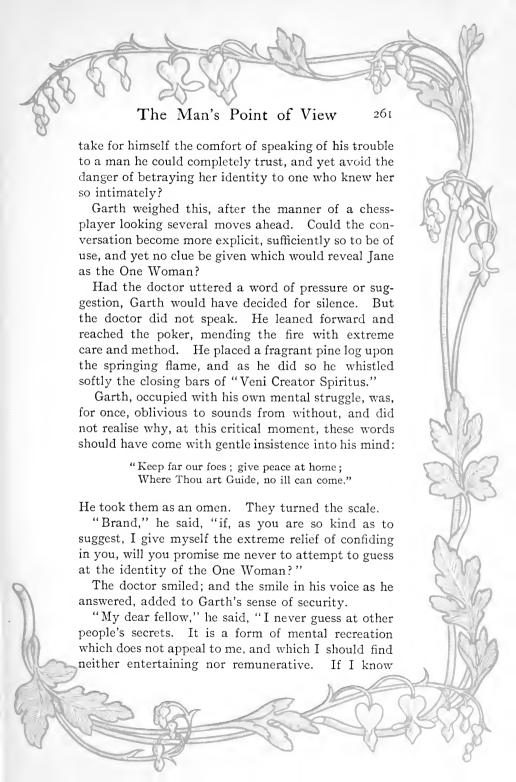


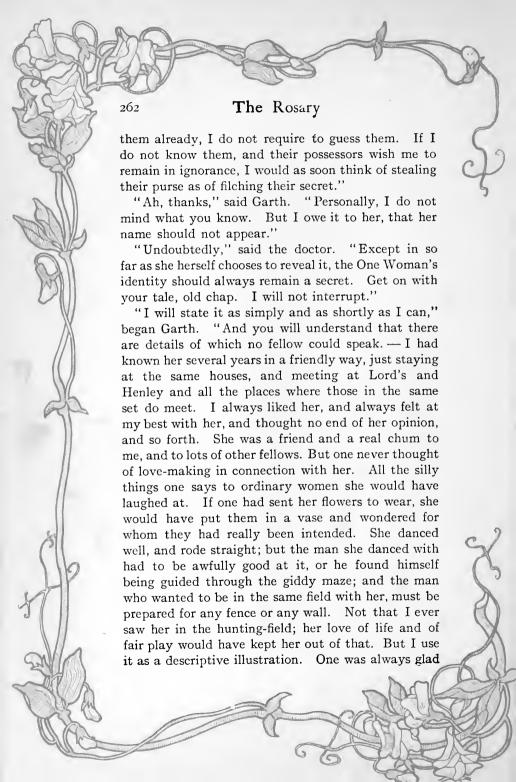


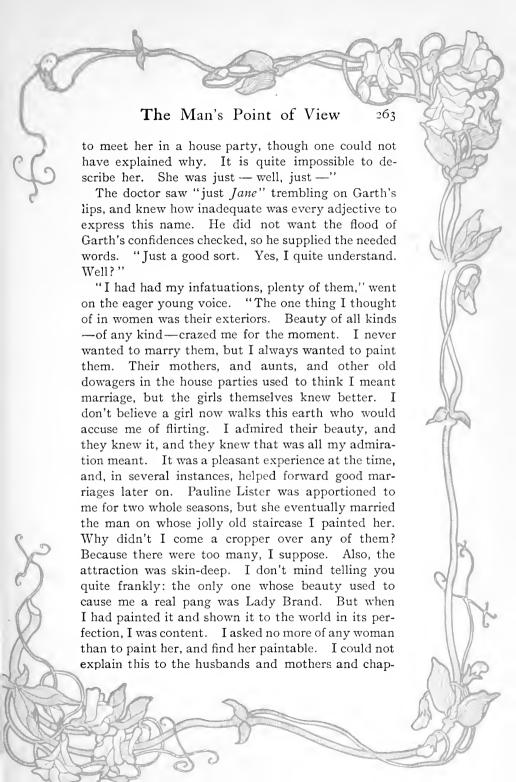


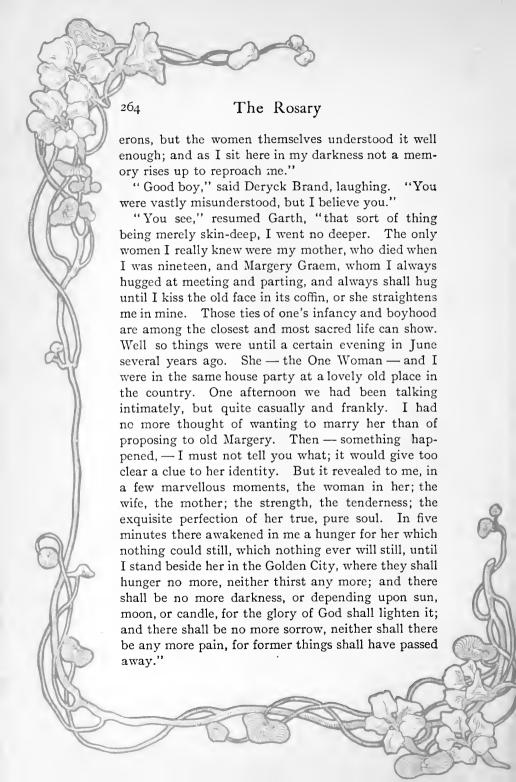


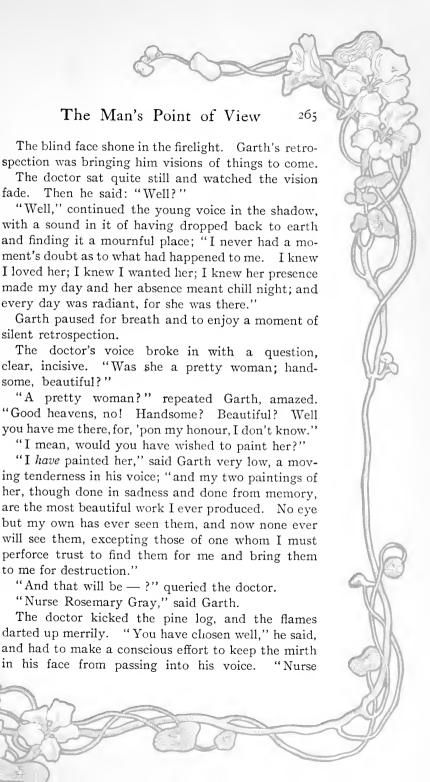




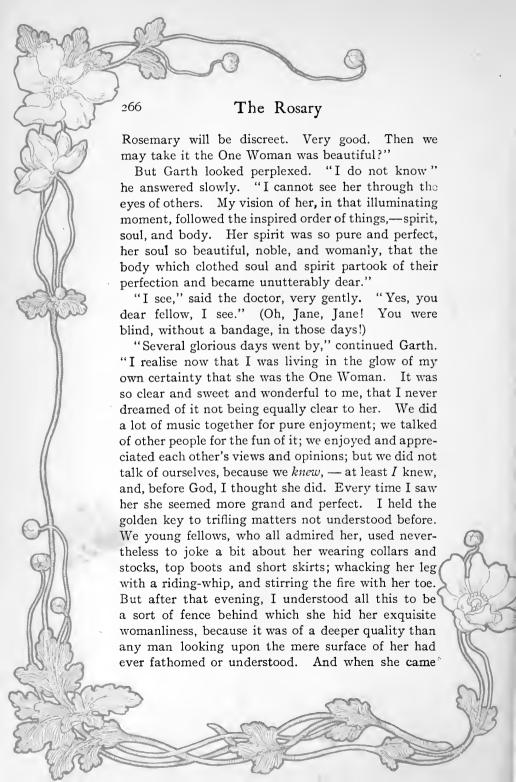


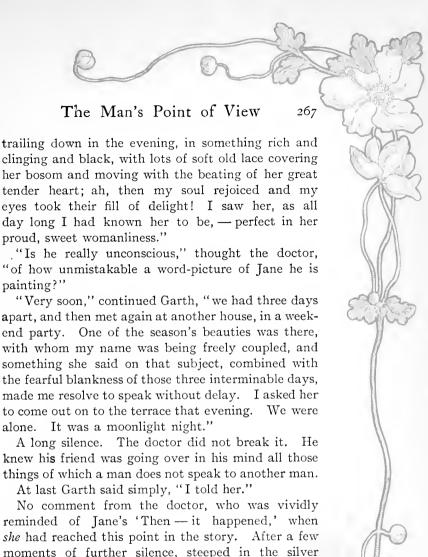






fade.



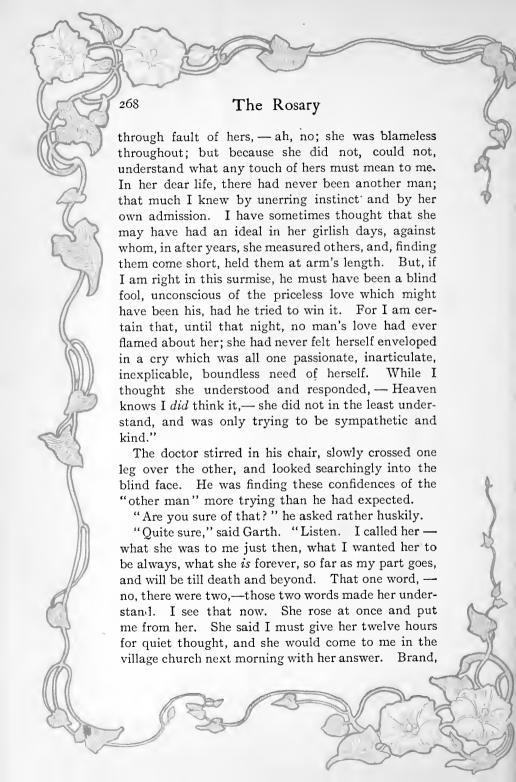


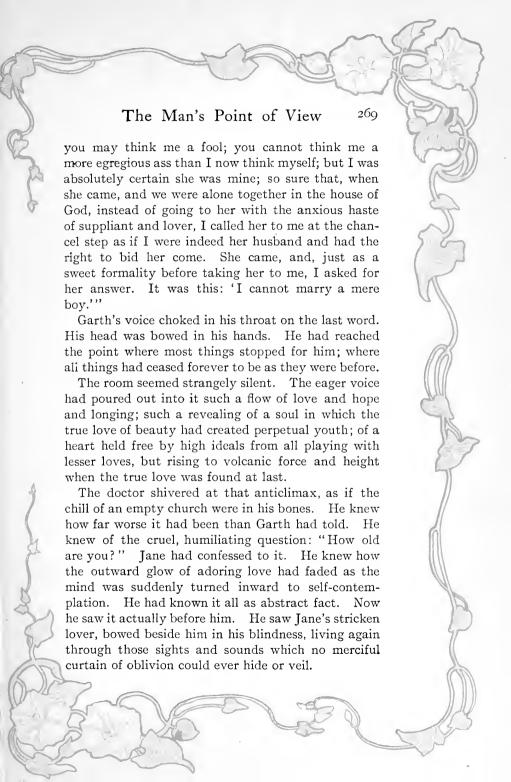
A long silence. knew his friend was going over in his mind all those things of which a man does not speak to another man.

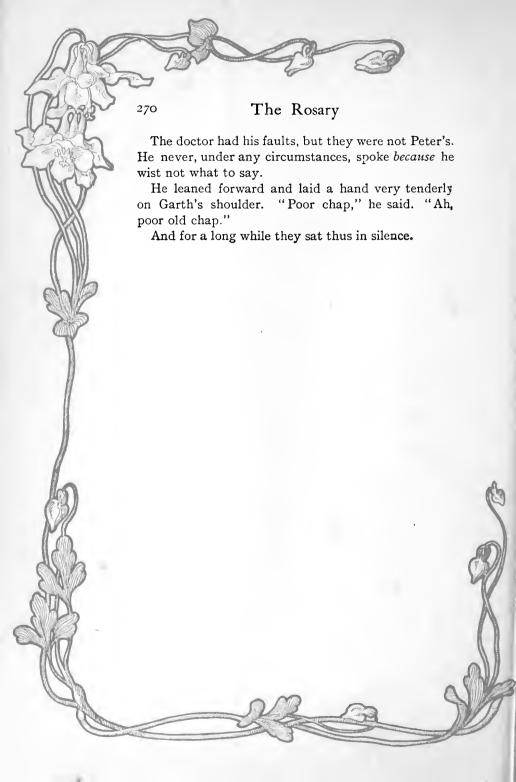
At last Garth said simply, "I told her."

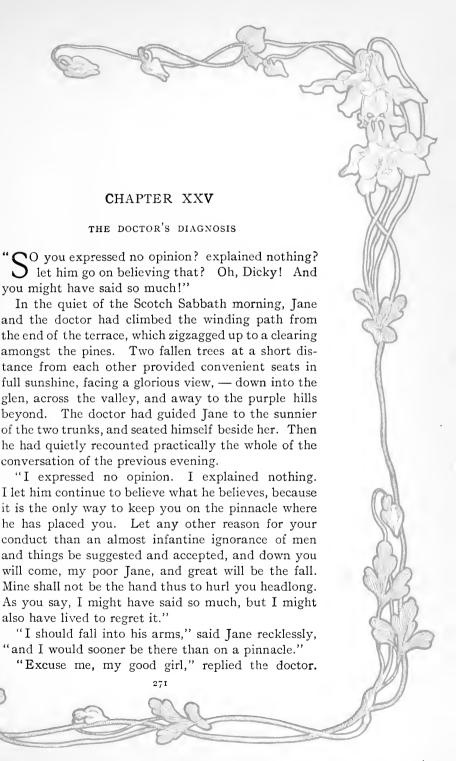
No comment from the doctor, who was vividly reminded of Jane's 'Then - it happened,' when she had reached this point in the story. After a few moments of further silence, steeped in the silver moonlight of reminiscence for Garth; occupied by the doctor in a rapid piecing in of Jane's version; the sad young voice continued:

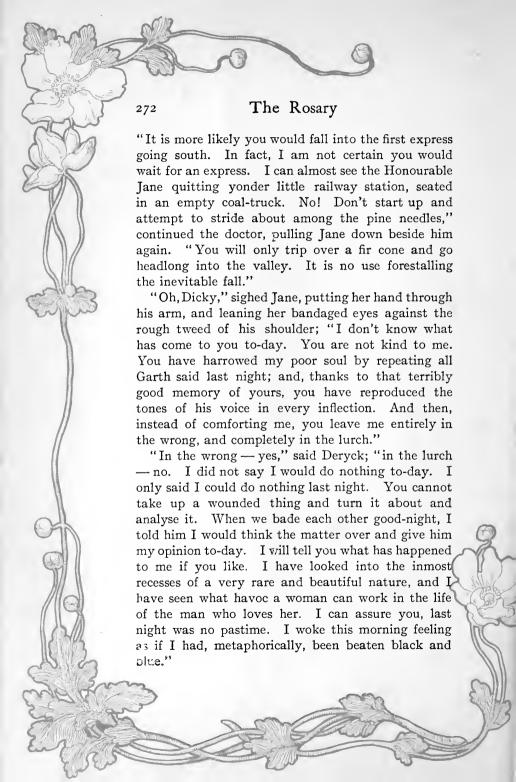
"I thought she understood completely. Afterwards I knew she had not understood at all. Her actions led me to believe I was accepted, taken into her great love, even as she was wrapped around by mine. Not

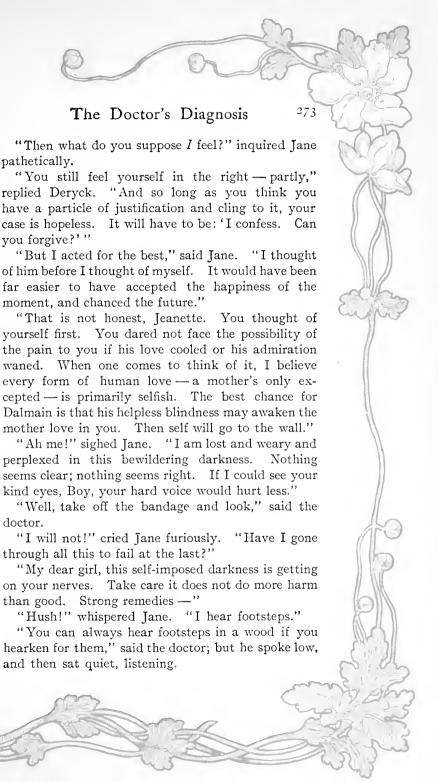


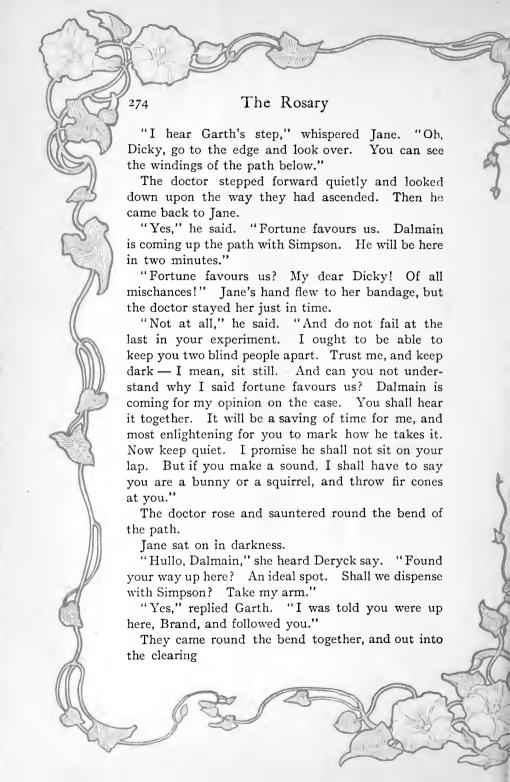


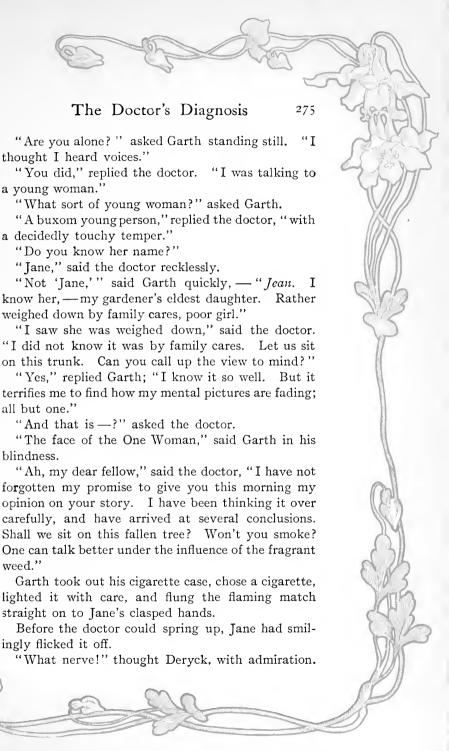


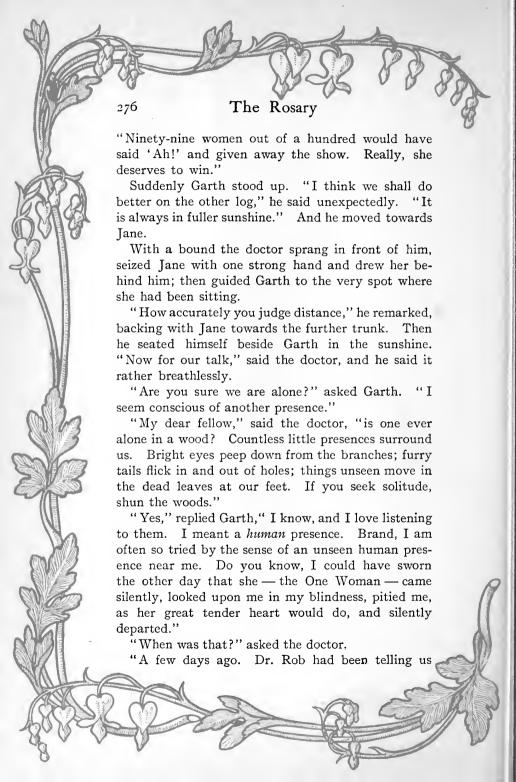


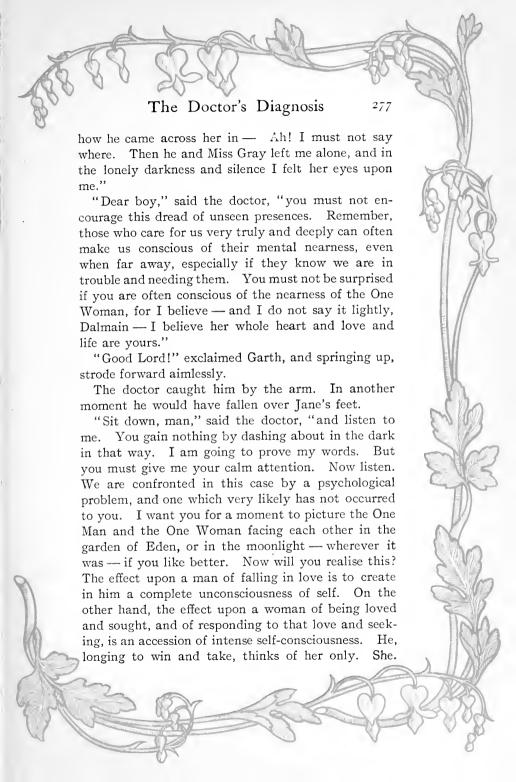


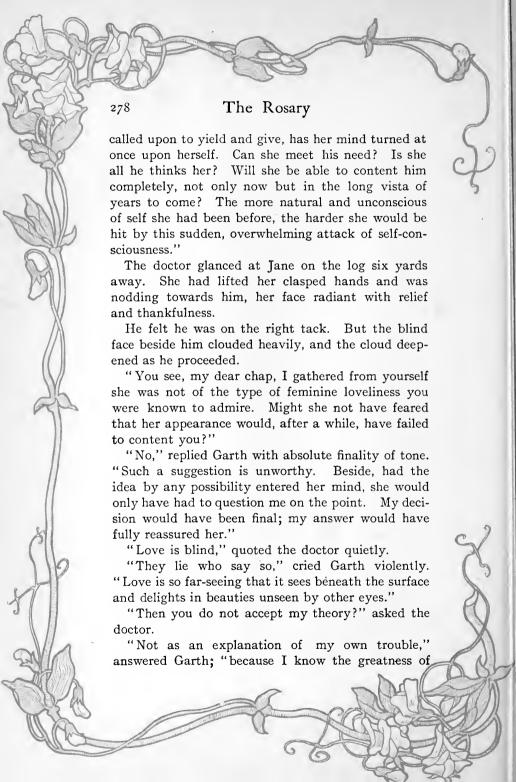


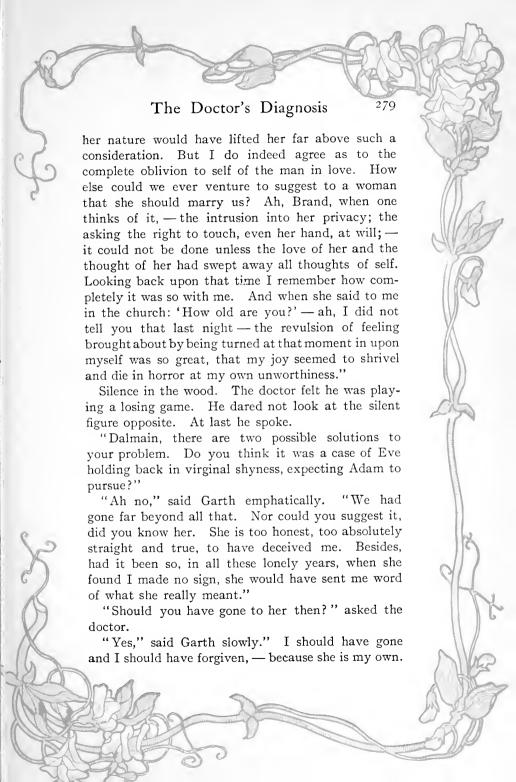


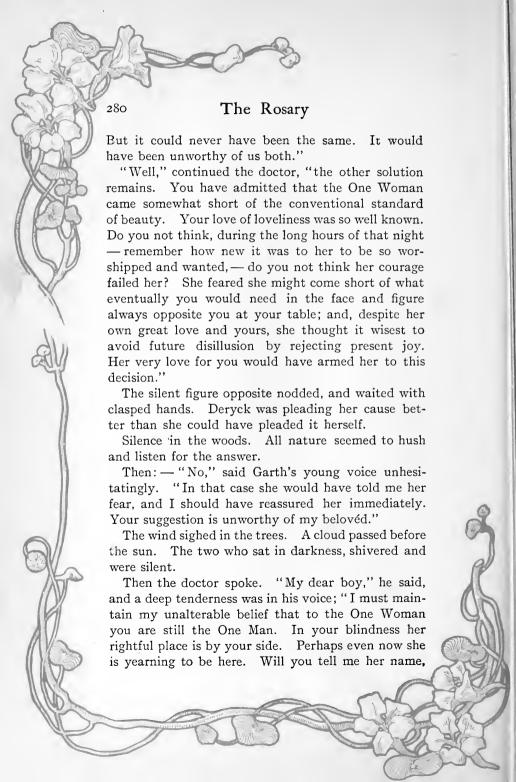


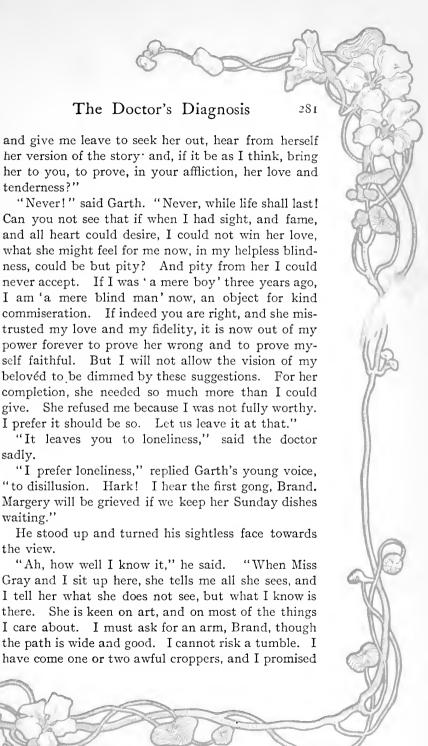










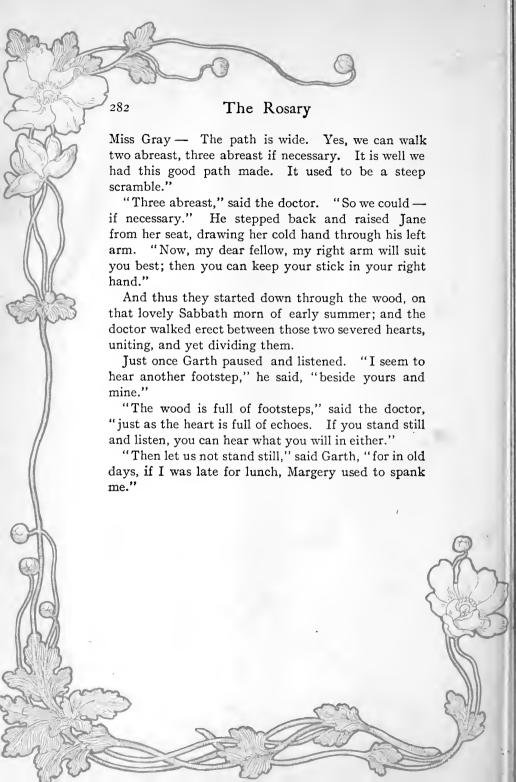


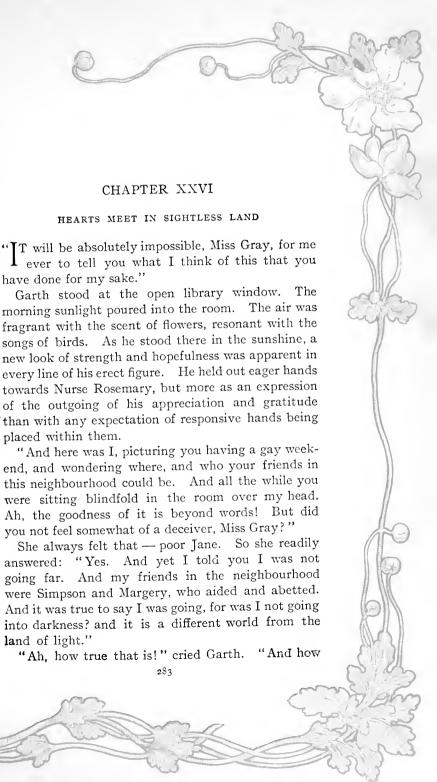
tenderness?"

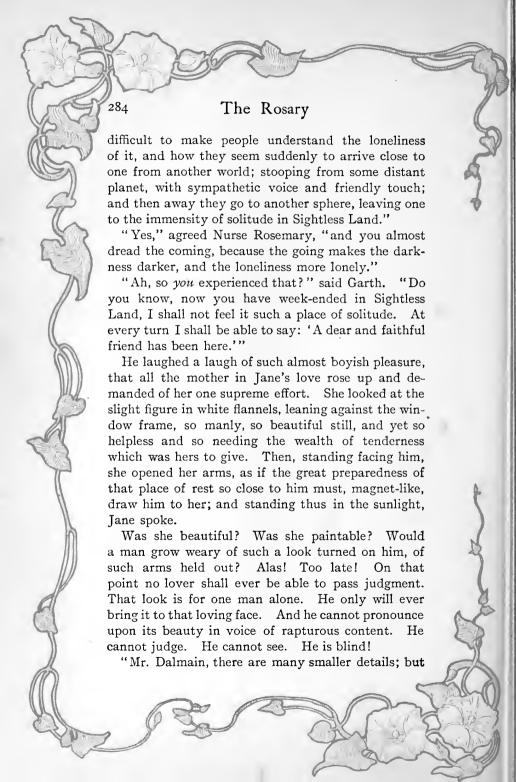
sadly.

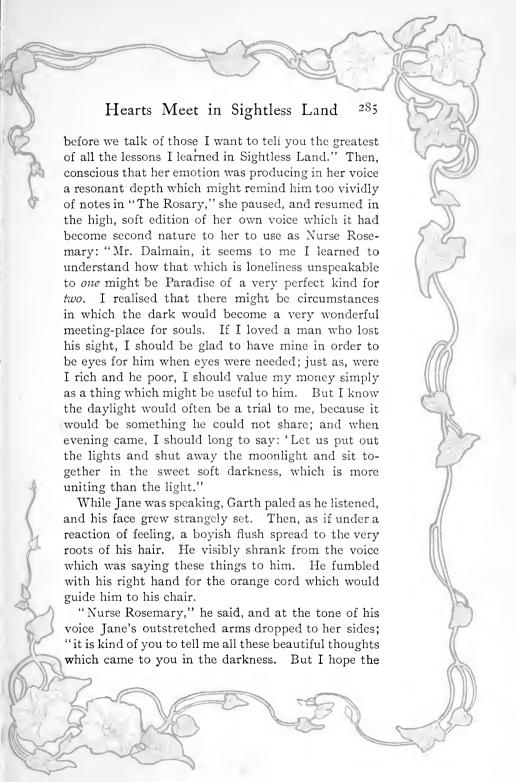
waiting."

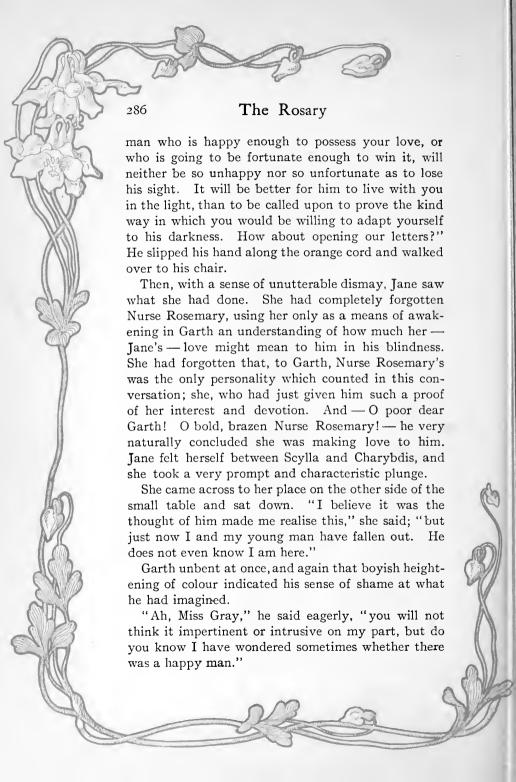
the view.

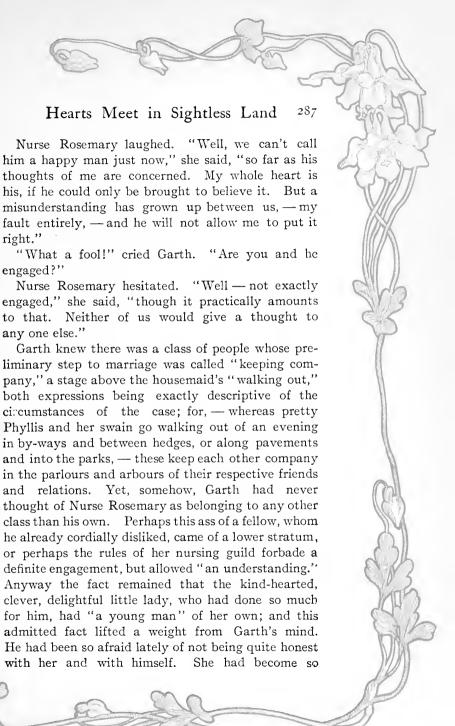


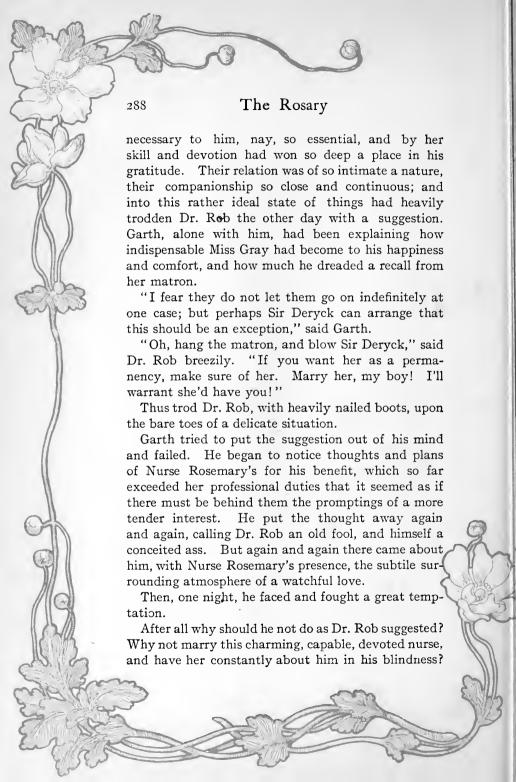


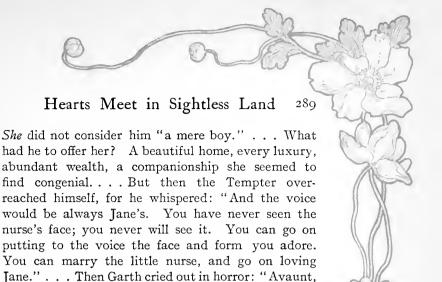










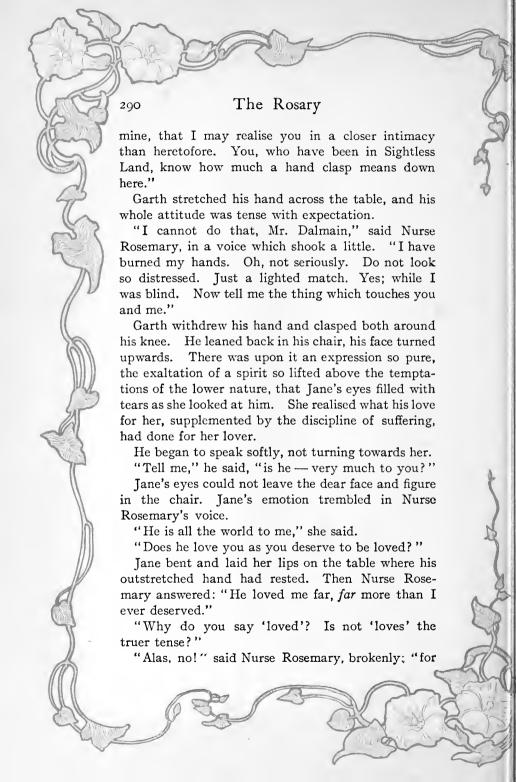


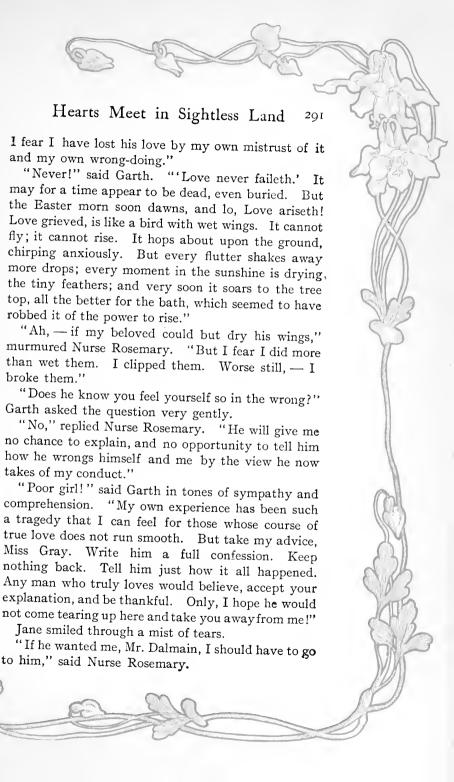
But it troubled his mind lest by any chance her peace of heart should be disturbed through him. So it was with relief, and yet with an unreasonable smouldering jealousy, that he heard of the young man to whom she was devoted. And now it appeared she was unhappy through her young man, just as he was unhappy through — no, because of — Jane.

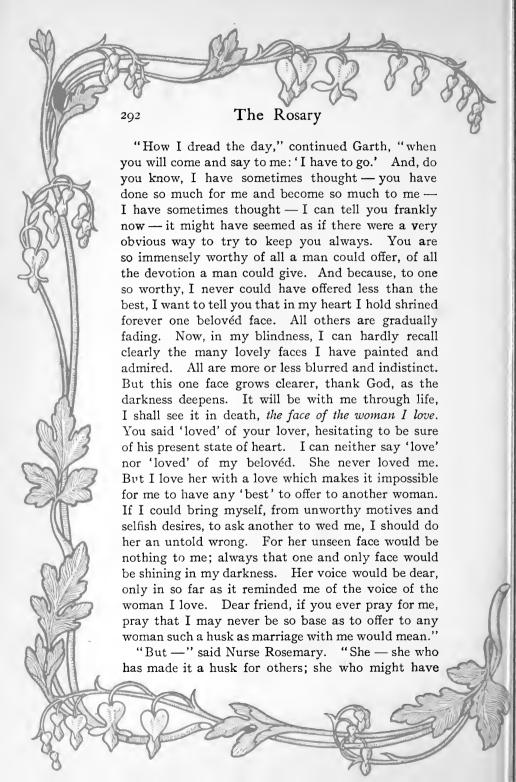
Satan!" and the battle was won.

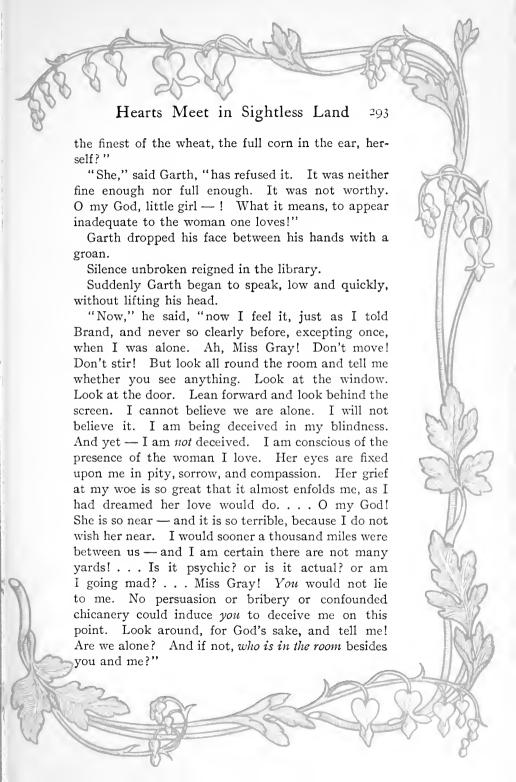
A sudden impulse came over him to do away forever with the thought which in his own mind had lately come between them, and to establish their intimacy on an even closer and firmer basis, by being absolutely frank with her on the matter.

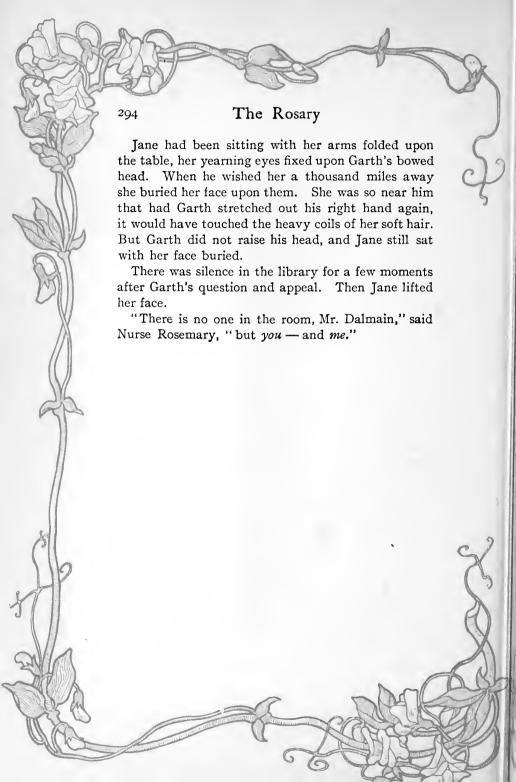
"Miss Gray," he said, leaning towards her with that delightful smile of boyish candour which many women had found irresistible; "it is good of you to have told me about yourself; and, although I confess to feeling unreasonably jealous of the fortunate fellow who possesses your whole heart, I am glad he exists, because we all miss something unless we have in our lives the wonderful experience of the One Woman or the One Man. And I want to tell you something. dear sweet friend of mine, which closely touches you and me; only, before I do so, put your hand in

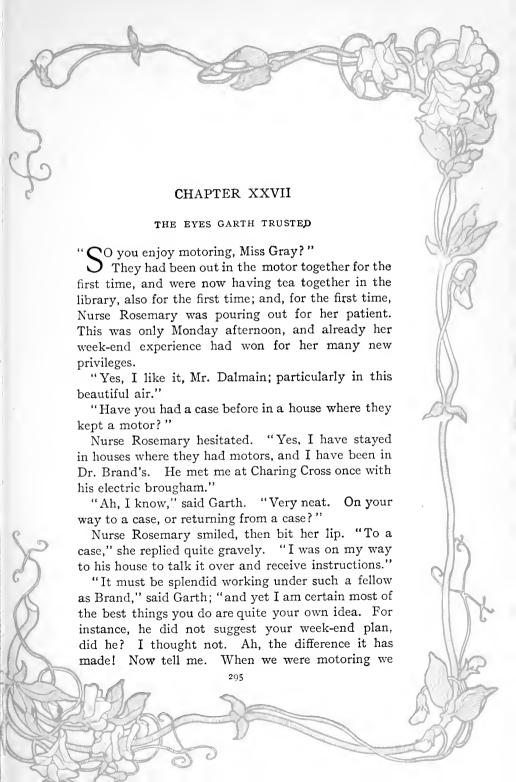


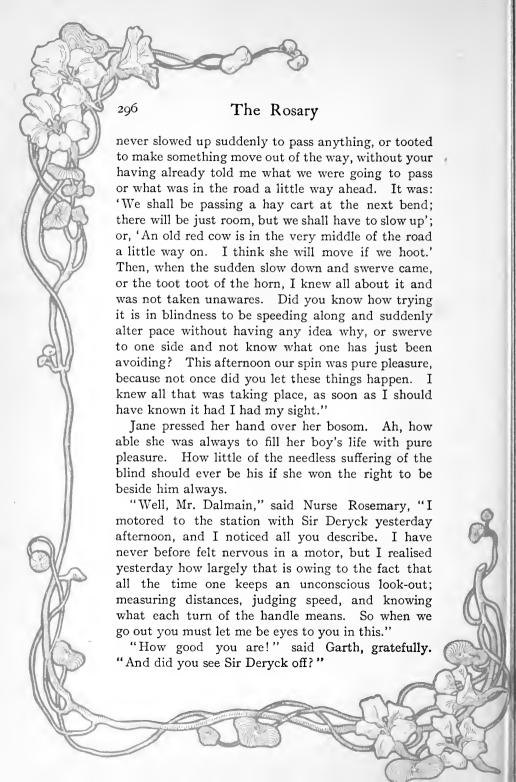


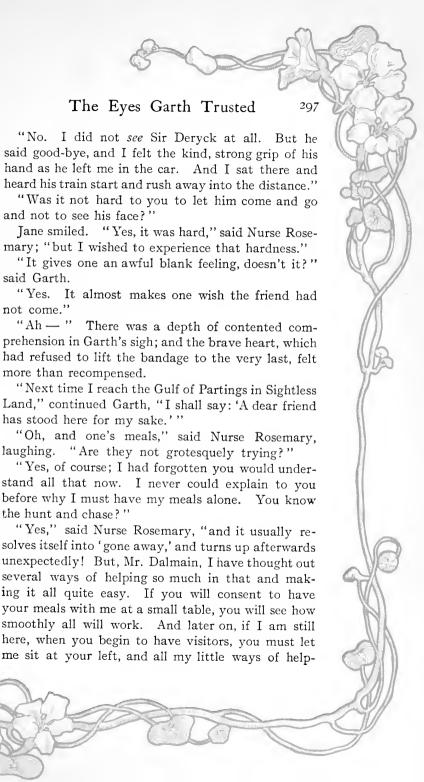






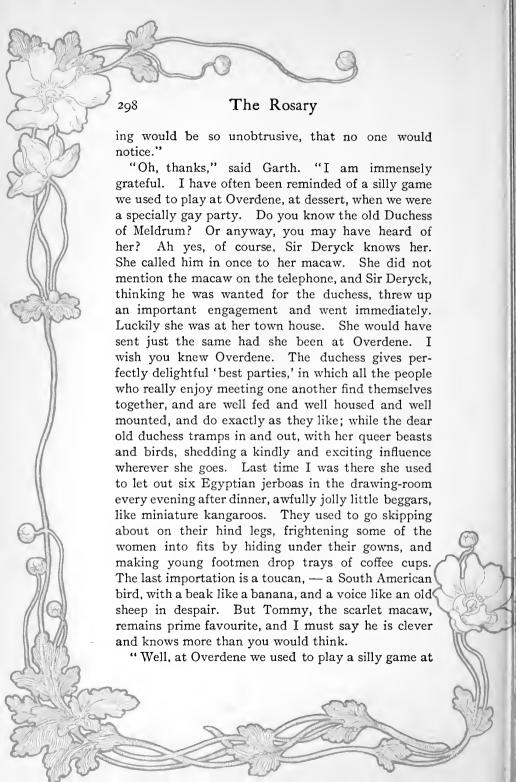


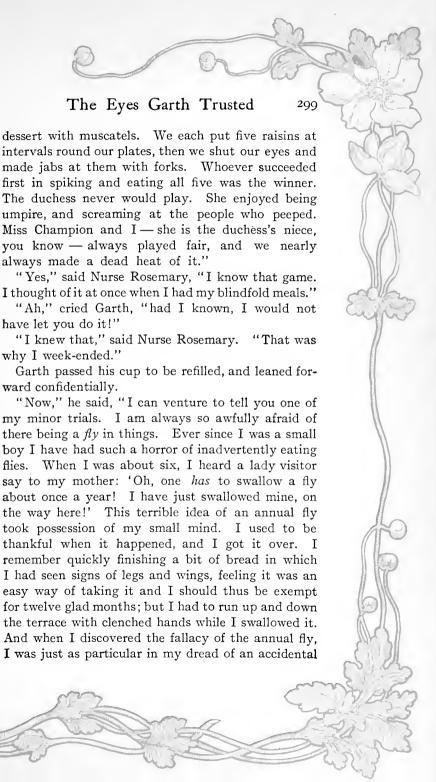


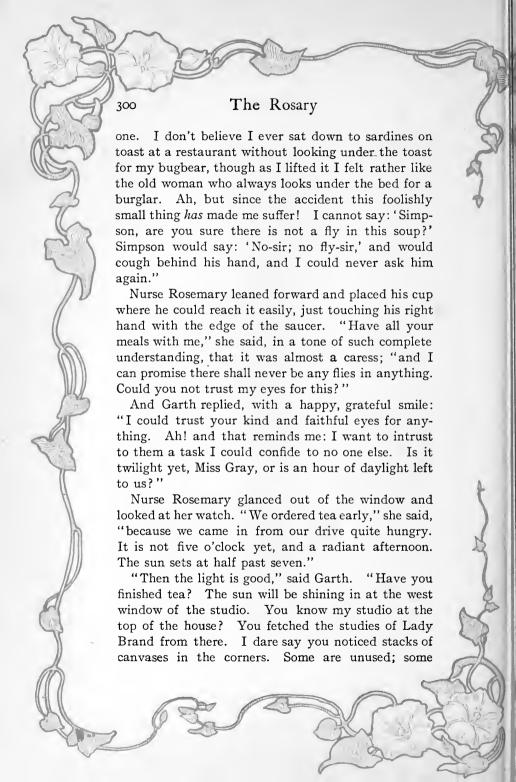


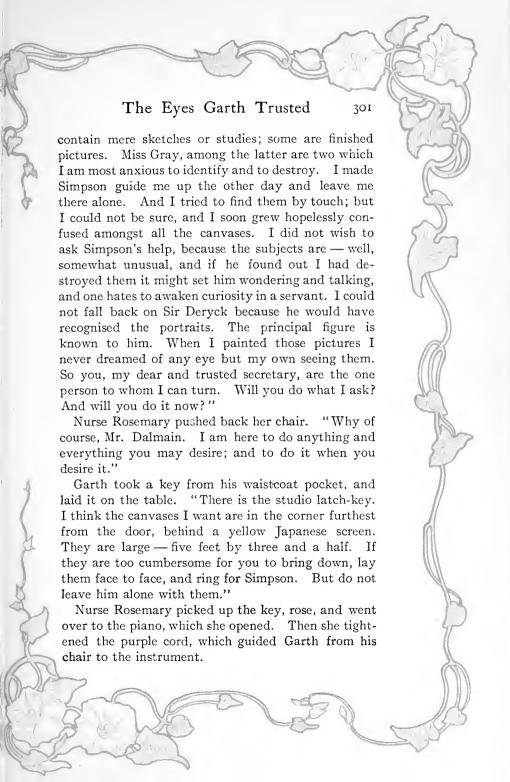
said Garth.

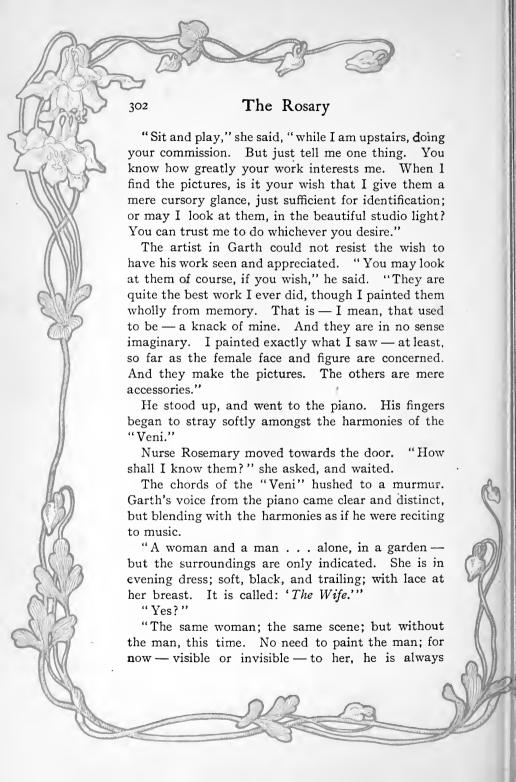
not come." "Ah — "

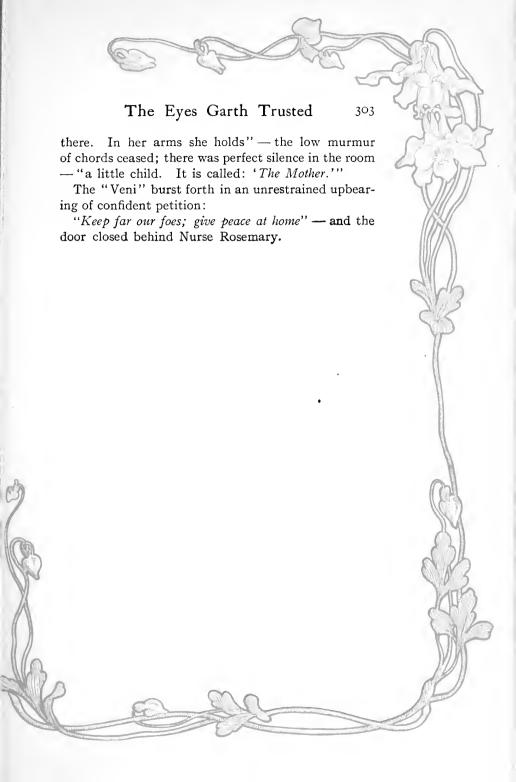


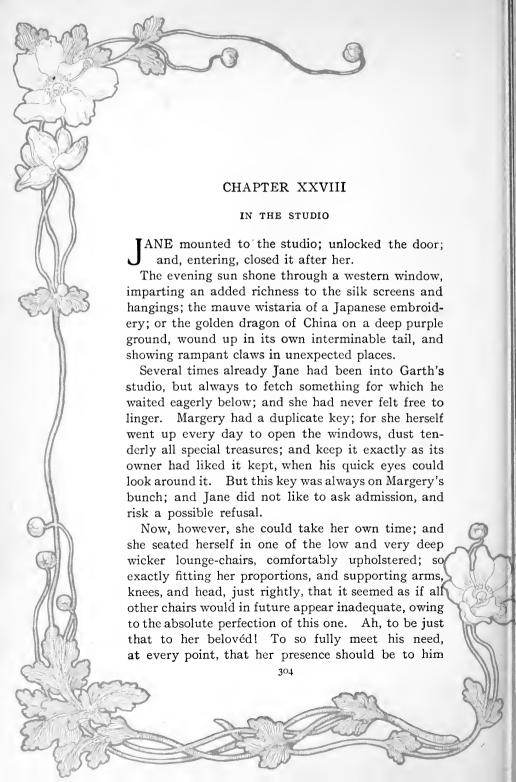


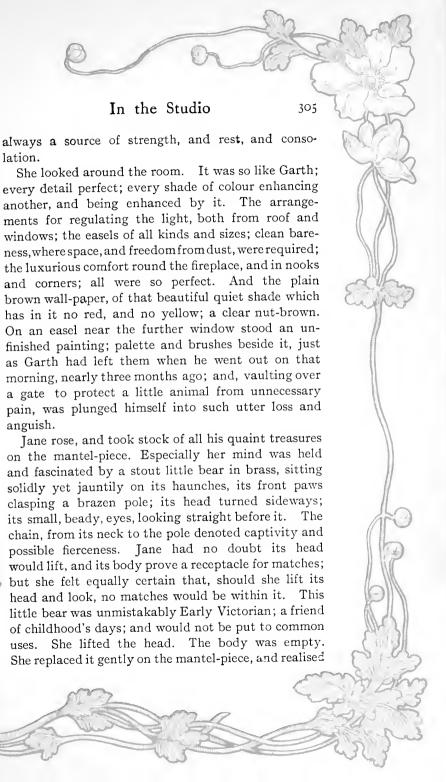


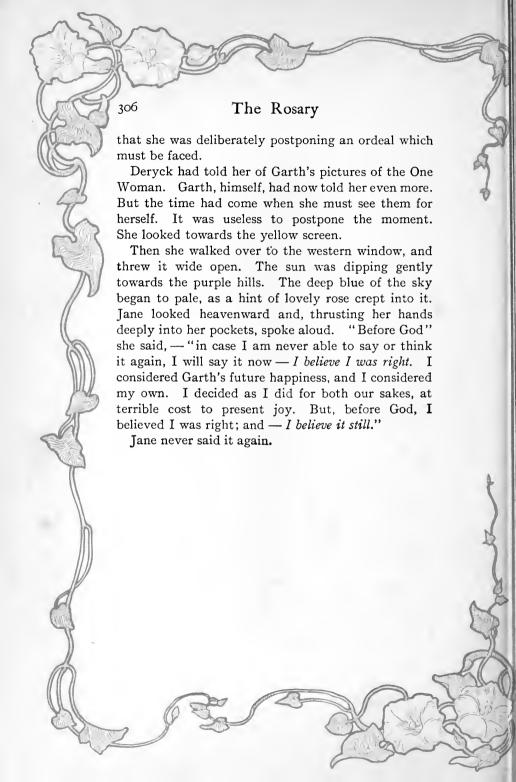


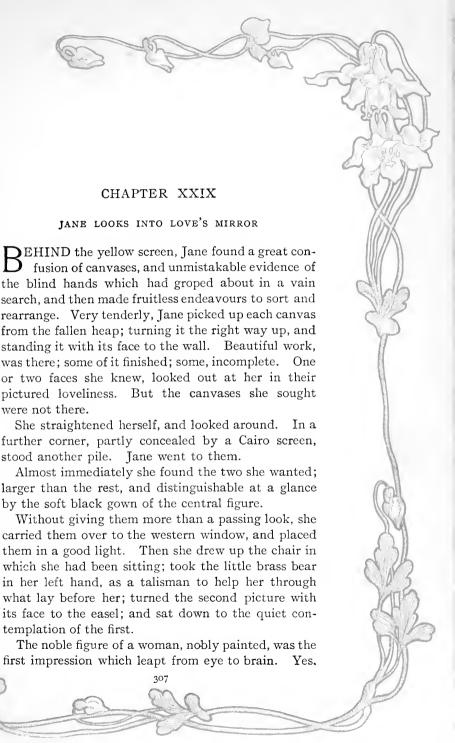


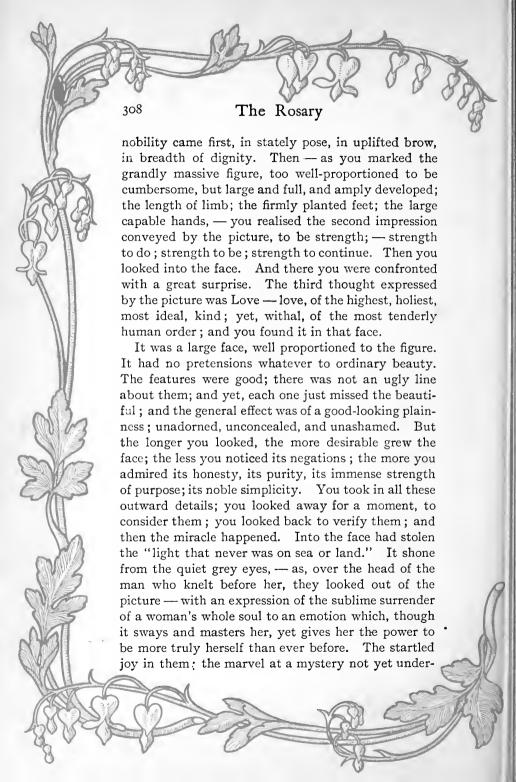


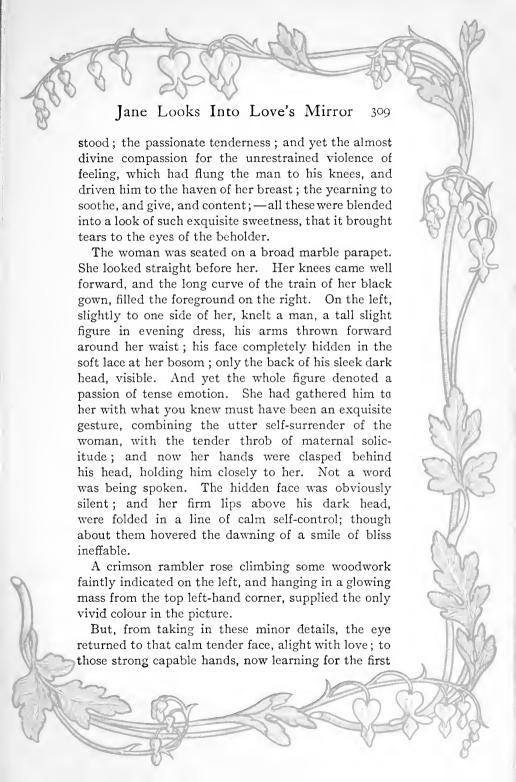


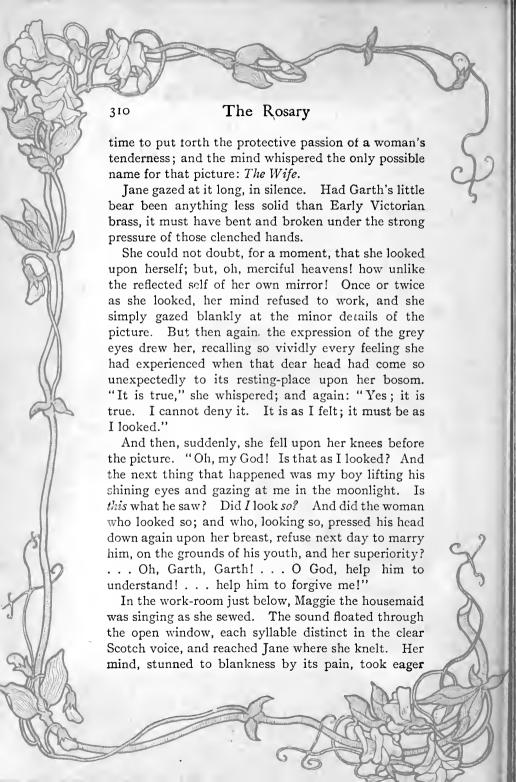






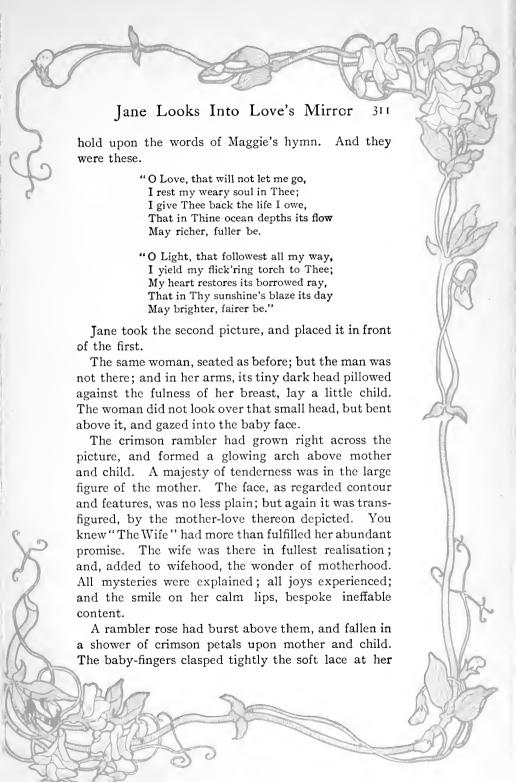


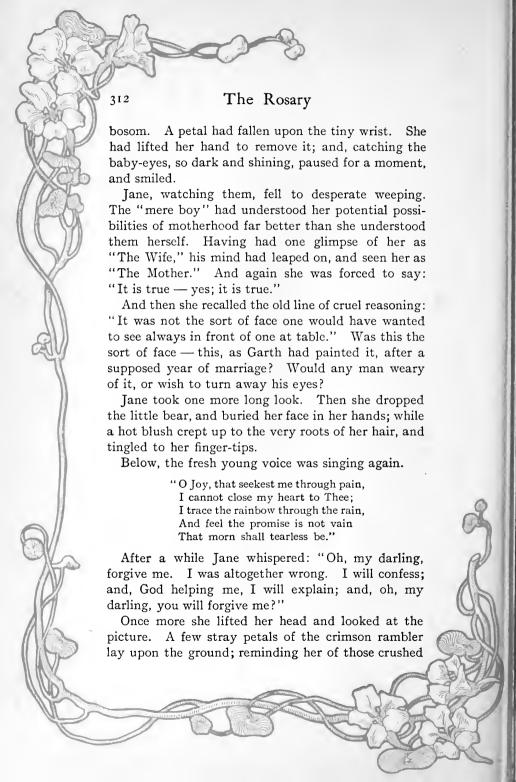














Jane Looks Into Love's Mirror 313

roses, which, falling from her breast, lay scattered on the terrace at Shenstone, emblem of the joyous hopes and glory of love which her decision of that night, had laid in the dust of disillusion. But crowning this picture, in rich clusters of abundant bloom, grew the rambler rose. And through the open window came the final verse of Maggie's hymn.

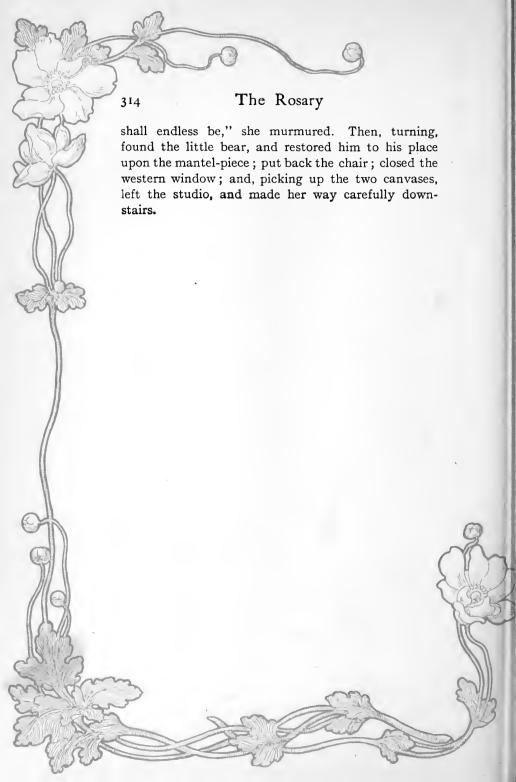
"O cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

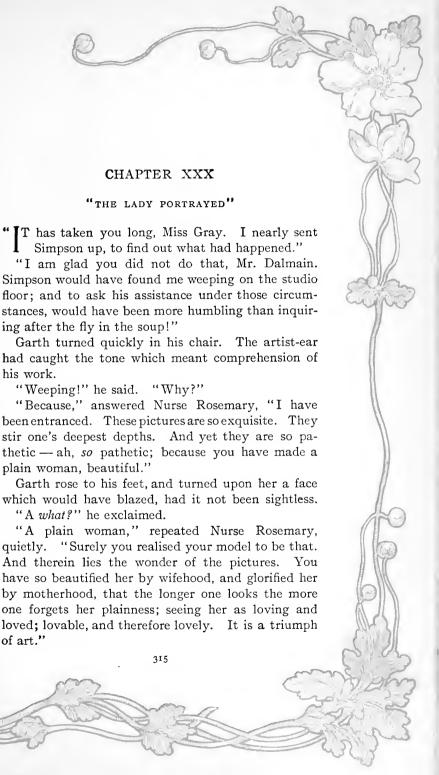
Jane went to the western window, and stood, with her arms stretched above her, looking out upon the radiance of the sunset. The sky blazed into gold and crimson at the horizon; gradually as the eye lifted, paling to primrose, flecked with rosy clouds; and, overhead, deep blue — fathomless, boundless, blue.

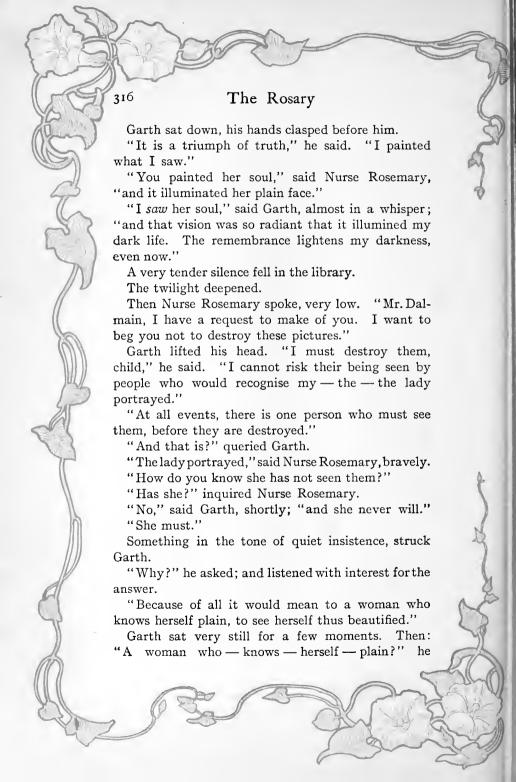
Jane gazed at the golden battlements above the purple hills, and repeated, half aloud: "And the city was of pure gold; — and had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it. And there shall be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

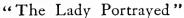
Ah, how much had passed away since she stood at that western window, not an hour before. All life seemed readjusted; its outlook altered; its perspective changed. Truly Garth had "gone behind his blindness."

Jane raised her eyes to the blue; and a smile of unspeakable anticipation parted her lips. "Life, that









The Lady Politayed

repeated, with interrogative amazement in his voice.

"Yes," proceeded Nurse Rosemary, encouraged. "Do you suppose, for a moment, that that lady's mirror has ever shown her a reflection in any way approaching what you have made her in these pictures? When we stand before our looking-glasses, Mr. Dalmain, scowling anxiously at hats and bows, and partings, we usually look our very worst; and that lady, at her very worst, would be of a most discouraging plainness."

Garth sat perfectly silent.

"Depend upon it," continued Nurse Rosemary, "she never sees herself as 'The Wife'—'The Mother.' Is she a wife?"

Garth hesitated only the fraction of a second. "Yes," he said, very quietly.

Jane's hands flew to her breast. Her heart must be held down, or he would hear it throbbing.

Nurse Rosemary's voice had in it only a slight tremor, when she spoke again.

"Is she a mother?"

"No," said Garth. "I painted what might have been."

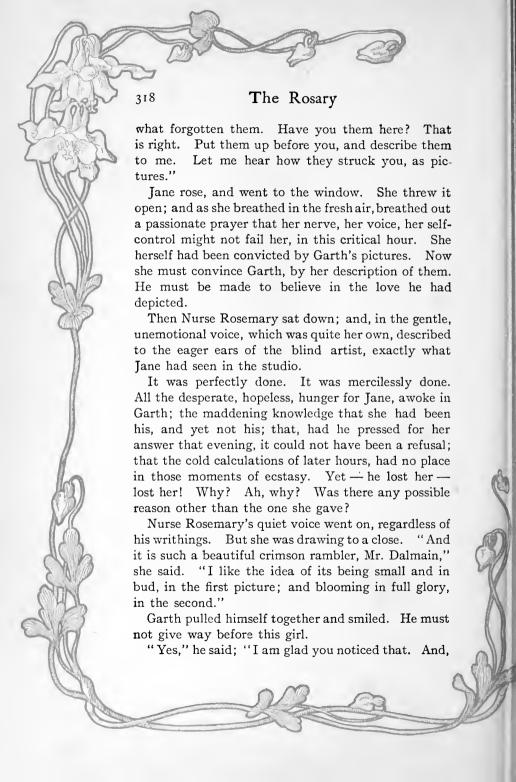
"If — ?"

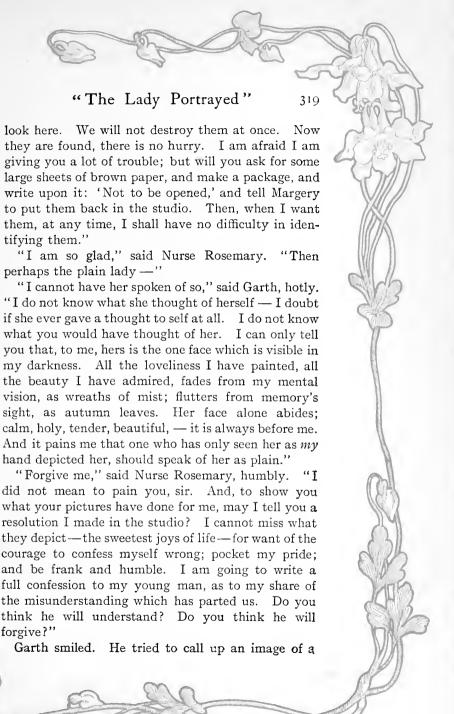
"If it had been," replied Garth, curtly.

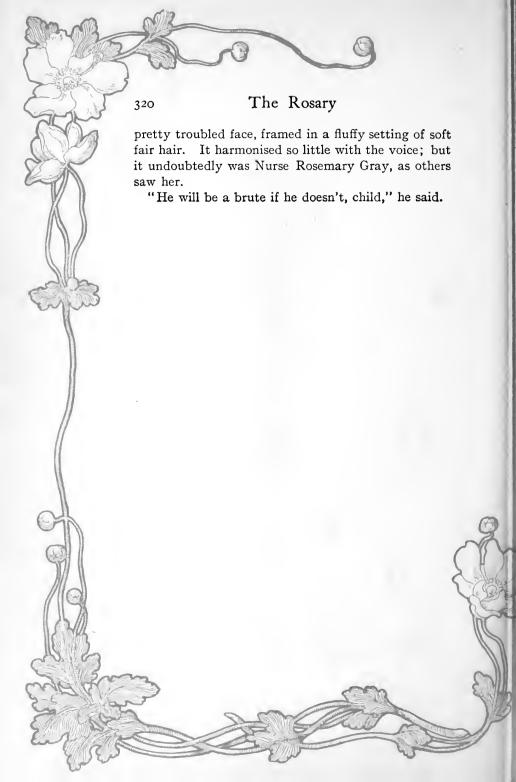
Nurse Rosemary felt rebuked. "Dear Mr. Dalmain," she said, humbly; "I realise how officious I must seem to you, with all these questions, and suggestions. But you must blame the hold these wonderful paintings of yours have taken on my mind. Oh, they are beautiful — beautiful!"

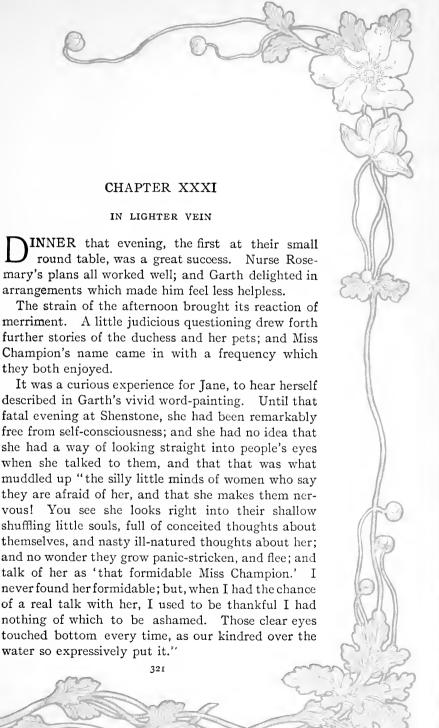
"Ah," said Garth, the keen pleasure of the artist springing up once more. "Miss Gray, I have some-

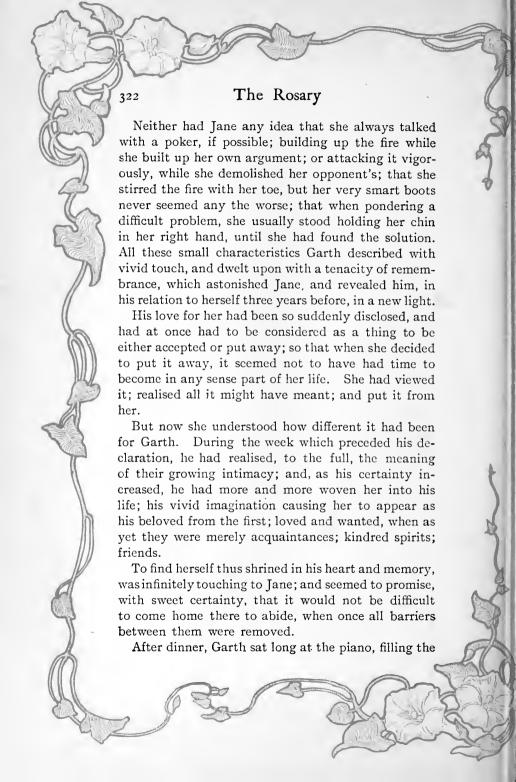
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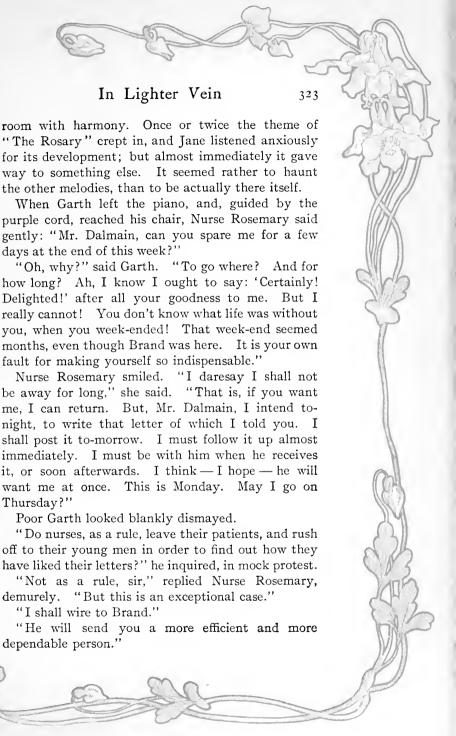


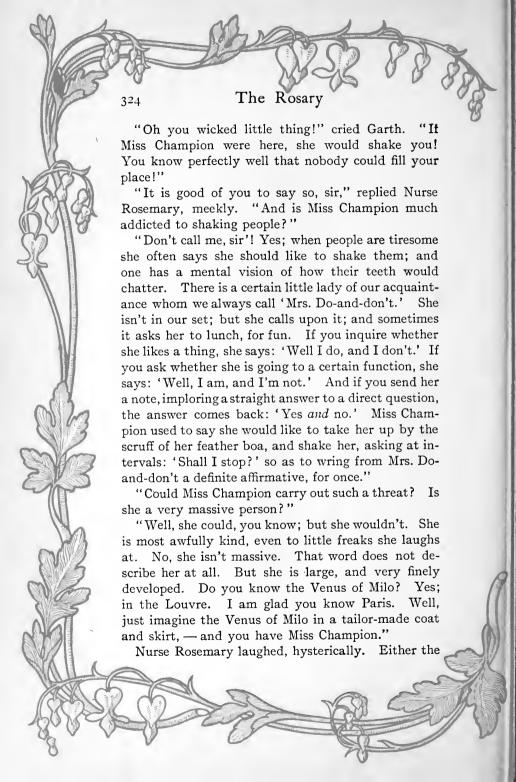


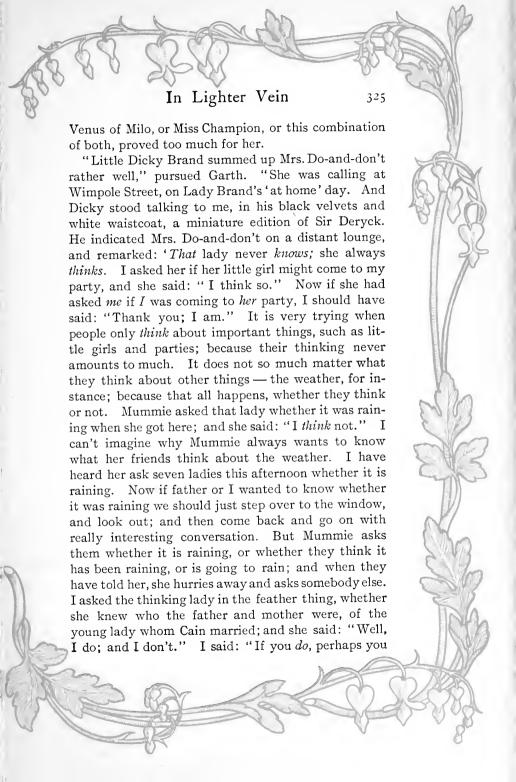


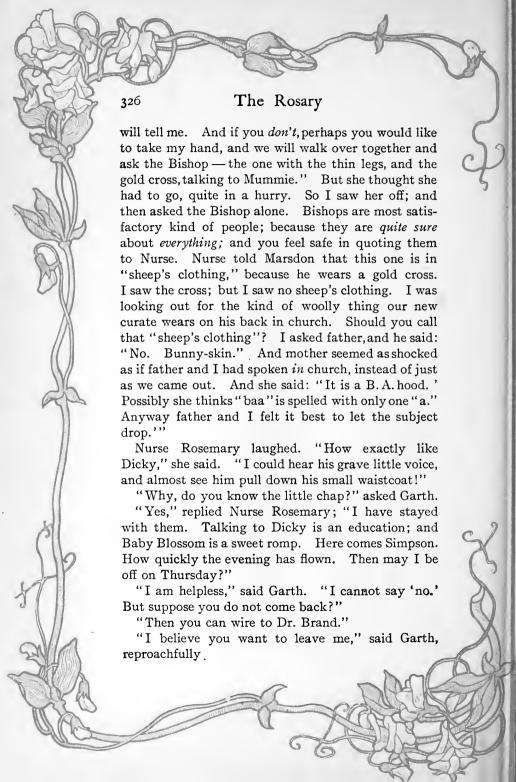


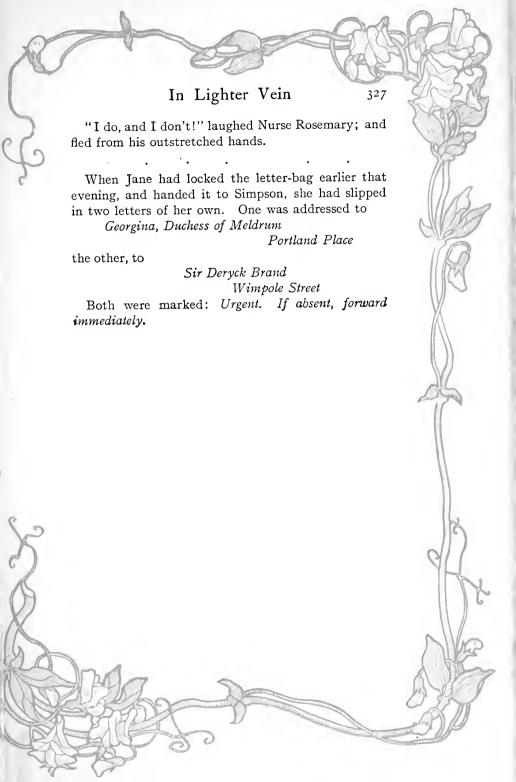


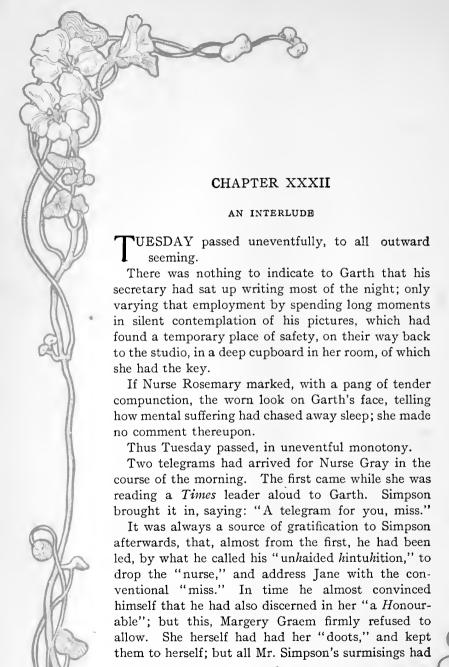














## An Interlude

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been freely expressed and reiterated in the housekeeper's room; and never a word about any honourable had passed Mr. Simpson's lips. Therefore Mrs. Graem berated him for being so ready to "go astray and speak lies." But Maggie, the housemaid, had always felt sure Mr. Simpson knew more than he said. "Said more than he knew, you mean," prompted old Margery. "No," retorted Maggie, "I know what I said; and I said what I meant." "You may have said what you meant, but you did not mean what you knew," insisted Margery; "and if anybody says another word on the matter, I shall say grace and dismiss the table," continued old Margery, exercising the clôture, by virtue of her authority, in a way which Simpson and Maggie, who both wished for cheese, afterwards described as "mean."

But this was long after the uneventful Tuesday, when Simpson entered, with a salver; and, finding Jane enveloped in the *Times*, said: "A telegram for you, miss."

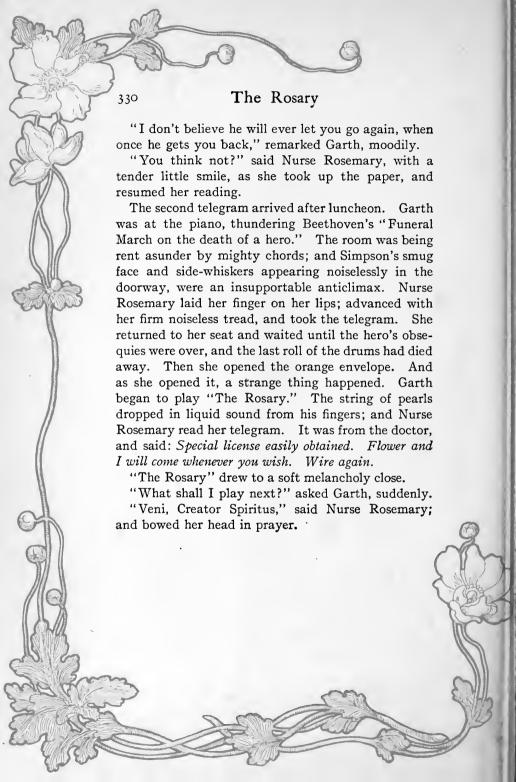
Nurse Rosemary took it; apologised for the interruption, and opened it. It was from the duchess, and ran thus:

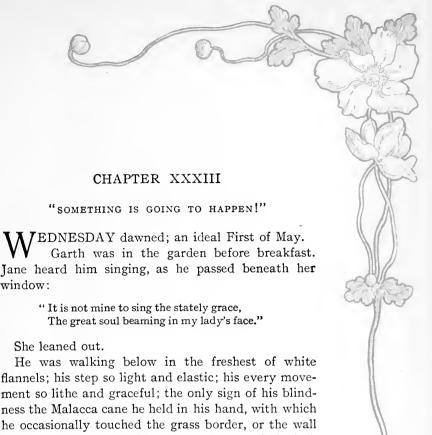
Most inconvenient, as you very well know; but am leaving Euston to-night. Will await further orders at Aberdeen.

Nurse Rosemary smiled, and put the telegram into her pocket. "No answer, thank you, Simpson."

"Not bad news, I hope?" asked Garth.

"No," replied Nurse Rosemary; "but it makes my departure on Thursday imperative. It is from an old aunt of mine, who is going to my 'young man's' home. I must be with him before she is, or there will be endless complications."



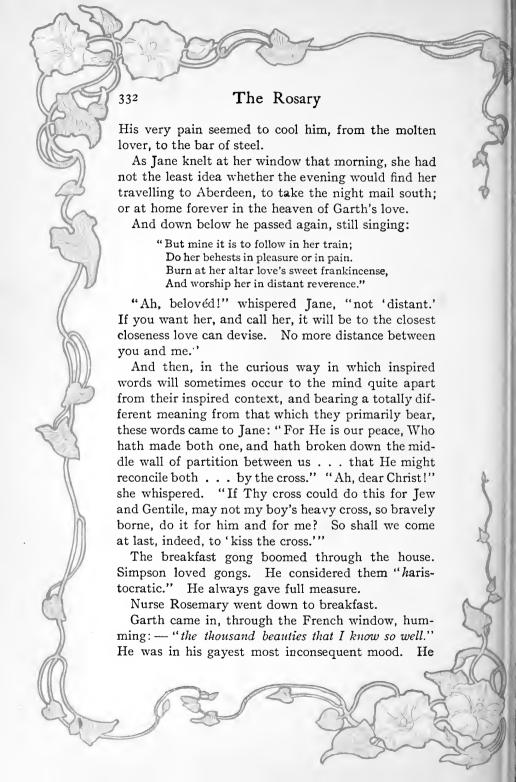


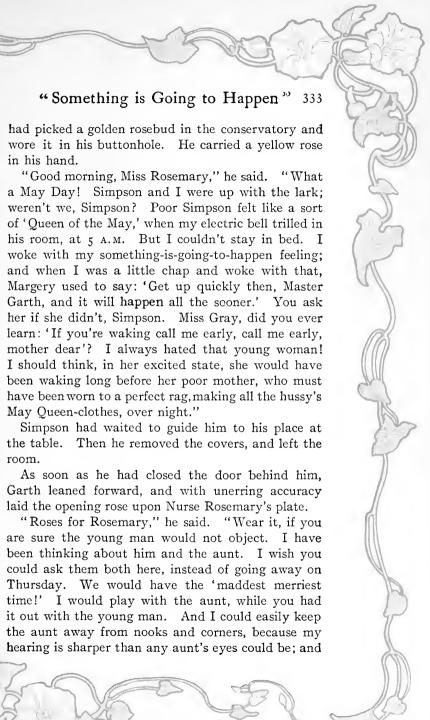
She leaned out.

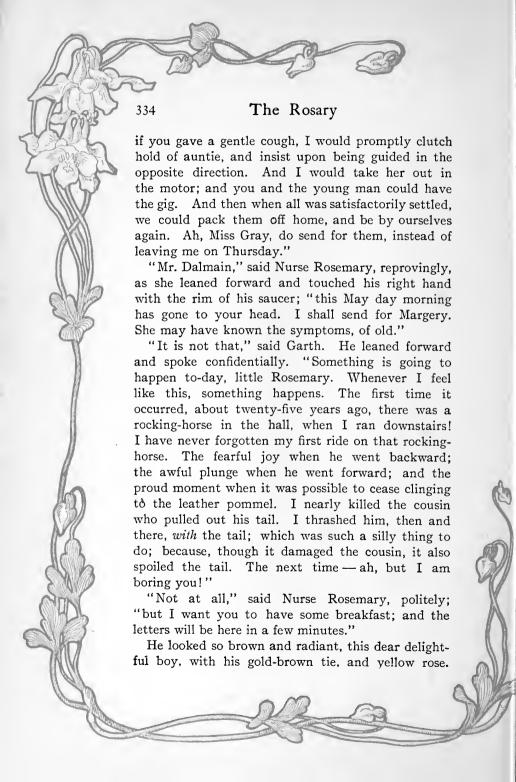
window:

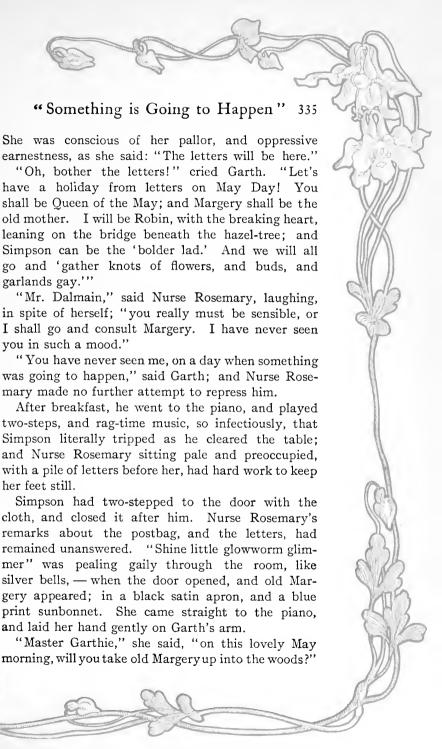
He was walking below in the freshest of white flannels; his step so light and elastic; his every movement so lithe and graceful; the only sign of his blindness the Malacca cane he held in his hand, with which he occasionally touched the grass border, or the wall of the house. She could only see the top of his dark head. It might have been on the terrace at Shenstone, three years before. She longed to call from the window: "Darling - my Darling! Good morning! God bless you to-day."

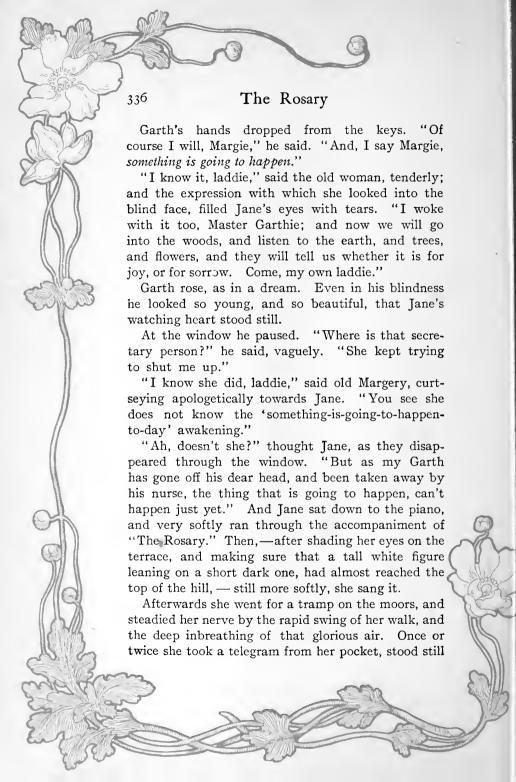
Ah what would to-day bring forth; — the day when her full confession, and explanation, and plea for pardon, would reach him? He was such a boy in many ways; so light-hearted, loving, artistic, poetic, irrepressible; ever young, in spite of his great affliction. But where his manhood was concerned; his love; his right of choice and of decision; of maintaining a fairlyformed opinion, and setting aside the less competent judgment of others; she knew him rigid, inflexible.

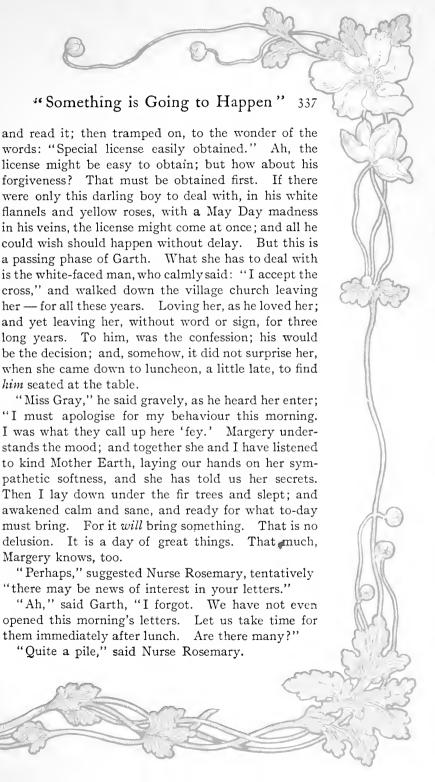


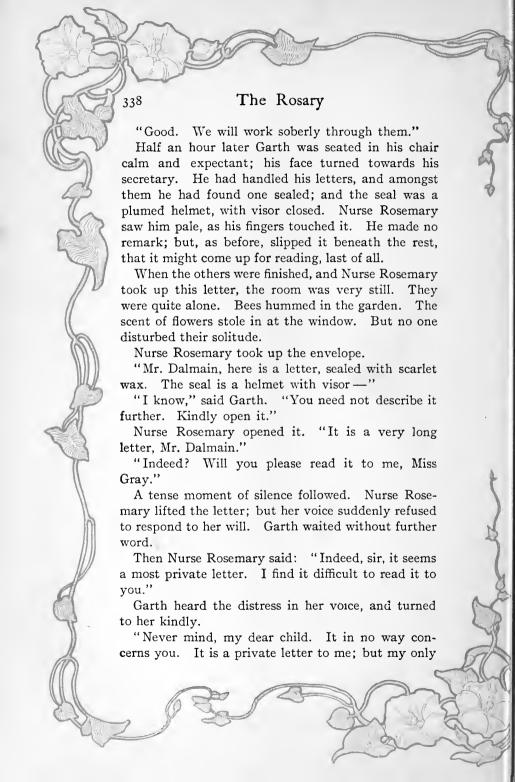


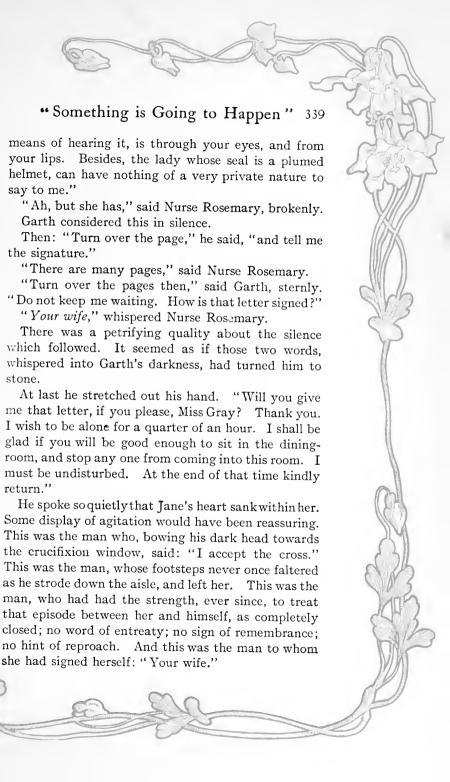


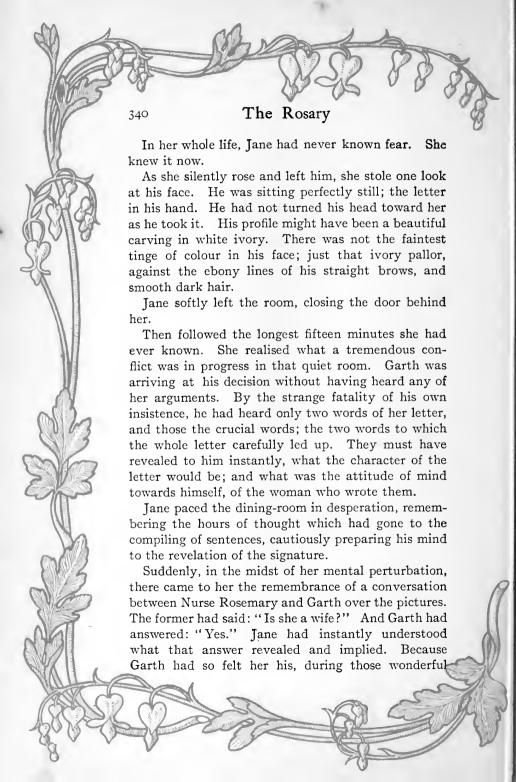


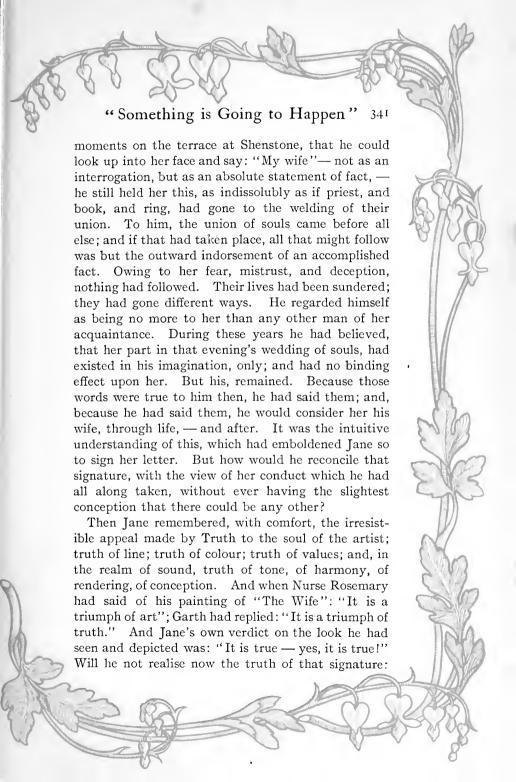


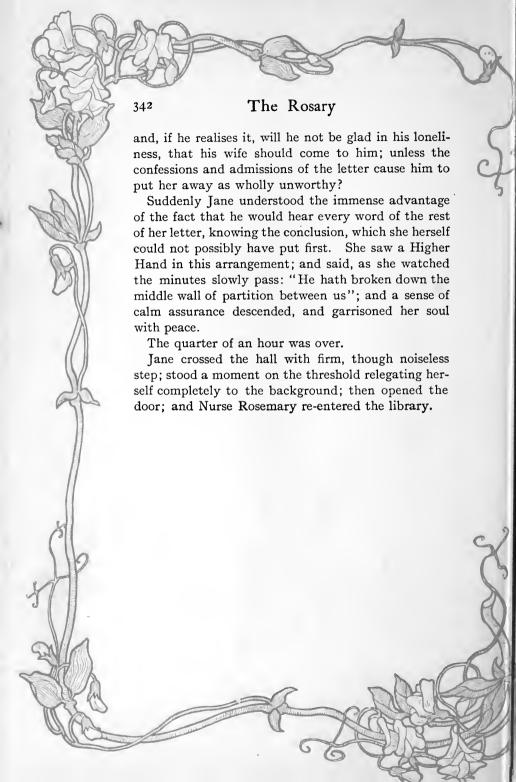


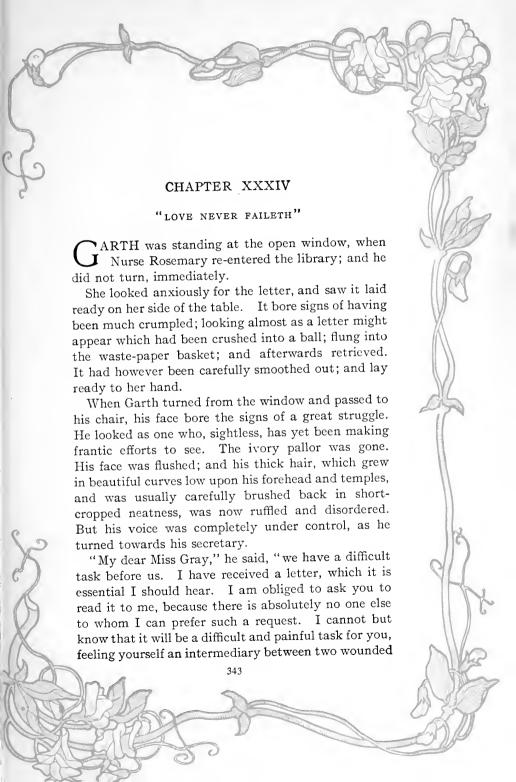


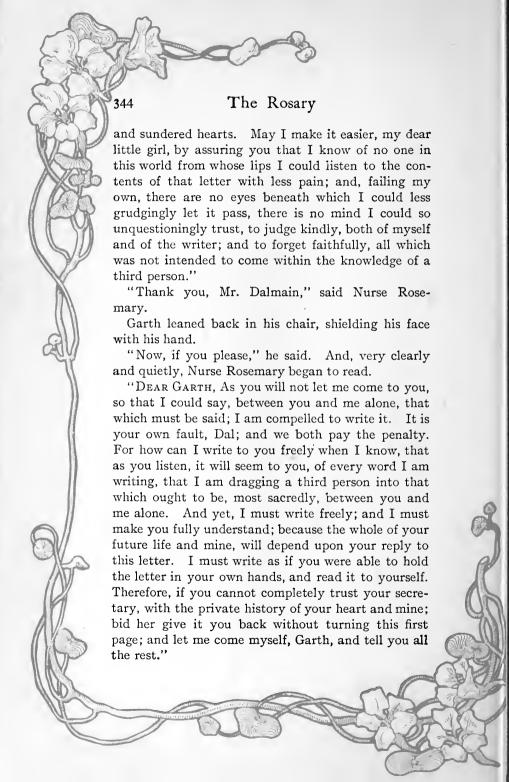


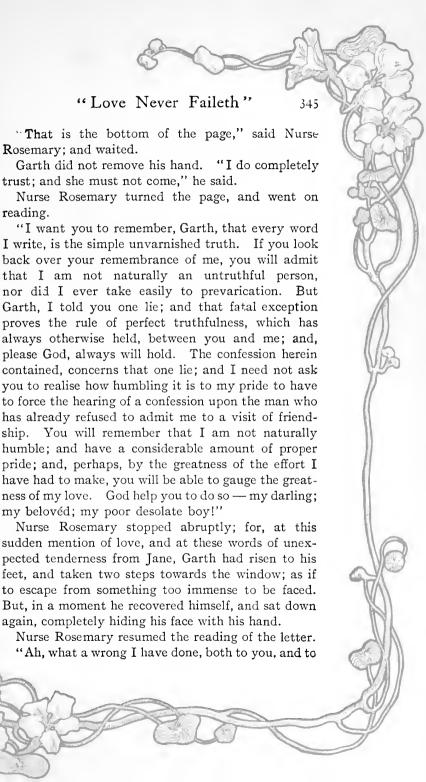




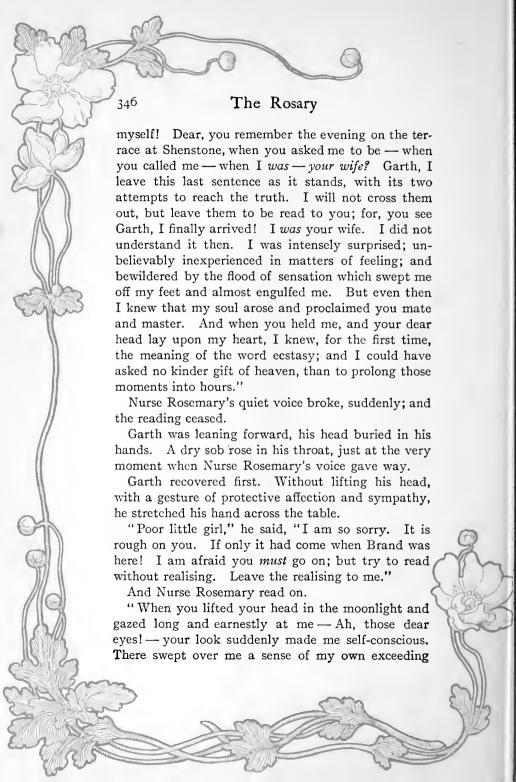


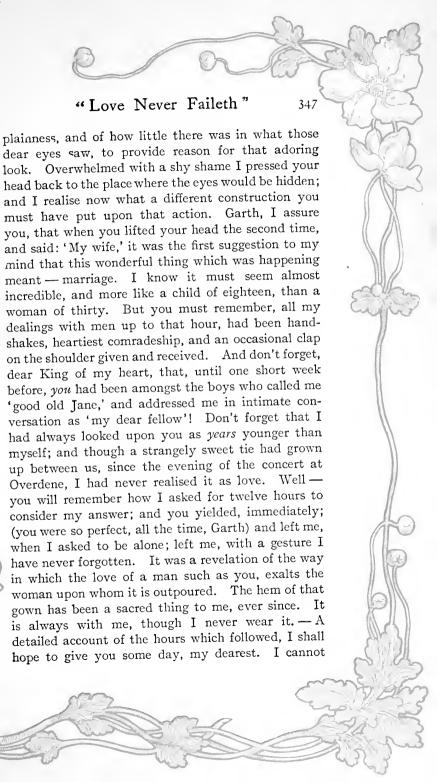


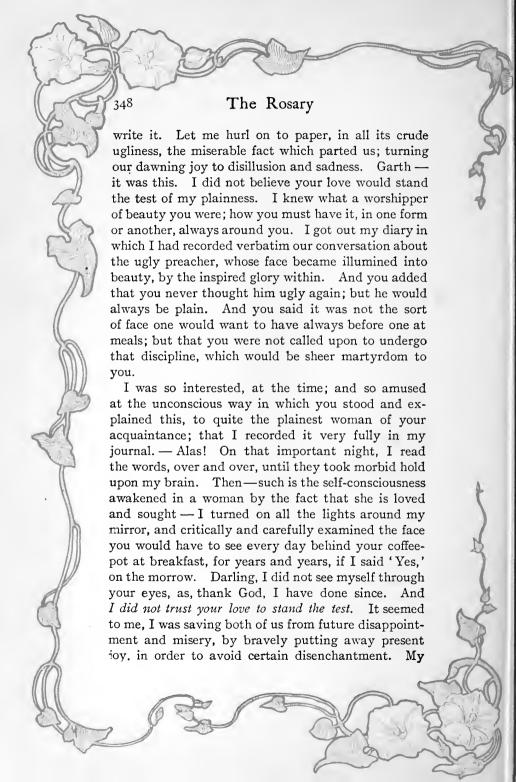


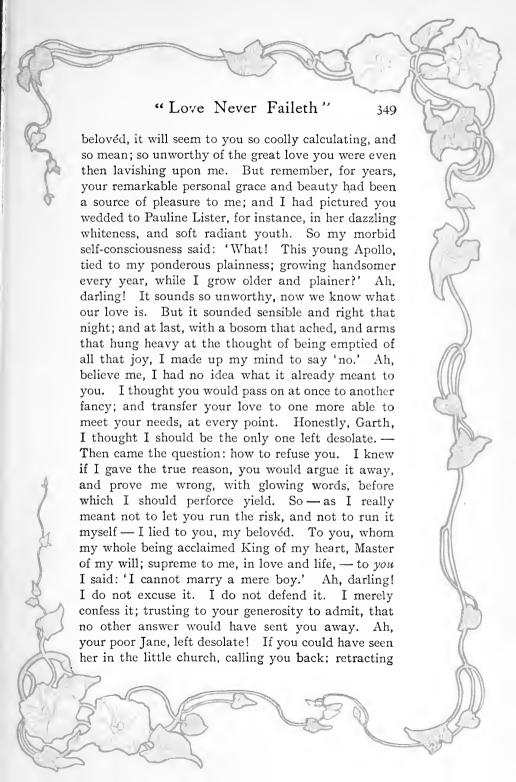


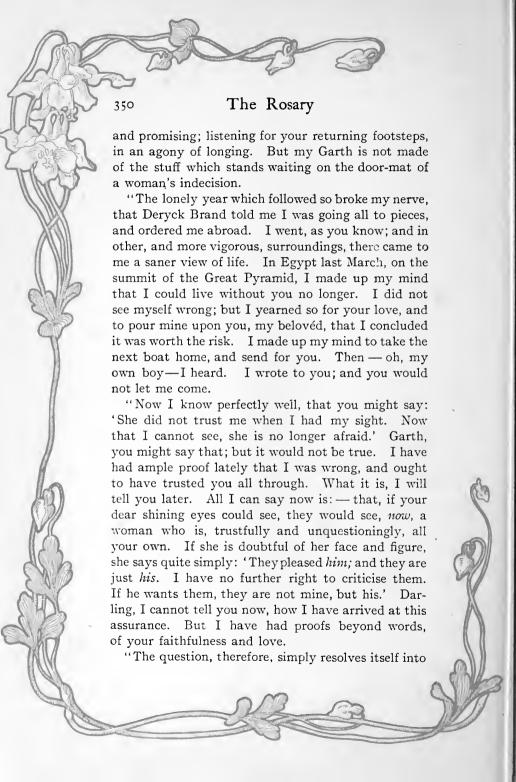
reading.

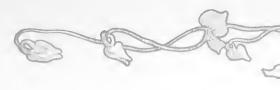












## "Love Never Faileth"

this: Can you forgive me? If you can forgive me, I can come to you at once. If this thing is past forgiveness, I must make up my mind to stay away. But, oh, my own Dear, — the bosom on which once you laid your head, waits for you with the longing ache of lonely years. If you need it, do not thrust it from you.

"Write me one word by your own hand: 'Forgiven.' It is all I ask. When it reaches me, I will come to you at once. Do not dictate a letter to your secretary. I could not bear it. Just write — if you can truly write it — 'Forgiven'; and send it to

Your Wife.

35 I

The room was very still, as Nurse Rosemary finished reading; and, laying down the letter, silently waited. She wondered for a moment whether she could get herself a glass of water, without disturbing him; but decided to do without it.

At last Garth lifted his head.

"She has asked me to do a thing impossible," he said; and a slow smile illumined his drawn face.

Jane clasped her hands upon her breast.

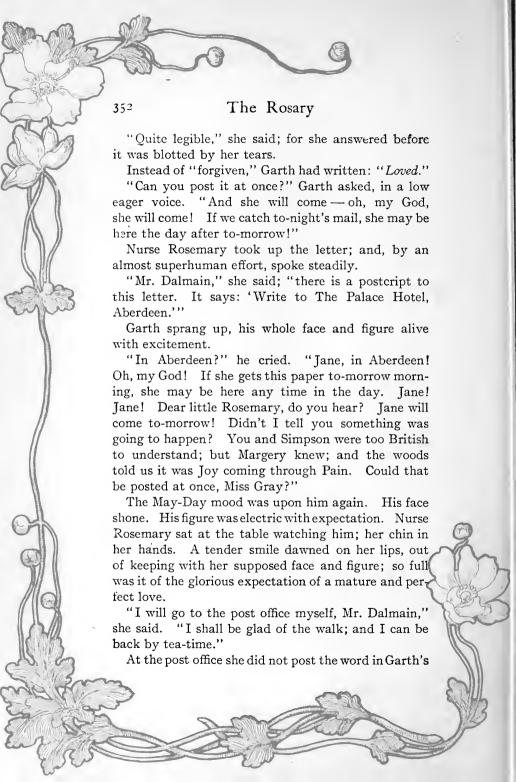
"Can you not write 'forgiven'? asked Nurse Rosemary, brokenly.

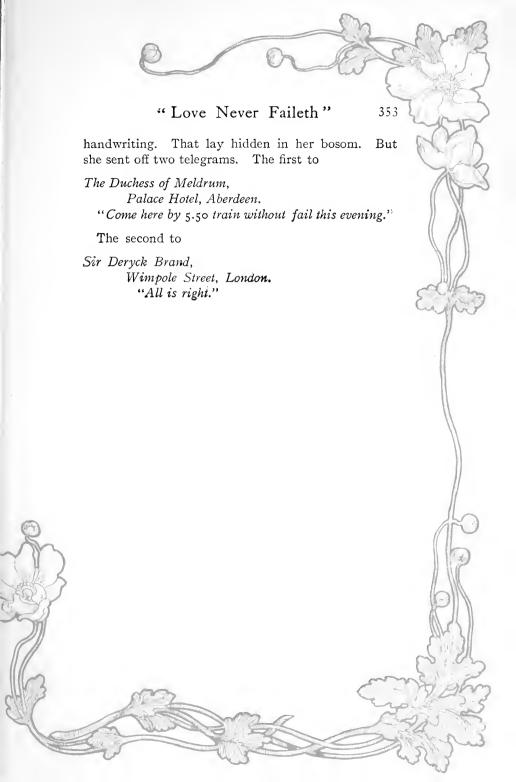
"No," said Garth. "I cannot. Little girl, give me a sheet of paper, and a pencil."

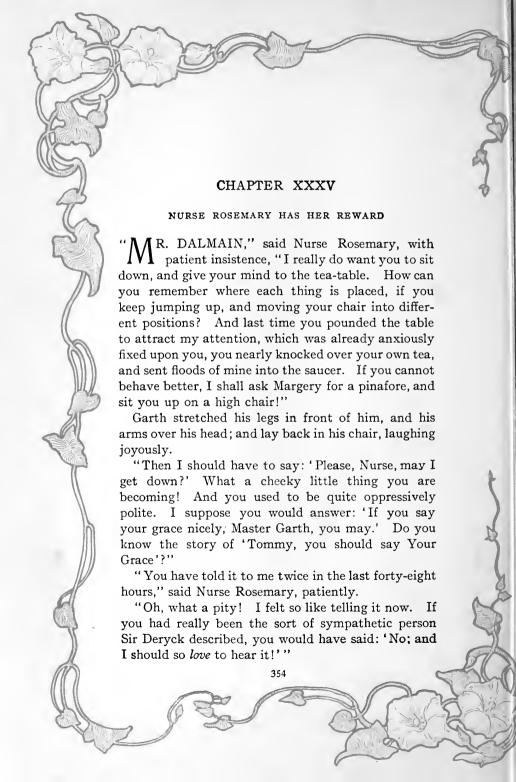
Nurse Rosemary placed them close to his hand.

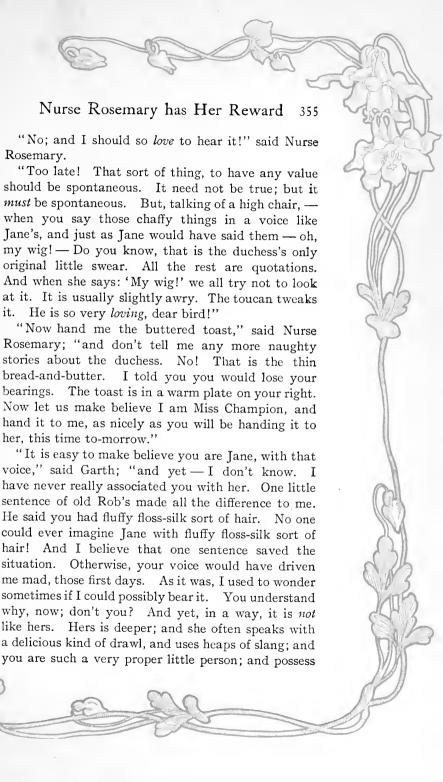
Garth took up the pencil. He groped for the paper; felt the edges with his left hand; found the centre with his fingers; and, in large firm letters, wrote one word.

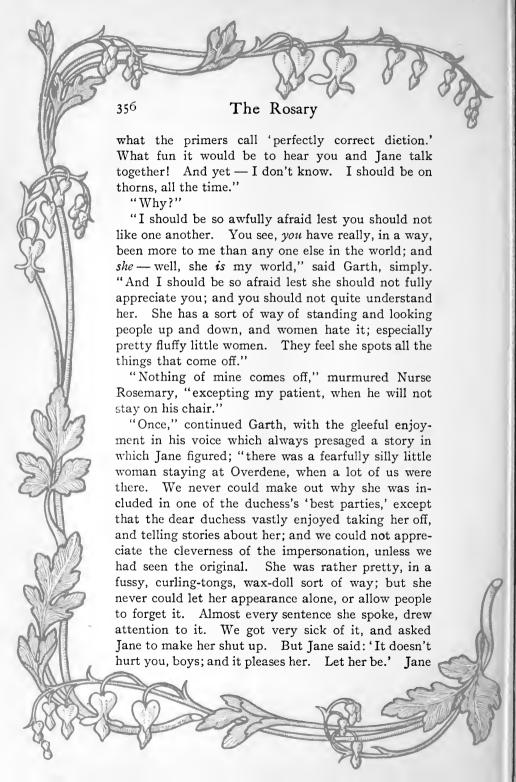
"Is that legible?" he asked, passing it across to Nurse Rosemary.

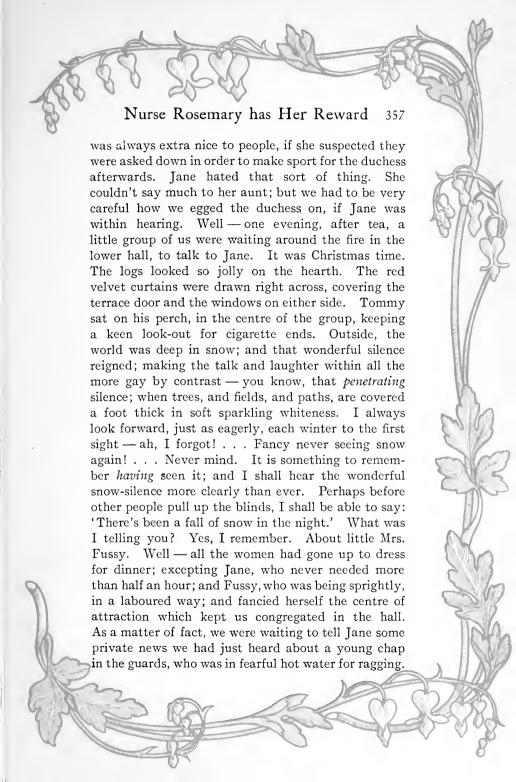


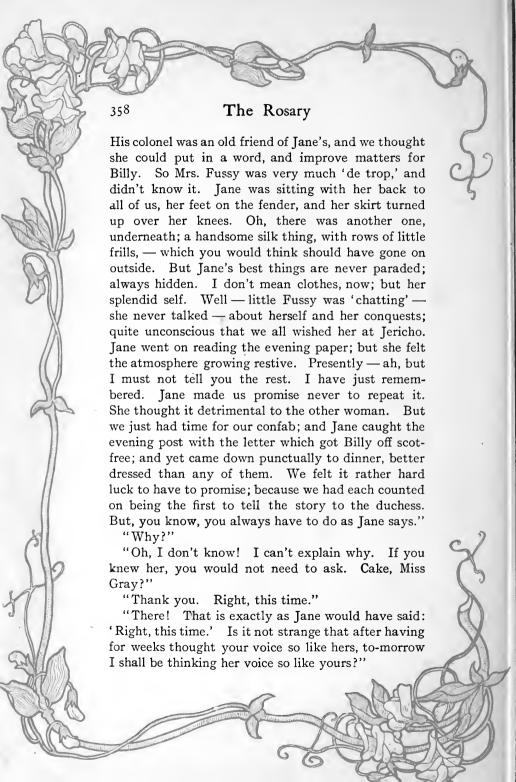


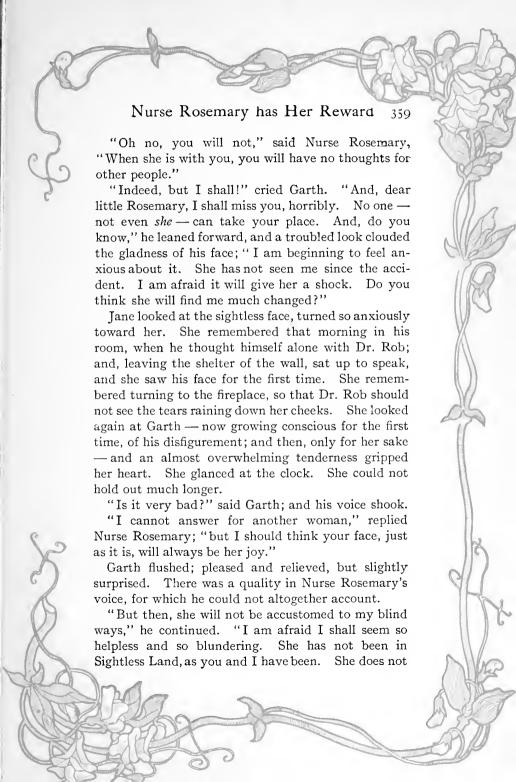


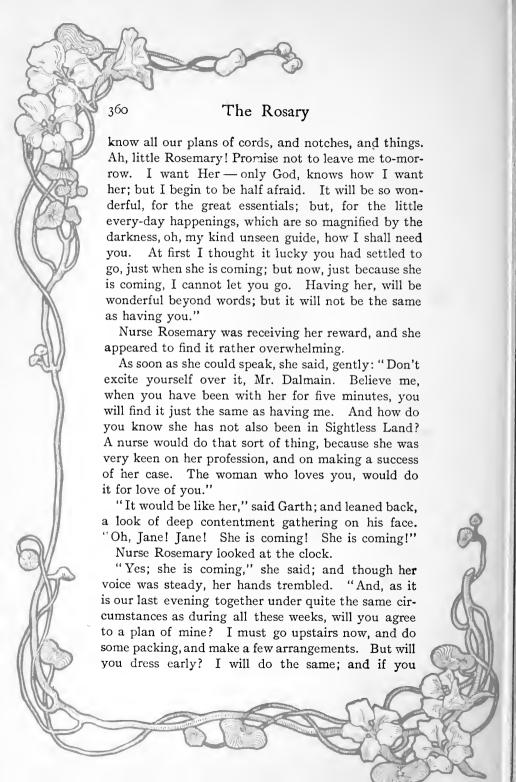


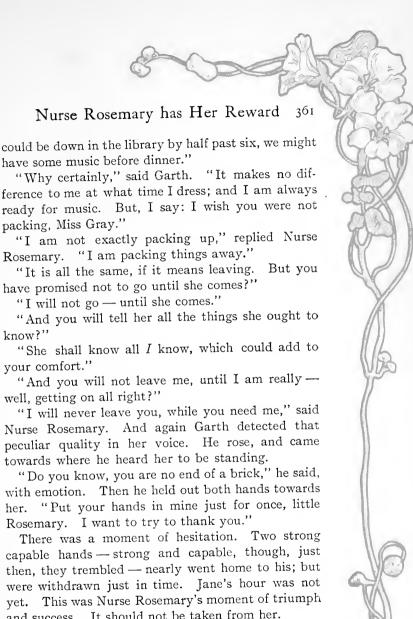








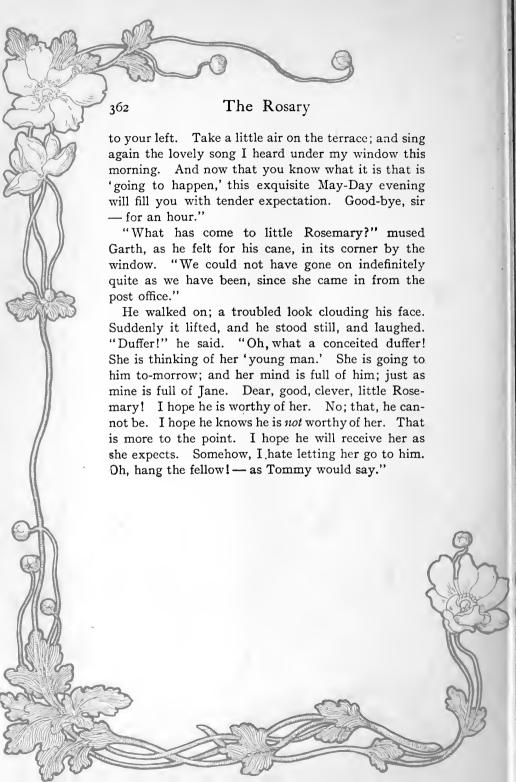


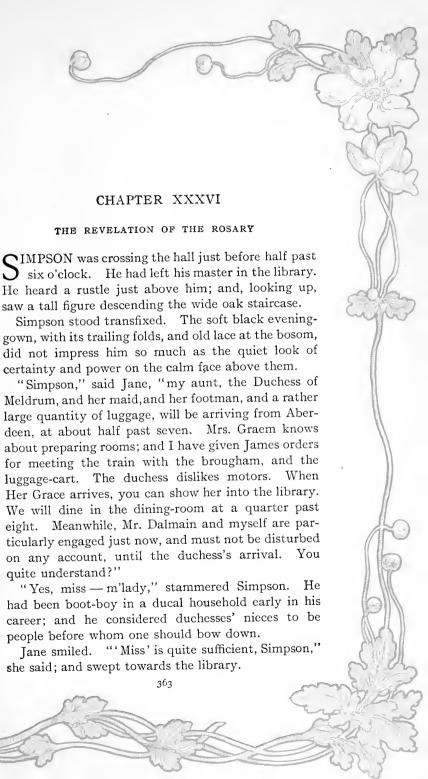


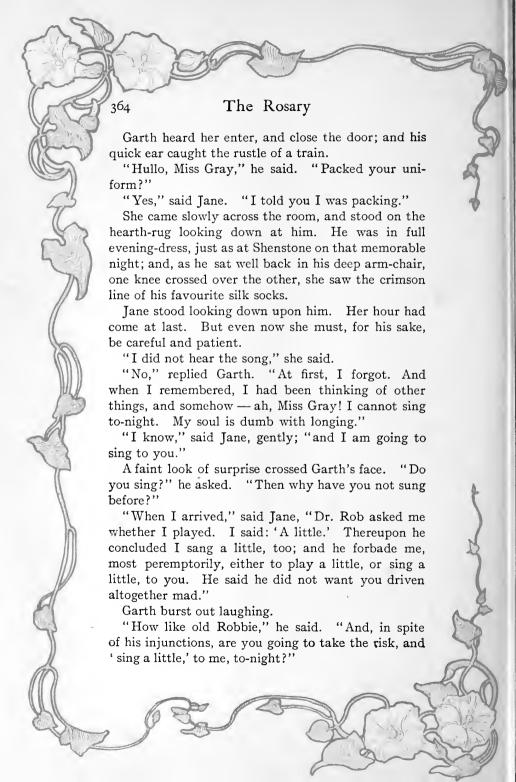
Rosemary. I want to try to thank you." There was a moment of hesitation. Two strong capable hands - strong and capable, though, just then, they trembled - nearly went home to his; but were withdrawn just in time. Jane's hour was not yet. This was Nurse Rosemary's moment of triumph and success. It should not be taken from her. "This evening," she said, softly; "after the music, we will - shake hands. Now be careful, sir. You are stranded. Wait. Here is the garden-cord, just

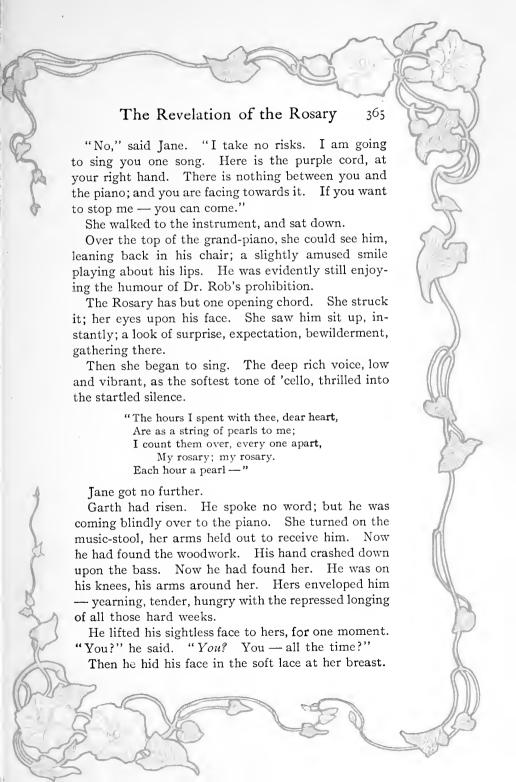
know?"

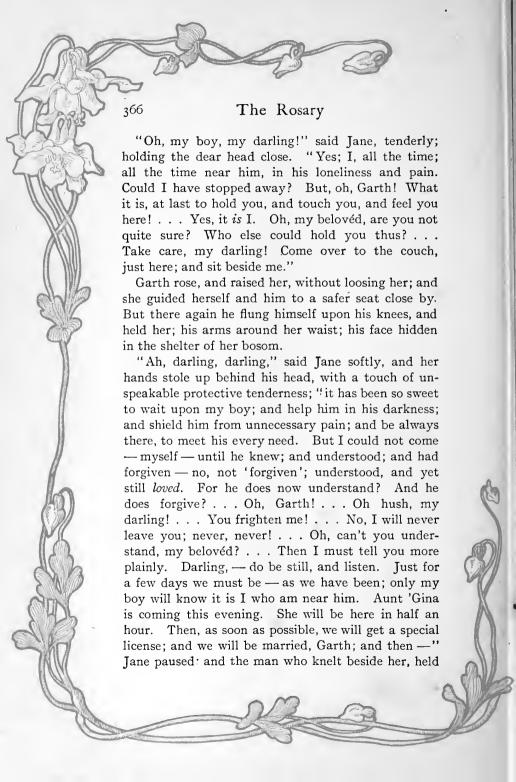
vour comfort."

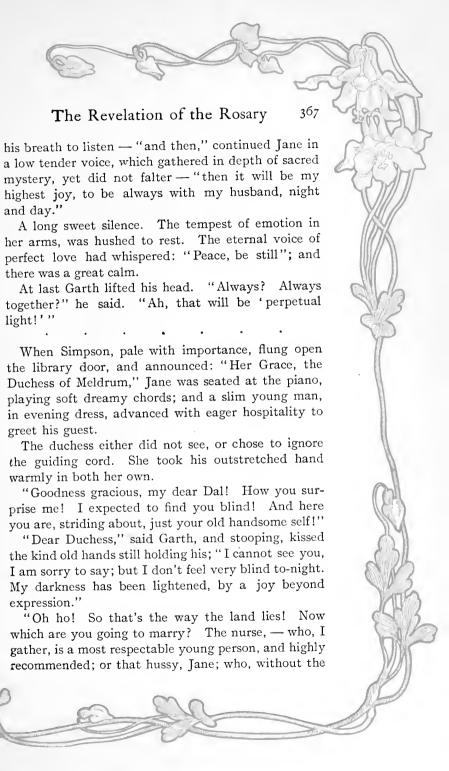


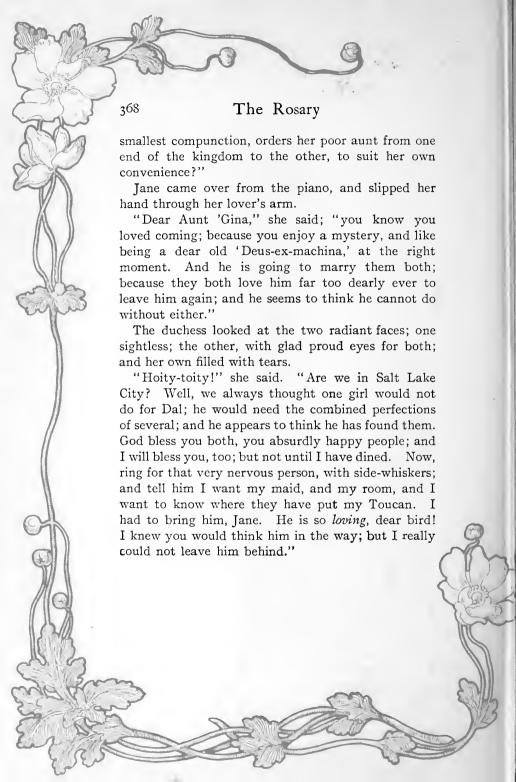


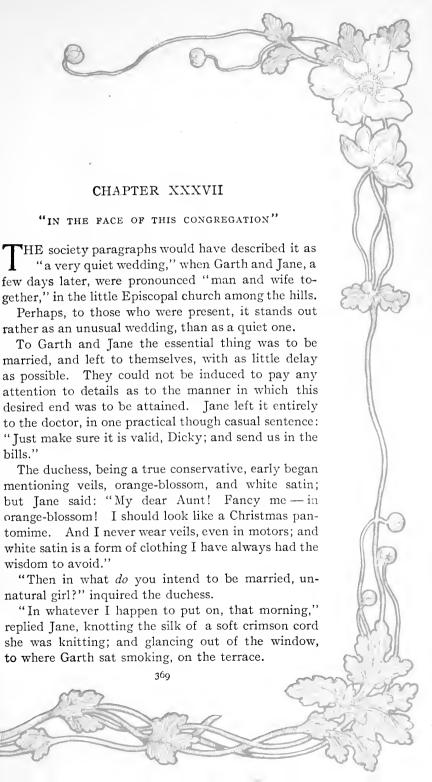


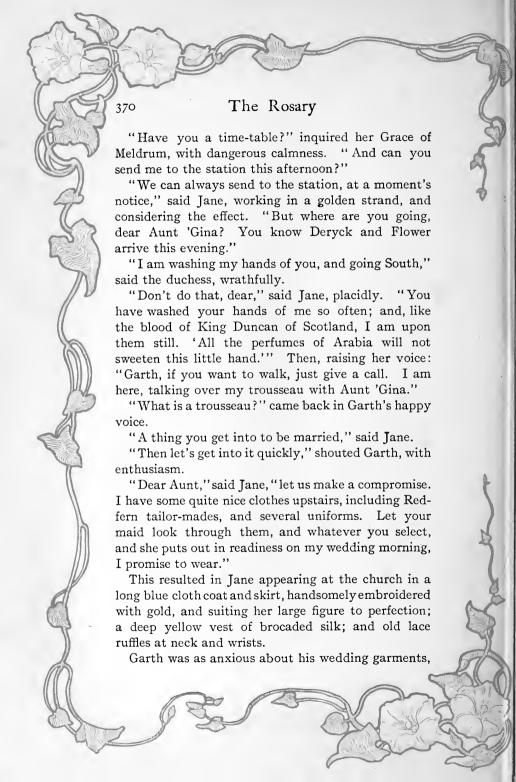


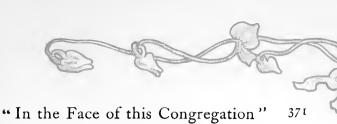










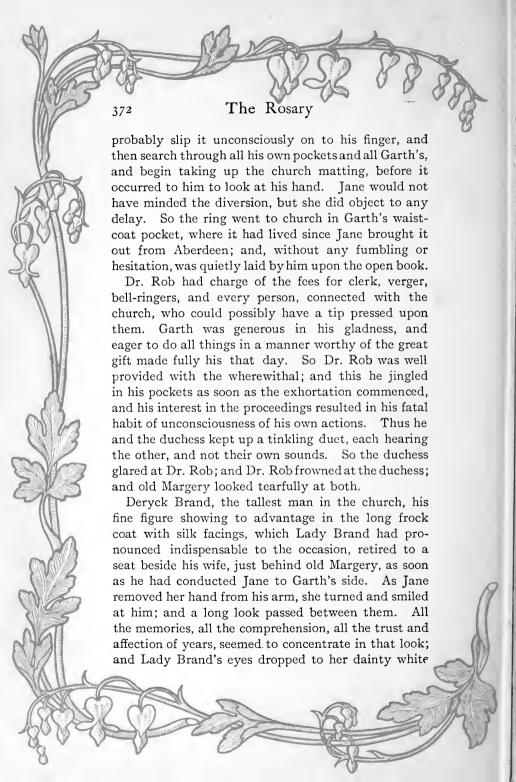


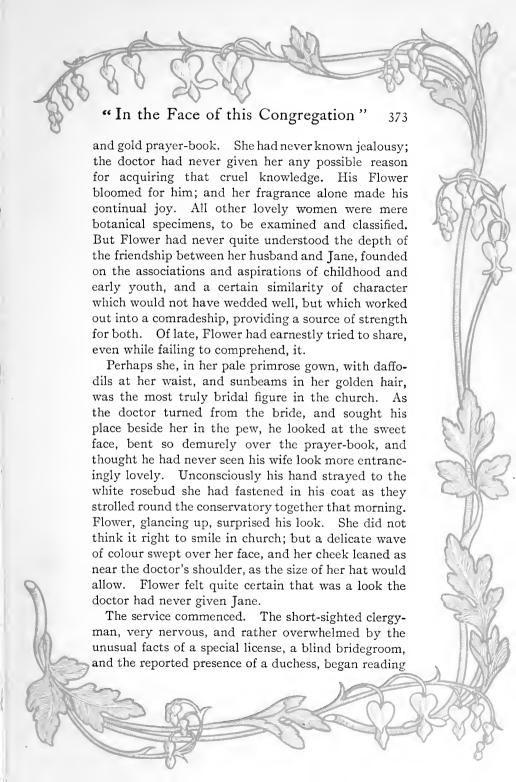
as Jane had been indifferent over hers; but he had so often been in requisition as best-man at town weddings, that Simpson had no difficulty in turning him out in the acme of correct bridal attire. And very handsome he looked, as he stood waiting at the chancel steps; not watching for his bride; but obviously listening for her; for, as Jane came up the church on Deryck's arm, Garth slightly turned his head and smiled.

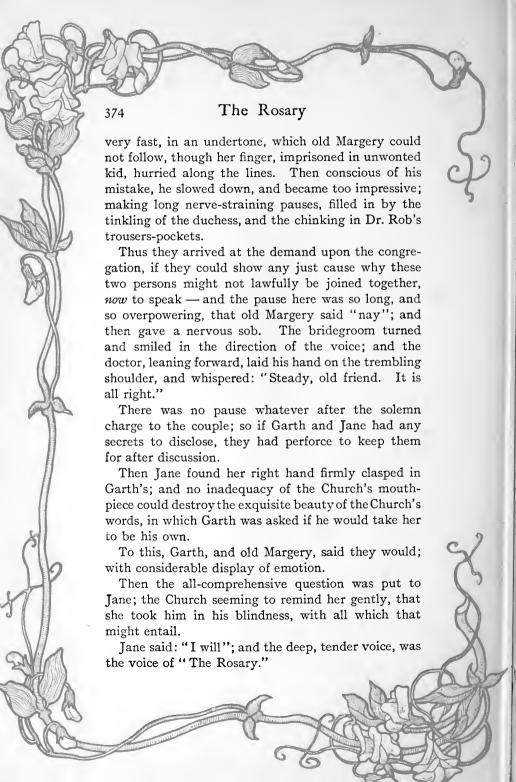
The duchess — resplendent in purple satin and ermine, with white plumes in her bonnet, and many jewelled chains depending from her, which rattled and tinkled, in the silence of the church, every time she moved — was in a front pew on the left, ready to give her niece away.

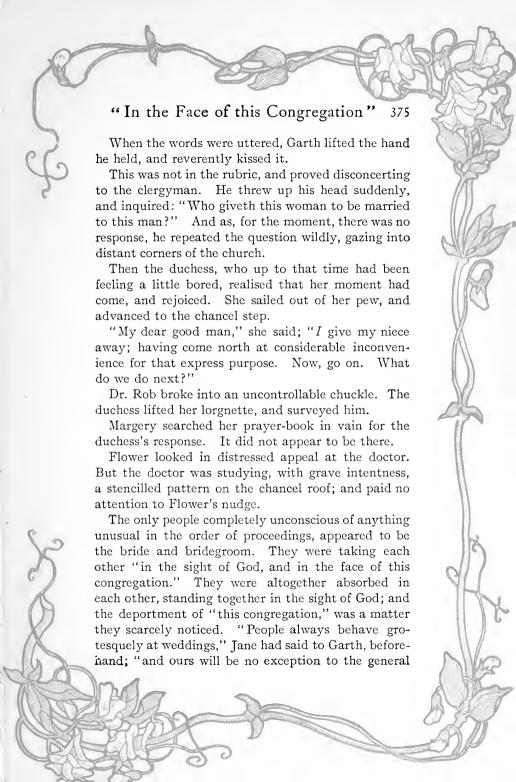
In a corresponding seat, on the opposite side, as near as possible to the bridegroom, sat Margery Graem, in black silk, with a small quilted satin bonnet, and a white lawn kerchief folded over the faithful old heart which had beaten in tenderness for Garth since his She turned her head anxiously, every time the duchess jingled; but otherwise kept her eyes fixed on the marriage service, in a large-print prayer book in her lap. Margery was not used to the Episcopal service, and she had her "doots" as to whether it could possibly be gone through correctly, by all parties concerned. In fact this anxiety of old Margery's increased so painfully when the ceremony actually commenced, that it took audible form; and she repeated all the answers of the bridal pair, in an impressive whisper, after them.

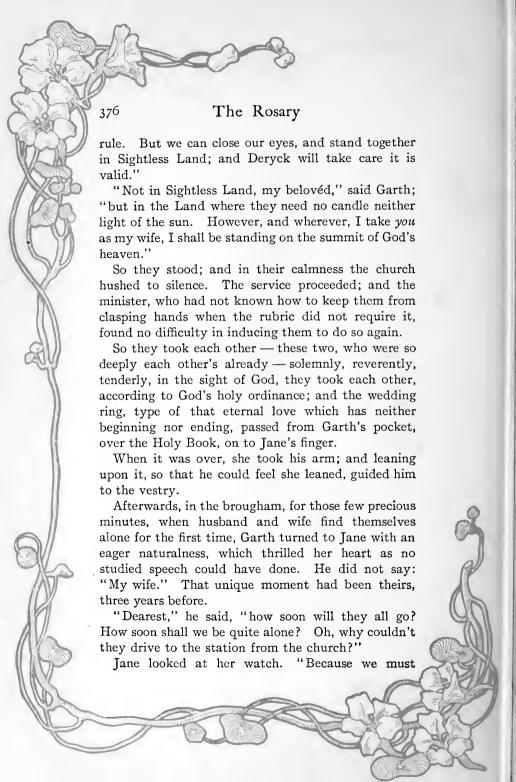
Dr. Rob, being the only available bachelor, did duty as best-man; Jane having stipulated that he should not be intrusted with the ring; her previous observations leading her to conclude that he would most

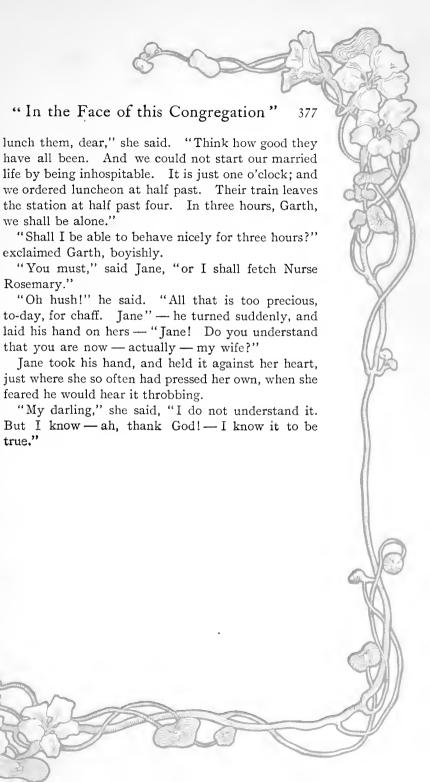






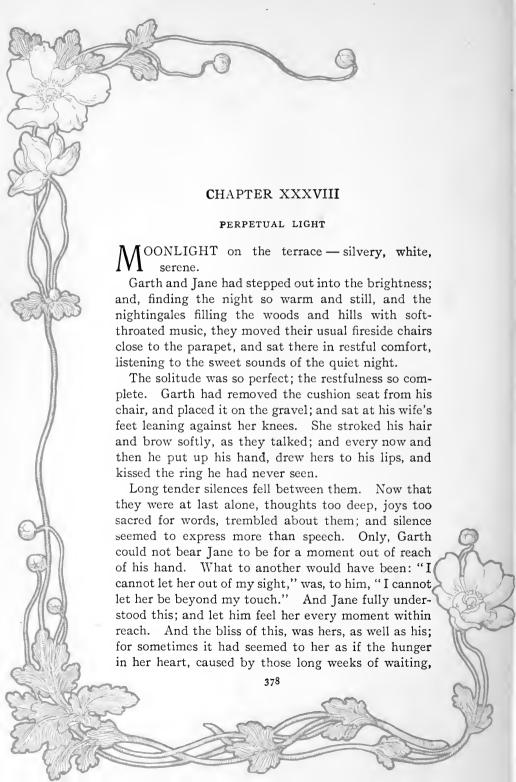


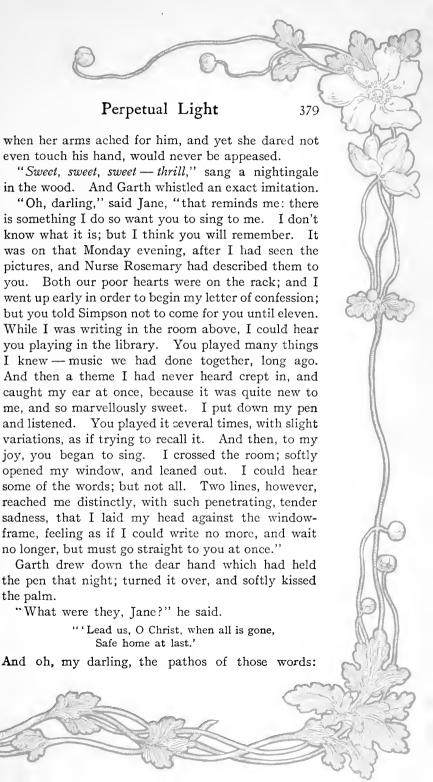


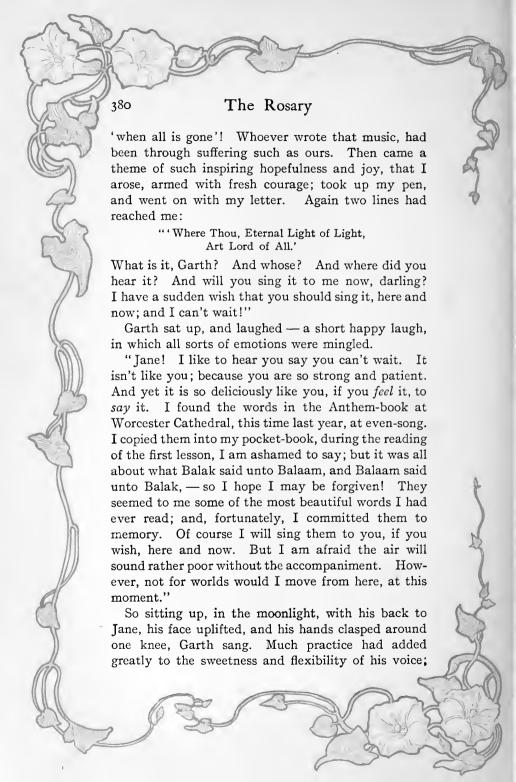


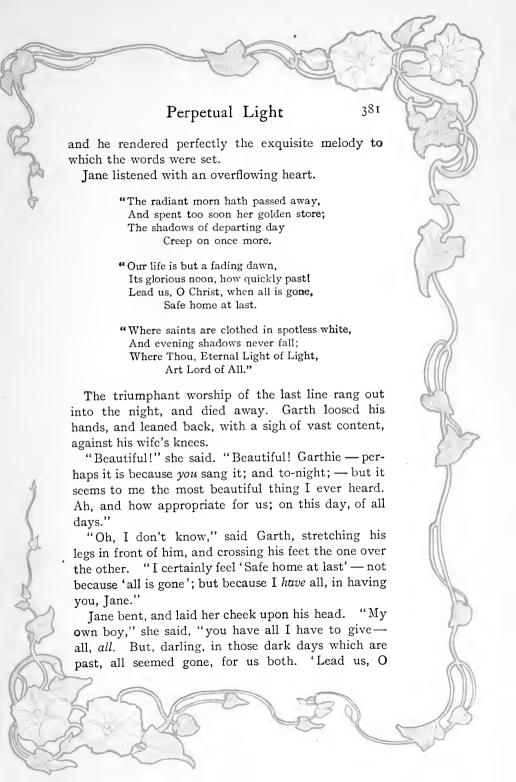
Rosemary."

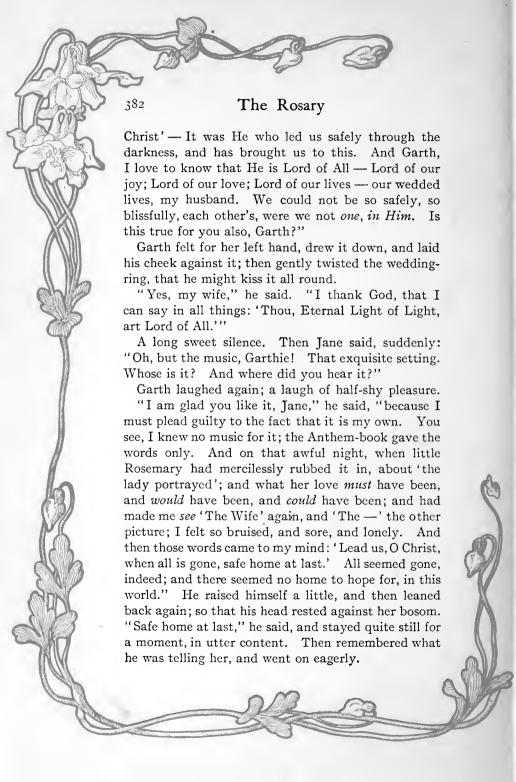
true."

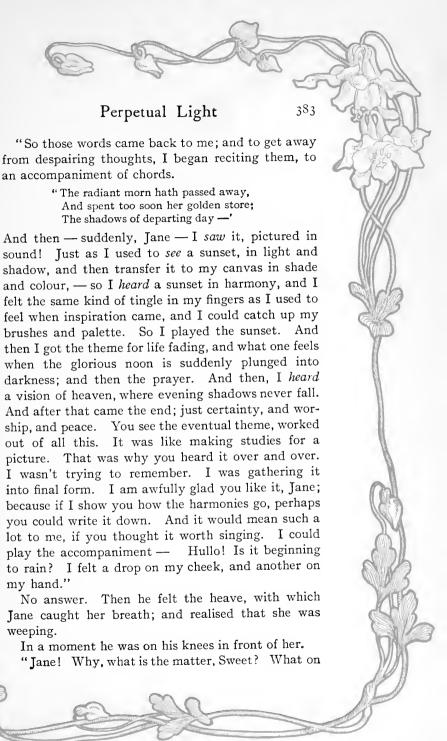


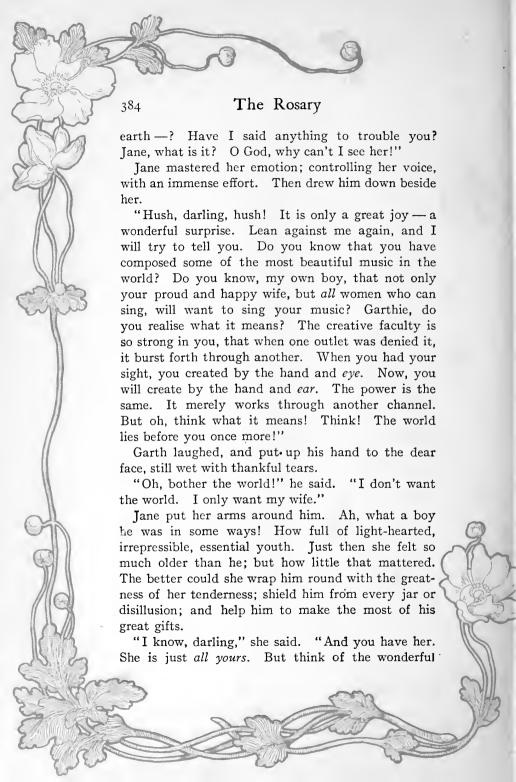


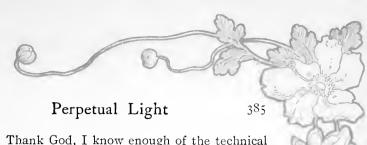












future. Thank God, I know enough of the technical part, to write the scores of your compositions. And, Garth, — fancy going together to noble cathedrals, and hearing your anthems sung; and to concerts where the most perfect voices in the world will be doing their utmost adequately to render your songs. Fancy thrilling hearts with pure harmony, stirring souls with tone-pictures; just as before you used to awaken in us all, by your wonderful paintings, an appreciation and comprehension of beauty."

Garth raised his head. "Is it really as good as that, Jane?" he said.

"Dear," answered Jane, earnestly, "I can only tell you, that when you sang it first, and I had not the faintest idea it was yours, I said to myself: 'It is the most beautiful thing I ever heard."

"I am glad," said Garth, simply. "And now, let's talk of something else. Oh, I say, Jane! The present is too wonderful, to leave any possible room for thoughts about the future. Do talk about the present."

Jane smiled; and it was the smile of "The Wife"—inysterious; compassionate; tender; self-surrendering. She leaned over him, and rested her cheek upon his head.

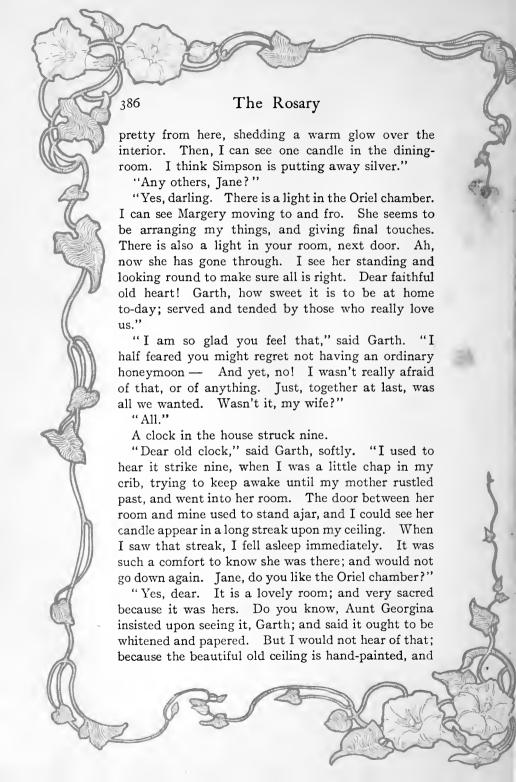
"Yes, darling. We will talk of this very moment, if you wish. You begin."

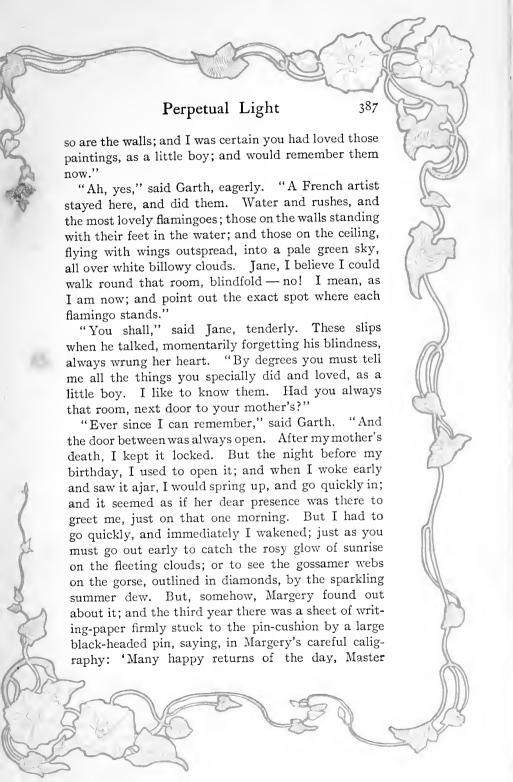
"Look at the house, and describe it to me, as you see it in the moonlight."

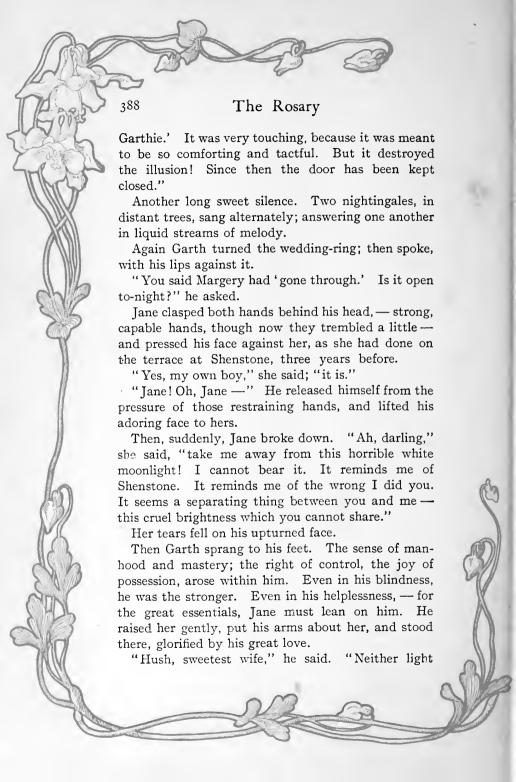
"Very grey, and calm, and restful-looking. And so home-like, Garthie."

"Are there lights in the windows?"

"Yes. The library lights are just as we left them. The French window is standing wide open. The pedestal lamp, under a crimson silk shade, looks very









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nor darkness can separate between you and me. quiet moonlight cannot take you from me; but in the still, sweet darkness you will feel more completely my own, because it will hold nothing we cannot share. Come with me to the library, and we will send away the lamps, and close the curtains; and you shall sit on the couch near the piano, where you sat, on that wonderful evening when I found you, and when I almost frightened my brave Jane. But she will not be frightened now; because she is so my own; and I may say what I like; and do what I will; and she must not threaten me with Nurse Rosemary; because it is Tane I want — Tane, Tane; just only Tane! Come in. belovéd; and I, who see as clearly in the dark as in the light, will sit and play 'The Rosary' for you; and then 'Veni Creator Spiritus'; and I will sing you the verse which has been the secret source of peace, and the sustaining power of my whole inner life, through the long, hard years, apart."

"Now," whispered Jane. "Now, as we go."

So Garth drew her hand through his arm; and, as they walked, sang softly:

"Enable with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come."

Thus, leaning on her husband; yet guiding him, as she leaned; Jane passed to the perfect happiness of her wedded home.





